

A woman wearing a blue headscarf is shown in profile, facing right. Her eyes are closed, and she has a serene expression. Her lips are painted a vibrant red. The background is plain white.

Why College Girls Disappear

HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL COMBINED WITH

COSMOPOLITAN

February 1951 • 35¢

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✓ The Personal Story of
AL JOLSON

✓ How to Live
with Your Nerves

✓ WHO MADE THE
MONEY ON COFFEE?

✓ A Complete Novel of
Mystery and Adventure



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For every woman who leads a double life...



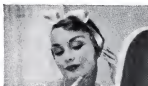
DILIGENT YOU . . . scouring pots n' pans, polishing dishes, sudsing undies every day. Do your hands end up all red, rough and chapped? Not YOURS! For you keep a bottle of creamy fragrant Trushay by your sink—and use it *before* each washing task. That's why—when your best beau shows up—it's . . .

ADORABLE YOU—with hands soft as a whisper of love. Different Trushay—used in its own “beforehand” way—guards your hands even in *hot, sudsy water!* And that's only *part* of its wonder! It's such a luxurious, quick softener—you'll want Trushay on your dressing table, as well as in your kitchen!

TRUSHAY . . . the “beforehand” lotion . . . guards your hands even in hot, sudsy water!



Wondrous, too, as a quick softener! Trushay's oil-richness makes rough skin feel so velvety! Softens and smooths elbows, heels, knees.



A compliment-catching powder base! Trushay holds your powder so beautifully, your complexion looks *naturally* nicer—not gummy or made-up!



And OH, what relief for chapped skin! Skin chapped and cracked from wintry winds? Oil-rich Trushay smooths it, soothes it back to comfort.



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Picture of the Month

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

BURT LANCASTER

"VENGEANCE VALLEY"

co-starring

ROBERT WALKER • JOANNE DRU

SALLY FORREST

with JOHN IRELAND • RAY COLLINS

Color by **TECHNICOLOR**

Screen Play by IRVING RAVETCH

Based on a Novel by LUKE SHORT

Directed by Produced by

RICHARD THORPE • NICHOLAS NAYPACK



As anyone who reads this column knows, M-G-M has won its spurs many times over as a maker of epics of the West. And this year the studio announces that Clark Gable will star in "Across the Wide Missouri", a Technicolor drama of the American frontier. But even before that, you'll be seeing dynamic Burt Lancaster in an outstanding outdoor role in "Vengeance Valley."

This unusual story was written by Luke Short, known to millions of readers as "the Zane Grey of today". Serialized in the Saturday Evening Post, "Vengeance Valley" now pours onto the screen in a compelling Technicolor tale of action and passion.

From the moment a stranger hails into town and grimly announces, "I'm going to kill a man before I leave here", to the last scene when brother faces brother in a blazing gun duel, "Vengeance Valley" is strung tight with tension. Gaunt men riding the range finger their gun butts nervously and lifelong friends are feuding bitterly, all because a woman has been wronged. In the West, that can mean only vengeance.

Burt Lancaster is superb in his fight against suspicion and treachery; Robert Walker is the unregenerate brother wed to the lovely Joanne Dru; John Ireland portrays a sinister avenger; Sally Forrest as the betrayed girl is a young actress going places.

Filmed on location in Colorado with an 8,000-head cattle roundup as a climax, "Vengeance Valley" is the sort of entertainment only the screen can deliver. And the trademark "M-G-M" is on every blazing scene.

Coming up in Technicolor from M-G-M are "Mr. Imperium" (Lana Turner, Ezio Pinza) and "Royal Wedding" (Fred Astaire, Jane Powell). And, of course, the mighty "Quo Vadis", starring Robert Taylor, Deborah Kerr with a cast of thousands.

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THE COSMOPOLITAN COVER GIRL KODACHROME BY BEATRICE FINSLEY

Hot by Jeanne Tite

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Catching Cold?

Throat Sore?

A single gargle has reduced germs 96.7% in tests



Among the **SECONDARY INVADERS** are the following: (1) *Pneumococcus* Type IV, (2) *Streptococcus viridans*, (3) *Micrococcus catarrhalis*, (4) *Staphylococcus aureus*, (5) *Streptococcus hemolyticus*, (6) *Friedlander's bacillus*, (7) *Bacillus influenzae*, (8) *Pneumococcus* Type III.

Gargle Listerine Antiseptic-Quick!

attacks infection directly, safely

WHATEVER ELSE YOU DO, call on Listerine Antiseptic at the first sign of a snuffle or scratchy throat. Its effectiveness and its safety are a matter of record.

This prompt precaution, taken early and often, may nip colds or sore throats due to colds in the bud, or lessen their severity, once started.

That is because Listerine Antiseptic goes directly to the seat of the trouble . . . threatening bacteria, called Secondary Invaders, growing on mouth

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Listerine kills them by millions . . . attacks them before they attack you . . . helps keep them from invading the tissue to cause miserable cold symptoms.

Listerine Antiseptic is no Johnny-come-lately in the field of cold therapy . . . no strong miracle drug that promises overnight results. A twelve-year period of clinical testing showed fewer colds, and generally milder colds, for its twice-a-day users than

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Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! Better than any other home method of oral hygiene!

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LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

FAMILY LIFE IS FAR MORE PLEASANT WITH A TUBE OF COLGATE'S PRESENT!



***YOU SHOULD KNOW!** While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

What goes on at

HOW "DINAH" BECAME A SONG HIT, ADVICE TO MEN

The article on page 64, "Things You Should Know About the Man You Marry," doubtless falls under the category of much-needed counsel, but we should like to point out that possibly a counterpiece is in order, to be entitled "Things a Man Should Know About the Girl He Marries." Such an essay would, in our opinion, necessarily entail answers to the following questions: (1) Does she leave lipstick on the bathroom glass? (2) What will she look like in twenty years? (3) How much of her figure can be believed? (4) And is her mother happy where she is now living?

Unfortunately—but fortunately for the continued production of the breed—the answers are not obtainable except through matrimony. As one ancient said, "Marriage is a lottery, but you can't tear up your ticket if you lose."

Al Jolson of a legion of friends and admirers, but his closest buddy and inseparable companion was Harry Akst. Harry, one of America's top song writers, is responsible for such popular classics as "Am I Blue," "Baby Face," and the immortal "Dinah."

Akst wrote "Dinah" in 1925 when he was secretary to another pretty good song writer—Irving Berlin. It seems a producer of the traveling "Plantation Shows" (Ethel Waters starred in them) wanted to borrow Harry for a few days to help him whip up a new score. It all happened on Friday, and Berlin granted Akst leave of absence until Monday. Over that historic weekend, Harry composed twelve numbers, one of which was an obligato for "By the Waters of Minnetonka," a song in the show. (An obligato is a song played simultaneously with another song.)

As you may have suspected, the obligato turned out to be "Dinah," one of the Golden Ten of popular music. As if that weren't enough,

Harry informs us that Hoagy Carmichael's "Stardust," another of the top ten, is an obligato to "Dinah." If your orchestra is big enough, you can play the three together without a discordant note!



Harry Akst accompanies Jolson.

We believe Harry Akst's personal story of Al Jolson (page 32) will stand as the warmest tribute ever given the late mammy singer.

Ten Questions for a Communist to answer yes or no (this quiz to be asked and answered in sixty-six seconds):

(1) Under communism, would the nation's chief executive be a dictator?

(2) Under communism, if the people became dissatisfied with the nation's chief executive, could a majority vote him out of office?

(3) Under communism, if I wished to quit my job and get one in another city, could I do so without government permission?

(4) Under communism, if I wanted a better television set or better automobile than my neighbor has, could I get it?

(5) Under communism, if I put forth great effort and became highly skilled, would I be paid more than the person not as skilled?

(6) Under communism, could I select my own occupation?

Cosmopolitan

ABOUT TO MARRY, AND QUESTIONS FOR COMMUNISTS

(7) Under communism, would radio, television, newspapers, and magazines be censored by the government?

(8) Under communism, were a member of my family ill, could we send for any doctor we wanted?

(9) Under communism, would there be churches, synagogues, and other places where I could attend religious worship?

(10) Under communism, would the government permit children to be taught that there is a God?

The foregoing quiz speaks for itself. It is an excerpt from a wonderful and pertinent new book titled *How to Win an Argument with a Communist*, by Ray W. Sherman, published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

◆ ◆ ◆
Collie Small, the man who contemplates the chances of Leo Durocher and his 1951 Giants (on page 74), hasn't written about sports since 1942. At that time, Collie quit doing sports for United Press and went to Europe as a war correspondent. He spent his time there with General George Patton's Third Army, not leaving it until the general and his boys had their part of the war fairly well wrapped up.

When we first talked to Collie about doing the article on Durocher, he seemed pleased.

"Durocher reminds me of Patton," he said. "The general liked fighting better than eating, quiet types bored him, and he had a startling capacity for talking out of turn. Leo is the same way."

We have no argument with Collie's comparison, except to make the point that there is a sharp difference between fighting an army and heckling an umpire.

◆ ◆ ◆
Dr. Walter C. Alvarez, author of "How to Live with Your Nerves," page 60, is eminently equipped to remove the jangle from troubled nerves. Dr. Alvarez is Professor of Medicine under the Mayo Foundation of the University of Minnesota. For twenty-five years, he was a consultant in medicine at the Mayo Clinic and a recognized authority on digestive and nervous troubles. Nor is the writing field new to the talented doctor. He is the author of over seven hundred articles on medical subjects.

◆ ◆ ◆
Dagmar, the leaning tower of television, page 76, entertains some curious notions about her fan mail. First of all, she labors under the odd delusion that the majority of her admirers are women. "They write letters to me," she says, wonder and love and humble gratitude mixed in equal proportions in her voice, "and ask me how to bring up their daughters to be just like me."

Dagmar admits, of course, that some letters are from men. "But," she says, "even the ones from men, they are so, well, respectful? I thought maybe somebody at NBC was reading the letters and not showing me the ones that are, well, risky? But not at all. The most men ever ask for is my autograph."

Do you think maybe NBC is fooling her?
J. O'C.



Is NBC kidding Dagmar?

Poof!
there goes
perspiration



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Millions now spray perspiration worries away with amazing Stopette Deodorant in the famous flexi-plastic bottle.

A quick squeeze checks annoying perspiration, stops odor. You never touch Stopette . . . hardly know it touches you. Wonderfully economical, harmless to normal skin or clothes.

Wonderful for men, too!

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Readers Write

Naïve—or Nazi?

NEW YORK, NEW YORK: I see [in the December issue] where you have fallen for the Flagstad myth—the notion that she is the innocent victim of her love for her Nazi-sympathizer husband. As I see it, no woman stays with a man with whom she violently disagrees. Let's put it even more plainly—Flagstad agreed with her husband's politics and now, because she has to make a living, she's sorry. —T. F. ROBINSON

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA: I'm glad you had the guts to tell the truth about Flagstad instead of yielding to the intemperate outbursts of prejudiced commentators. Flagstad is a great artist. Like all great artists, she is naïve about politics. She should not be persecuted for it. —BARBARA TETERMAN

Imitating Communism?

SHEBOYGAN, WISCONSIN: According to "The Government's Plan for Drafting Women" [November issue], America isn't America any longer. The Government tells the people to do this and that. Now they are making plans for tearing homes and families apart. We are trying to tear down communism and yet we intend to follow the Communist policy. I quote: "The Communist system employs 'complete utilization' of women—even in peacetime. In war, Communist women will even man guns; our women will have to match them in skill and devotion."

I believe that the Government should make plans to save America and our standard of living. —JOAN ALEERTS



"A Kindred Spirit"

High Praise

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: I'm really excited. I've just read the October COSMOPOLITAN. "A Kindred Spirit" by Richard Sherman is the most fascinating and honestly written novel I've come across. —SHIRLEY LOUISE NICHTER

Pliable Frame?

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA: Tell us more, quick, about Madeleine Tyler's [October cover girl] ability to go from a size 10 to a 14 by breathing. Only print it backward—I'd like to go from a 40 to a 14. —MARY KAY

One Fan to Another

TOPEKA, KANSAS: When I read your article on Miss Gertrude Moran in the October COSMOPOLITAN, I came upon the astonishing information that Miss Moran carried around with her books by Professor Freud and me. I felt so flattered that I wanted to write and tell her so. I don't know her address, so if you like you can just forward this letter to her. I don't deserve to be bracketed with Freud, but I am glad she thinks so. —KARL A. MENNINGER, M.D.

Dr. Menninger's letter has been duly forwarded. —THE EDITORS

Divorcées

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK: I commend you for describing exactly my experience in the November article, "What Every Divorcée Should Know." It is so true and so well written that I shall watch the press for Mr. Simpson's contributions.

I have found many divorcées are just plain chisellers! (The I-made-him-pay kind.)—J. FLEMING (A Mere Male)

Salts Her

DOWNINGTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA: Who is this Michael Drury who presumes to know all about how women buy men's suits ["When You Help Buy His Suit," November issue]? Is he ambidextrous or a neuter? And is there anything he doesn't know about both sexes? Seriously, he's the brightest thing to hit the pages of your most readable magazine since Adam got back at Eve by making her wear a girle. —JANE S. McILVAINE

"He" is a "she." —THE EDITORS

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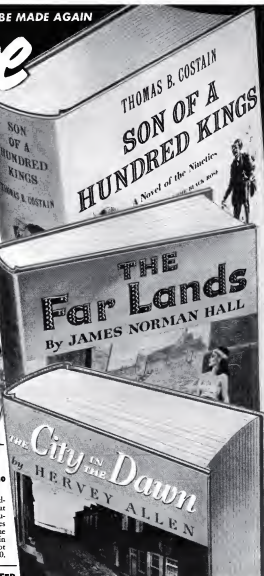


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What's New in Medicine

ATHLETIC ACTIVITY, contrary to popular belief, does not shorten a person's life, according to studies of oarsmen from Harvard and some British universities. The life expectancy of British crewmen was nearly five years greater than that of the general population. Similar statistics were reached for crewmen from Harvard and some Australian universities. A study of Oxford and Cambridge oarsmen who raced between 1829 and 1928 proved their life expectancy was greater than that of other men of their generation.

NURSING MOTHERS frequently lose hair until the baby is weaned, but then promptly regain it. This temporary condition is believed to result from changes in glandular secretion during breast feeding. Endocrinologists—experts on glands—do not recommend giving glandular substances to mothers suffering this temporary loss of hair.

DUAL SEXUAL FUNCTIONS in the same person have occurred few times in medical history. Only about nine cases appear in medical writings. Some surgeons recommend removing the glands and structures of one sex and saving the officially recognized sex in order to spare the patient future social maladjustments.

A NEW OPERATION, still strictly experimental, has been devised for coronary-artery disease. The operation, designed to deliver more oxygenated blood to the muscle of the heart valves, involves grafting a piece of vein (taken from somewhere else in the body) to the aorta—the body's largest blood vessel, which carries blood from the heart to smaller arteries—and the coronary sinus, to which the coronary veins carry blood. The operation has been performed on several patients with beneficial results.

UNDERWATER EXERCISES keep up bodily energy and thus delay degeneration of important organs, according to eighty-four-year-old Sir Leonard Hill, noted British physiologist. He says underwater exercises help keep his body supple and fit. Underwater activity is associated with an increased absorption of oxygen with each beat of the pulse. The body when submerged weighs about one-twelfth its normal weight, so underwater exercises are less demanding.

PRESSURE COOKING is less destructive to vitamins than the usual methods of cooking.

FEMALE-SEX-HORMONE tablets implanted in young roosters caused effects like those of castrating in an experiment conducted by Dutch scientists. The quality of the meat improved, the roosters became fatter and heavier, and the tissue of the male sex glands atrophied, as a result of the experiment.

DEAF PERSONS have been helped in about sixty-five per cent of the thousands of fenestration operations. In this operation, a window is made behind the ear as an aid to hearing. As a result of increasing experience, it is now possible to select patients most likely to benefit from the operation.

MAYO CLINIC scientists report periarteritis nodosa and cranial arteritis, inflammatory conditions of the artery walls, begin to clear up within twenty-four to seventy-two hours after either ACTH or cortisone is administered. These conditions, formerly difficult to treat, respond readily to ACTH or cortisone, although relapses occur when treatment is discontinued.

EATING PATTERNS of children are started by the mother and father. The worst approach for a parent is to spoil, cajole, yell at, or punish the child. Nor should the parent force the child to swallow the last drop or two from a bottle. A youngster will more readily learn to eat and enjoy food if mealtime is presented to him as a pleasurable activity. Psychologists find that bright colors and sweetness in foods appeal to a child, so that butter and carrots may be enjoyed whereas milk may be refused unless taken as cheese or butter. Three-year-olds prefer desserts and dawdle over their food when they eat with the family. One specialist recommends feeding bottle babies from a cup as soon as possible. He says they eat as eagerly as breast-fed babies, and they are less likely to regurgitate or vomit and no more likely to suck their thumbs.

EMOTIONS, rather than high blood pressure, are more frequently related to high-blood-pressure headaches, psychosomatic studies show. The frequency of migraine in people with high blood pressure indicates that both migraine and high-blood-pressure patients continuously repress rage. Patients with vertigo and high blood pressure often undergo states of anxiety. Dizziness is usually symptomatic of a state of insecurity and indecision.

EXTRA GROWTH OF HAIR on the back of the arms and front of the legs results from treating young children with streptomycin for long periods of time, a Hungarian physician reports.

PROLONGED SLEEP, used by Russian physicians in treating peptic ulcers, has proved especially successful in patients also suffering from disturbances of the sympathetic nervous system. The Russians also report that acetyl choline, a substance found in the blood of patients with ulcers, disappeared in six cases after two or three weeks of prolonged sleep. Patients are kept asleep by chloral, given once a day as an enema, and three daily injections of barbituric-acid derivatives.



JEWELS AND 18TH CENTURY GOLD "NECESSAIRE" FROM COLLECTION OF A LA VITILLE RUSSIE, ©1991 REVLON PRODUCTS CORP.

The world's smartest women prefer Revlon to any other nail enamel and lipstick because

COLOR makes the fabulous difference
REVLON makes the fabulous colors

Nothing like Revlon true nail enamel* for all-but-endless wear!

Nothing like Revlon lipstick for lastingly color-luscious lips!

*Accepted by the Committee on Cosmetics of the American Medical Association.



The great new fashion
in fingertips is Revlon's
"Frosted" Nail Enamel...
in opalescent, star-dazzled
colors...don't wait another
day to wear them!

I Wish I'd Said That!

A game to increase your vocabulary and improve your conversation • By Lincoln Hodges

Ever miss the point, say the wrong thing, and then blush? Here's an exercise in the art of conversation. First comes a statement that's made to you; then three possible replies you might make, only one of which

proves that you get the drift. You pick the one. If you pick 19 or 20 right, you're superb; 17 or 18, just wonderful; 14 to 16, average-plus. Correct answers are listed and explained below:

- 1 He has great *tactile* sense.
(A) A diplomat, isn't he?
(B) Touching, isn't it?
(C) He was a general once.
- 2 She suffers from *astigmatism*.
(A) Wheezes?
(B) Squints?
(C) Limpis?
- 3 She's too *egocentric* to care.
(A) Self-centered, isn't she?
(B) Peculiar, isn't she?
(C) Dizzy, isn't she?
- 4 He's an artful *mendicant*.
(A) A practiced liar!
(B) A skillful healer!
(C) A clever beggar!
- 5 That's an *oblique* remark.
(A) Indirect.
(B) Indistinct.
(C) Indecent.
- 6 He *impounded* the piano!
(A) The student played loud!
(B) The teacher played long!
(C) The creditor played safe!
- 7 He's an *inveterate* criminal.
(A) Inexperienced?
(B) Unsuccessful?
(C) Incurable?
- 8 He's a *hybrid*.
(A) Well-bred?
(B) Mixed breed?
(C) Rare bird?
- 9 He worshiped *mammon*.
(A) Wanted more money?
(B) Wanted more wives?
(C) Wanted everything bigger?
- 10 They are in *juxtaposition* to each other.
(A) At swords' points.
(B) Side by side.
(C) Worlds apart.
- 11 He's under a *filial* obligation.
(A) Owes everything to his mother.
(B) Owes a debt to society.
(C) Owes everybody!
- 12 Do you *perceive* the difference?
(A) Yes, I see it.
(B) Yes, I hear it.
(C) Yes, I feel it.
- 13 So that's his *habitat*!
(A) Yes, that's his weakness.
(B) Yes, that's his friend.
(C) Yes, that's his home.
- 14 That's our *ante-bellum* policy.
(A) Before the war?
(B) After the war?
(C) Against war?
- 15 Here's a *hypothetical* case.
(A) Injected?
(B) Dejected?
(C) Projected?
- 16 I received a *querulous* letter.
(A) Begging?
(B) Complaining?
(C) Inquiring?
- 17 The ship was *moored* here.
(A) Stranded?
(B) Anchored?
(C) Abandoned?
- 18 His attitude was *mollifying*.
(A) So soothing!
(B) So cowardly!
(C) So humiliating!
- 19 I don't care much for his *dictum*.
(A) It's a strong accent.
(B) It's a bad habit.
(C) It's a strange opinion.
- 20 Couldn't you keep your *equanimity*?
(A) No, I lost my share.
(B) No, I lost my balance.
(C) No, I lost my temper.

Answers

- 1 **B** A tactile (TACK-t'l) sense is a sense of touch. The word means pertaining to the touch; or, sometimes, touchable.
- 2 **B** Astigmatism (uh-STIG-muh-tiz'm) is an eye defect, often causing objects to seem blurred; from the Greek words meaning "not a spot."
- 3 **A** Egocentric (E-go-SEN-trick) means self-centered; seeing everything in relation to one's ego.
- 4 **C** A mendicant (MEN-de-kant) is one who lives by begging; from the Latin *mendicus*, beggar.
- 5 **A** An oblique (oh-LEEK) remark is one that is not straightforward; indirect or underhanded. It also means slanting.
- 6 **C** To impound (im-POUND) something is to seize and hold it; especially, to hold it in legal custody.
- 7 **C** Inveterate (in-VET-er-it) means confirmed in a habit; habitual—from the Latin *vetus*, old (from which we get the word veteran) and in.
- 8 **B** A hybrid (HI-brid) is an animal or plant of mixed breed; the Latin *hybrida* was the offspring of a wild boar and a tame sow.
- 9 **B** Mammon (MAM-un) means worldly wealth, or greed for it; *mamona* meant riches in Aramaic, the language spoken by Jesus.
- 10 **B** Juxtaposition (JUKS-tuh-po-zish'n) means adjoining, or side-by-side, position.
- 11 **A** Filial (FILL-e-ul) means pertaining to, or befitting, a son or daughter. *Filius* is the Latin word for son.
- 12 **A, B, C** All three are correct, for perceive (per-SEEVE) means to become aware of through the senses—sight, hearing, touch, etc. In its most common use, however, it means to see.
- 13 **C** One's habitat (HAB-ib-tat) is the place he inhabits, or the place where he is usually to be found. The word is applied especially to animals and plants.
- 14 **A** Ante-bellum (AN-tee BELL-um) are words taken directly from the Latin, ante, before, and bellum, war; hence, pre-war.
- 15 **C** Hypothetical (HI-po-THET-ik'l) means assumed as a basis for argument or reasoning; put forward or projected. The idea or fact assumed is called a hypothesis (hi-POTH-uh-sis).
- 16 **B** Querulous (KWARE-u-lus, with the u as in push) is akin to the word quarrel; both come from the Latin *queri*, to complain. Querulous means complaining, or peevish.
- 17 **B** To moor (with the oo pronounced as in foot) is to secure with anchors, cables, etc.
- 18 **A** To mollify (MOLL-uh-fee) is to soothe or pacify; from the Latin *mollis*, soft.
- 19 **C** A dictum (DICK-tum) is an opinion given as an authoritative ruling, especially by a court or other authority.
- 20 **C** Equanimity (E-kwuh-NIM-uh-tee) is calmness; evenness of temper.

TO FAMOUS BONDED OLD FORESTER... *The Old Forester Orchid!*



Orchid developed and grown
by H. Patterson and Sons,
Orchidhaven, Bergenfield, N. J.

It is fitting that an orchid has been named for Old Forester. For as the orchid symbolizes the ultimate in flowers, this outstanding bourbon has, since 1870, represented the finest in Kentucky whisky. And both have taken infinite skill, time and patience to attain perfection.

AS IT SAYS ON THE LABEL:

"There is nothing better in the market"





M-G-M presents
luscious Lana and
the former star of
"South Pacific"!


in
MR. IMPERIUM
Color by *Technicolor*



BEST MUSICAL COMEDY—The inimitable Fred Astaire, with Jane Powell, performs for the natives in his mythical kingdom in "Royal Wedding" while Peter Lawford and Sarah Churchill do a little side romancing.

Cosmopolitan's Movie Citations

By **LOUELLA O. PARSONS**

BEST PERFORMANCE—More power to Van Heflin for getting away from being typed in "Tomahawk," in which he plays a two-fisted frontiersman, Jim Bridger, scout in early Sioux wars. Below, with Yvonne de Carlo.





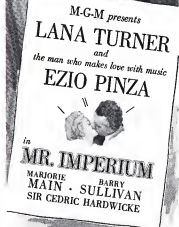
BEST PRODUCTION—"Halls of Montezuma" is a realistic depiction of Marine heroism. Here, grim Reginald Gardiner, Richard Widmark, and Jack Webb examine a clue to Jap locations left by a dead leatherneck.

One of the best ways to illustrate how outstanding films are made is to quote from a conversation between Darryl Zanuck, production head of Twentieth Century-Fox, and Robert Bassler, one of his producers.

In 1948, when we believed the world at peace, Zanuck summoned Bassler and said, "Bob, we're going to make a Marine battle story—not the usual type of war picture, but something that goes deep down into the hearts and souls of the fighting leathernecks. Let's get an intimate, personal story of a group of such men, their fears, their hopes, the way they really feel, and the spark of courage that keeps them fighting when all seems lost. But first we've got to find an unusual phase of the war for a framework—something that hasn't been done before."

Zanuck and Bassler found their unusual phase of war in a Marine training film that had been used to show troops the importance of taking Japanese soldiers alive so they could be questioned for (Continued on page 15)

BEST WESTERN—In "Branded," Alan Ladd poses as long-lost son of Texas rancher Charles Bickford, who begins to suspect deception. Selena Royle, who has learned to love him as her own, never doubts the bold impostor.



Screen Play by EDWIN H. KNOPF and DON HARTMAN from the play by EDWIN H. KNOPF
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture • Directed by DON HARTMAN • Produced by EDWIN H. KNOPF

Broadway

COMPILED BY C. K. EGAN

• When a man always has a chip on his shoulder, it's probably his head.
*Earl Wilson, News
CLEVELAND, OHIO*

• In getting up statistics on literacy and illiteracy, a difficulty is the in-between case, as represented by the small son's first letter home from camp.
*The Post
DENVER, COLORADO*

• Marriage begins when you sink in his arms and ends with your arms in the sink.
*Gazette
AUGUSTA, GEORGIA*

• No matter how careless neighbors are about other things, they send your children home at the hour you mention, if not a little before.
*Times
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI*

• We have always wanted to vote for the man of our choice, but we have almost given up hope that he'll ever become a candidate.
*Enquirer
CINCINNATI, OHIO*

• Middle age: The sudden realization that you don't recognize any of the actors in the movie except the ones playing hotel desk clerks, sheriffs, or policemen.
*Globe
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS*

• After giving the matter considerable thought, the National Geographic Society has finally decided that the tomato is legally a vegetable but botanically a fruit. To the ham actor, on the other hand, it remains the lowest and juiciest form of dramatic criticism.
*Tribune
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA*

• Now in the evenings before the fire, as the cold closes in upon the house, the talk drifts sometimes from great plans for tomorrow to yesterdays—to names of old friends and places, to old adventures and escapades. It is in these mellow moments the young discover that fathers and mothers were not always tiresome and full of negations and were not always infallible, but once were very young, too, and foolish, and broke arms and windows just like other people.
*Topics of the Times, Times
NEW YORK, NEW YORK*

• I judge how much a man cares for a woman by the space he allots her under a jointly shared umbrella.
*Jimmy Cannon, Inquirer
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA*

• We never thought we'd live to see the day when city slickers went back to the country to teach the folks there how to dance the square dances.
*Tribune
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA*

Main Street

COMPILED BY JOHN M. HENRY

• Certain crops are associated with certain tools—hay and the scythe, corn and the cultivator, wild oats and the rake.
*Clarke A. Sanford, "Mountain Dew"
News, MARGARETVILLE, NEW YORK*

• Most new hospitals are making the labor and delivery rooms soundproof. This probably is a good idea. The comments of some of the new youngsters on the cockeyed world they are being born into are just as well off the record.
*"The Century Expressed," Citizen
AMERICAN FORK, UTAH*

• There's one other evil thought that keeps gnawing at my mind like the little mouse gnawing at a sack of gold. Suppose there isn't any gold at Fort Knox at all? Did you ever meet anyone who had seen it? Did you ever meet anyone who had met anyone who had seen it? Then how do we know it's there? I'd sort of like to be appointed a committee of one to barge down there to Fort Knox and give a look-see to that big hole in the ground. First, I'd like to see that the gold is there. Then I'd like to put something sticky on my shoes and tramp up and down the corridors where the mice have been eating holes in the bags of gold dust.
*Nick Mahoney, "Nick's Knacks"
Argus-Champion, NEWPORT, NEW HAMPSHIRE*

• A shot fired anywhere in the world is now practically certain to hit an American taxpayer.
*Edgar Harris, "The March of Events"
Times-Leader, WEST POINT, MISSISSIPPI*

• Actually there is nothing wrong with thinking except that it's lonesome work.
*Gladys Rife, "Country Line"
Reporter, LONE TREE, IOWA*

• It's easy to talk your head off in Russia.
*Bertha Shore, "Half and Half"
Gazette, AUGUSTA, KANSAS*

• If a man's wife is his "better half," and he marries twice, what happens to him mathematically?
*News
JACKSON, NORTH CAROLINA*

• Responsibility wears a strange little coat woven from the fabric of small, woolly fears, and strengthened with the stout, uncomfortable seams of duty.
*Douglas Meador, "Trail Dust"
Tribune, MATABOR, TEXAS*

• All this talk about lowering the voting age makes Hopalong Cassidy the most logical candidate against Truman.
Herald, DILLON, SOUTH CAROLINA

• One of the very best things for keeping a man up on his toes is a set of these uplift contrivances.
*Vic Green, "Hi Hoosier"
Banner, PEKIN, INDIANA*

Cosmopolitan's Movie Citations

(Continued from page 13)

information that might save thousands of our own men. "Halls of Montezuma" is compelling because it lives up to the stature of its original concept in every way. I was completely shaken by each scene, and at the same time inspired with a deeper love of our courageous Marines and this great country of ours.

Lewis Milestone, who won an Academy Award for "All Quiet on the Western Front" by bringing to the screen both the glory and the filth of war, directs "Halls of Montezuma" with the same artistry, using every resource of camera, Technicolor, sound, and realistic acting to demonstrate bravery in its naked beauty, war in its hestial horror.

The cast seems virtually flawless. Richard Widmark's work as Lieutenant Anderson, the hard-hitten, yet sensitive and intellectual leader of the outfit, should forever free him from the gangster roles he's been portraying. Richard Hylton, as the boy who was once his chemistry pupil and is now a terrified soldier under Widmark's command, is tremendous. And he is a very handsome youth. Skip Homeier, called "Pretty Boy," embodies a passionate hatred of everything, particularly the enemy. I do not remember ever having seen Richard Boone before, but I'll be a long time forgetting his nervous, distraught, but shrewd colonel. Reginald Gardiner, as the wise sergeant who finally makes the Japs talk, is superb.

I give "Halls of Montezuma" the Cosmopolitan Citation for the Best Production of February. My highest praise is to proclaim it worthy of the Marines.

I HAVE often wondered, in observing the thousands of careers I've seen start, then collapse, in this industry, how anyone has the sheer staying power to continue being a movie actor. Barely one out of a hundred careers runs smoothly, and Van Heflin's serves as my case in point this month. I'm newly interested in Van because his dynamic, charming performance in "Tomahawk" earns him this month's Cosmopolitan Citation for the Best of the Month.

Ordinarily, M-G-M is considered the best studio for actors. Yet Van, under contract to M-G-M, seemed continually miscast immediately after his Oscar-winning work in "Johnny Eager." Somehow, he looked drab. As evidence of his own awareness that he wasn't being presented in quite the right light, he amicably tore up his contract. But, in "Tomahawk," Heflin and a role worthy of his talent have come together. The result is really exciting.

"Tomahawk" depicts war, too—the thirty fiery years (Continued on page 16)



**Only one soap
gives your skin this
*Exciting Bouquet***

**And Cashmere Bouquet's gentle lather has been proved
outstandingly mild for all types of skin!**

Whether your skin is oily, dry or normal—here's news you'll welcome! Tests show that Cashmere Bouquet Soap is *amazingly mild!* Used regularly, it will leave skin softer, smoother, flower-fresh and younger looking. And the fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet is the lingering, irresistible "fragrance men love." Love is thrillingly close to the girl who is fragrant and sweet, so use Cashmere Bouquet Soap daily. Complexion Size for face and hands, the big Bath Size in your tub or shower!

**Complexion and
big Bath Sizes**

**Cashmere
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**Cashmere
Bouquet
Soap**

—Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love!



...it's always
a pleasure



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I. W. HARPER DISTILLING COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Cosmopolitan's Movie Citations

(Continued from page 15)

of warfare between the Sioux nations and the United States forces while the white settlers encroached upon the Indian hunting grounds. "Tomahawk" doesn't mince words about our treatment of our red brothers, and in bringing this phase of our history to the screen, Universal-International has done a vivid job in terms of entertainment.

Plus everything else, "Tomahawk" has been photographed in haunting color against the true-to-the-story backgrounds of the Black Hills and Badlands of South Dakota. Van, cast in the true-life role of Jim Bridger, a noted scout and a "squaw man" of the early West, acts it to a fare thee well.

Yvonne de Carlo is in the picture, too, pouting prettily. Preston Foster is good indeed as Colonel Carrington, the troubled leader of our forces, but Jack Oakie is completely wasted as Van's sidekick. There's a new and handsome villain, Alex Nicol, who performs the pivotal role in the plot.

"Tomahawk" is far beyond the usual cowboy-and-Indian film. I have "cited" George Sherman's direction twice before, so I'll just say that in "Tomahawk" he is up to his always expert standard. Combined with its fast action are stirring speeches, outstanding moments of heroism and tenderness, plus Van Heflin as the ideal hero.

AGAINST the stature, force, and solemnity of "Halls of Montezuma" and "Tomahawk," "Royal Wedding" dances in light as laughter, delightful as a summer flirtation, appealing as a small girl's smile.

Also filmed in Technicolor, "Royal Wedding" stars Fred Astaire, and is naturally packed with dancing. For once, a backstage plot makes considerable sense and has real freshness of viewpoint. Further news is that Jane Powell isn't the least bit sugary. She's spunky and sassy, and I liked her ten times more than I ever have before.

There are two parallel romances here—one between Peter Lawford and Janie, the other between Sarah Churchill (yes, Winston Churchill's daughter) and Fred. Both stories, it is true, are slight, but they have a certain ingenuity and as they are animated with sparkling musical numbers and Fred's inimitable dances, they make a right pretty sight.

I am delighted to give "Royal Wedding" the Cosmopolitan Citation for the Best Musical Comedy of the Month. Go see it for fun and laughter. Go see it for Fred's "going native" with eighty island girls, or being king of a mythical kingdom with Jane as the maiden who becomes his queen.

This month I find I must include an extra Citation, because I can't in fairness drop either "Branded," a Western starring Alan Ladd, and a wonderful supporting cast, or "Storm Warning," starring Ginger Rogers, Doris Day, and Ronald Reagan.

For all its setting, I don't consider "Tomahawk" a Western—but "Branded" certainly is, and I can thus, with justification, call it the Best Western of the Month. It has the action required of this type of epic, plus the unusual ingredient of surprisingly subtle values and characterizations.

I ADD, its hero, is actually a villain, a man called Choya, a wandering gun fighter who is as tough as the cactus for which he is nicknamed. The rather standard villains, a Mexican father and son, excellently played by Joseph Calleia and Peter Hansen, turn out to be honorable people. Mona Freeman, as a brat of a girl, reveals great character. There are many surprises in "Branded," but it is always distinctive, physically beautiful in Technicolor, and it is certainly the best vehicle Alan Ladd has had for a long, long time.

"Storm Warning" is bound to be controversial. I found it very powerful—but I can conceive of many people, particularly Southerners, who won't like it at all. I also liked the offbeat casting—Doris Day without songs, Ginger Rogers without dances, and Ronald Reagan without mock heroics.

Certainly "Storm Warning" is strong meat, a relentless study of the modern Ku Klux Klan in action. Ginger is a model who visits a Southern town and witnesses the Klan's murder of a reporter who has been investigating their activities. Doris is her hard-working kid sister, who cannot believe that Steve Cochran, her adored husband, is the hooded killer. Ronnie plays the part of the district attorney who is determined to indict the Klan if it kills him—and it very nearly does.

I VE RARELY seen anything to equal "Storm Warning" for sheer terror. The horror in the scene in which Ginger is flogged to silence, the agony of Doris' flight for her life, the pity of Ronnie's political defeat are the stuff of which real drama is made.

Jerry Wald, the discriminating young producer who always tries to make films that are "about something," has some startling facts to prove that this portrait of a very small segment of our country is not, unfortunately, in the least exaggerated.

"Storm Warning" is in the same vivid, crusading category as "I Was a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," which did much toward cleaning up prison conditions. I hope "Storm Warning" has as good results.

THE END

*I dreamed I broke the bank
at Monte Carlo in my
maidenform bra*

*I'm leading a charmed life... Who ever dreamed
of winning such a figure! Looks like a million... and
so do I, with Maidenform* to shape my future.
Lucky, lucky me... now I'm supported in fabulous style.*

Shown: Maidenform's Chansonette in white satin; also
available in nylon marquisette and sheer, and broadcloth...
from 2.00. Send for free style booklet Maidenform, N. Y. 16.*

There is a maidenform for every type of figure

Couture: Magn Hayes. Jewelry: Kramer. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © 1951, Maiden Form Brassiere Company, Inc.

Jon Whitcomb's Page



BEAUTY ON ICE. As love scenes are always with us, one of the chores professional models face is necking gentlemen to order. When an artist is spending a buck every two minutes, he expects prompt acting from two people who may be total strangers. Last week I hired a Miss A., very beautiful, and a Mr. R., very handsome, to impersonate lovers for an illustration. The magazine desired a clinch close-up, full of tenderness and well-bred ardor. "The first photograph will be a kiss," I said, "but not on the mouth. Real kisses are hard to draw because the faces merge. You'll have to cheat a little. Mr. R. will kiss Miss A. on one side of her upper lip." Mr. R. had been through all this before, and he moved right into position. I waited for Miss A. to look like an ecstatic maiden in the throes of *amour*. She remained rigid. I told her to half-close her eyes, turn up the corners of her mouth, and pucker. She said what do you mean—pucker? Controlling myself, I suggested that she say the word *prunes*, and hold the "a." No go. Mr. R. portrayed Eager Love, but Miss A. stayed clear below zero. I stood in front of Miss A. and demonstrated. "You love this guy," I said. "You're crazy about him. You're a gone chick. Grab him by the ears. Look *interested!*" Nothing happened. Miss A. was a wooden Indian to the end. We took the shots for the wastebasket. I watched Miss A. as she picked up her pay—with her shining hair, her face set in concrete, lights glittering in her diamond engagement ring.

GUESSING GAME. Every year a number of colleges ask me to pick beauties for their yearbooks. It's fun, and I never say no. But sometimes the photographs are excessively retouched and diffused. There's a close con-



nection between the size of the community and the quality of the pictures. The smaller the town, the fuzzier the shots. Once I received a batch all showing the same hair, faces, and necklines, floating in what looked like a London fog. I gave up and wrote to ask for candid snapshots of the same girls. By return mail, I received refreshingly sharp prints apparently taken with somebody's Brownie; then the job was easy. Odd facts about schoolgirl photography, college-queen division: Texas invariably sends the most pulse-quickeners samples, with the slickest lens work. Southern California rates second, Middle Eastern states third. I wouldn't dream of belittling the Mason-Dixon Line birdie, but any undergrad down there who sits for the village portrait gallery is apt to resemble a ghost on television.

PEN-IN-HAND DEPT. EMPORIA, KANSAS: I would rather live in myopia than look like a secretary. You never illustrate an ecstatic creature, with goggles on, being kissed by a gorgeous hunk of man. —Miss P.

Goggles, like hats, should be removable on occasion. DETROIT, MICHIGAN: I take issue with "The Rememberers" who call a man the next day to tell him what a charming time they had. I have done this frequently, and as frequently been accused of hinting for another date. . . . Society is decadent. How can a girl wait for a boy to open a car door for her when he is halfway down the block before he misses her? —Mrs. M.C.

Just lean on the horn button.

SMITH COLLEGE, NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS: Men arrive late for dates; don't say when they're coming; R.S.V.P. a half hour before to say they can't come; and tell you you're getting fat. These habits, unlike wine, fail to improve with age. —Miss I. J. C.



Men are awful. Two letters from ladies this week said they would be happy to shoot me for saying there could be anything unmannerly about ladies.

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA: I'll help you and the lady from Arkansas with a few suggestions. 1. The Hair-oil Louse ruins your upholstered furniture. 2. The Storyteller thinks off-color stories go in any crowd. 3. The Stinker thinks deodorants are for sissies. 4. The Dull Boy never met shoe polish. 5. The Burner never sees ashtrays. 6. The He-Man thinks little niceties are silly. "Women want equality—let 'em have it!" —Mrs. E. B. W.

Second the motion!

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BEFORE YOU BEGIN to read this advertisement, just take a look at some of the books you have purchased during the past year. Now that you have read them, how many of them will you read *again*? How many of them could vanish from your home without being missed by you? How much better that you should this year come into possession of books that you will want to read *over and over again*: of books you will be proud to own.

You are given an opportunity to do so, at this moment. For you are invited to accept a Trial Membership, which will cover a period of five months, in The Heritage Club. This is because there is a scarcity of paper in this country: paper pulp, too, has gone to war. Of the high quality of paper which The Heritage Club uses, the supply is so limited as to force us to gash our teeth in fury. We have been promised just enough additional paper to enable us to take in one thousand new members, to receive the beautiful, beautiful Heritage books during the coming five months.

THE MEMBERS OF THE HERITAGE CLUB regularly come into possession of those "classics which are our heritage from the past, is editions which will be the heritage of the future." They come into possession of books beautifully illustrated, printed on papers tested to assure a life of at least two centuries, staunchly bound and boxed.

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During your Trial Membership you will receive *War and Peace* by Tolstoy, in a wonderful thick volume of 1760 pages and with profuse illustrations by Vasily Verestchagin and Fritz Eichenberg; *Great Expectations* by Dickens, with illustrations by the English painter Ardizzone; *The House of the Seven Gables* by Hawthorne, illustrated in color by Valeotti Angelo; and *Bacon's Essays*; and a big beautiful volume containing *Through the Looking-Glass* printed with Alice in Wonderland.

Never in the history of book publishing has a greater bargain been offered to wise buyers of books. The Trial Membership gives you an opportunity to put this statement to the test. Please fill out the coupon printed herewith and mail it to The Heritage Club promptly. You will then receive the Prospectus which describes The Heritage Club's system and the books you will receive; and one of the Trial Memberships will be reserved for you.



Reservation of Trial Membership

TO THE HERITAGE CLUB

595 Madison Ave., New York 22

Please send me a copy of your Prospectus, in which are described The Heritage Club's cooperative system of distribution and also the books to be distributed to the Trial Members during the coming five months. I understand that you will in the meantime reserve a Trial Membership for me, awaiting my application.

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COSMOPOLITAN'S

Travel Guide

EDWARD R. DOOLING, Director, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York 19, N. Y. Send your questions to Mr. Dooling, at the address above. For an immediate reply, please enclose a three-cent stamp.

★ *I do considerable driving in icy weather during the winter. I am constantly annoyed because the lock on my car door freezes. Is there any cure?*

—R. E. T., Montpelier, Vermont

A—The simplest remedy is to carry a roll of Scotch tape in the glove compartment of your car and stick a small piece over the keyhole whenever you park the car for a period of an hour or more.

★ *Ours is a social problem, and it has us somewhat concerned. We want to go to Europe, and tourist class appeals to us because of its economy and informality. We don't, however, want first-class passengers looking down their noses at us when they go "slumming" in tourist-class sections.*

—Miss E. J. K., Montclair, New Jersey

A—The steamship lines are trying to discourage first-class passengers from visiting the public rooms of other classes aboard ship. Passengers are, in fact, supposed to stick to their own area, but the rule is not easy to enforce. One good answer is being provided by the Holland-America Line, which is building two new ships in which the tourist-class passenger will be king. There will be 875 tourist passengers and a bare handful of first-class passengers. The entire promenade deck will be given over to tourist-class public rooms, and first class will be restricted to a small area on the boat deck.

★ *Has anyone ever devised a formula for telling a good tourist court or motel from a poor one?*

—Mrs. J. R., Columbus, Ohio

A—There is only one way to be sure and that is to look before you buy. While a shining exterior may be deceptive, it is equally true that a shabby exterior is a good warning to keep out. A dirty or disheveled front office is an ominous sign. Take a look at the plumbing, the bed linen, blankets, towels, drinking glasses, and closets. A good court should provide ashtrays, wastebaskets, reading lights, comfortable beds, and comfortable chairs.

Don't be afraid to walk out, and don't expect to find luxury at low rates. You'll pay for what you get, whether you stop at a hotel, boardinghouse, tourist court, or motel.

★ *Our high-school class is having a composition contest to select the five most beautiful scenes in the United States. I have never been outside my home town and would like to know what your choice would be.*

—J. M., Cedar Rapids, Iowa

A—All the Chamber of Commerce secretaries in America will probably be after my scalp for this one. There are many beautiful spots in the United States, and cutting the number down to five is not only difficult but deceptive. Let's admit that a shade of glamour may have nudged us in the direction of these selections:

- 1—The Yosemite Valley in California.
- 2—New York's Broadway at night.
- 3—The snow-clad procession of the Colorado Rockies as seen from Trail Ridge Road.
- 4—The Big Room in Carlsbad Caverns, New Mexico.
- 5—Mount Rainier, Washington.

★ *Deciding what clothes to take on a vacation is always my biggest headache. No matter how I travel or where I go, I seem to take too much, and invariably leave out something I really need. Is there any clothes formula that fits all sorts of trips?*

—Miss J. C., Moline, Illinois

A—Versatility is much more important than quantity. Two or three suits with a half-dozen blouses can provide all sorts of varied outfits for traveling. Bright kerchiefs take up little room and provide colorful costume notes. Durability is much more important than glamour in travel clothes. Comfortable

walking shoes are essential. So are crushable hats—either berets or knitted hats. Beware of light-colored clothes that soil easily.

★ *A friend and I have been looking for a real tropical beach close to the United States where we can be guaranteed warm water and good swimming all winter. Someone suggested Paradise Beach in the Bahamas. Please tell me where it is and what it is like.*

—Miss C. M., Richmond, Virginia

A—Paradise Beach fits your requirements perfectly. It is located on misnamed Hog Island, just a few minutes by ferry from Nassau in the Bahamas. It has glistening white sand so fine it is almost like talcum powder. Temperature of the gentle surf is 70 degrees all winter. There are bathhouses and restaurants and refreshment stands, so that you may live in a bathing suit from morning until night if you wish.

THIS MONTH'S BUDGET TRIP

★ *I am interested in a budget trip to the Deep South. I particularly want to see some of the historic homes and other points of interest in Mississippi. I understand the trip may be made either by train or river steamer, and I would like to have costs for both.*

—Mrs. D. N., Detroit, Michigan

A—Yes, there are a variety of all-expense trips to Mississippi and New Orleans that are particularly enjoyable in March or any time during the spring. Traveling by modern coach trains, a ten-day trip including transportation, meals, sight-seeing, and admission to points of interest, can be made for an estimated cost of \$195.67. Details are being sent you.

The sight-seeing program begins at Meridian, Mississippi, where you begin a ninety-four-mile motor-coach drive through rolling pine woods to Mississippi's capital, Jackson. After a sight-seeing tour of the capital, you continue on to Vicksburg National Military Park.

At Natchez, you visit many of the fabulous mansions of the pre-Civil War era, and then drive along the Mississippi River to Baton Rouge, and on to New Orleans.

There is ample time for sampling the gastronomic creations of New Orleans' famous eating places and for viewing the shops and ancient buildings of the old French quarter.

The tour continues along the Gulf Highway to Biloxi, and then over the Old Spanish Trail to Bellingrath Gardens in Alabama. After a sight-seeing tour of Mobile, you proceed to Hattiesburg, Mississippi, and your streamliner for home.

The river cruise is a twenty-one-day trip, with the Natchez Pilgrimage as a high light. It begins and ends at Cincinnati, and the cost per person, including tax, is \$258.75. (Prices vary with the accommodations.)

Your river steamer calls at Louisville, Kentucky; Paducah, Kentucky; Memphis, Tennessee; Natchez, Mississippi; and New Orleans, Louisiana. The steamer is your hotel at New Orleans. A stop is made at Vicksburg, Mississippi, on the return trip.

(Copies of the Deep South Budget Trip Plans and other budget trips are available to all readers on request.)

"I fell for the same man 12 times!"

says RHONDA FLEMING, co-starring in
"THE REDHEAD AND THE COWBOY" • A Paramount Picture



"This scene for 'The Redhead and the Cowboy' was rougher on my hands than housework. The director had me fall 12 times before he said: 'Take!'"



Tugging at a horseshoe nail left my fingers raw...



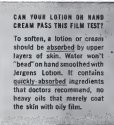
But I smoothed my hands with Jergens Lotion...



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Prove it with this simple test described above...



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STILL 10c TO \$1.00 (PLUS TAX)

A worldly view of the Junior Size

In fashion, a junior is not an age but a shape. The evidence is on these pages: four dresses—very adult, very polished, and all cut in high-waisted junior sizes.



All our fashions come in sizes 7 to 15. The designer is Madeleine Fauth, of Arkay Frocks.

1. Shirred voile tea-dancer wholly lined in white net. It's caught into a lithe Empire waist, and suspended from string straps. The cuff-high bolero is straight, faille, gala. About \$25.

2. Here's the princess—willowy and beltless, the best-loved silhouette. It's back and we have it in navy birdseye piqué. Bare top for sunning—the shelter is a double-breasted cape. About \$30.

3. A dress entirely of lace—the starchy, Spanish kind. It's very decorous and covered, but because of the procession of rhinestone buttons, nothing could be more sophisticated. About \$35.

4. A French notion—black linen piped in pink (or navy with white, if you prefer). Another French notion—that neckline; it's the scalloped plunge launched by Balenciaga. About \$25.

THE COSMOPOLITAN LOOK

BY VIRGINIA C. WILLIAMS

FASHION EDITOR



You may buy our junior fashions at Best & Co., New York; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; and stores on page 96.

Season Spanners

Bill Heiburn



Try on a new personality!

There is a charm about you—a beauty—a grace—a loveliness that deserves the very best. Your "Perma-lift" Bra is the artist that inspires the best that's in you—fashions your silhouette with a stroke of sheer genius—draws young lines, moulds flattering curves. And through countless washings it remains firm, yet soft—never loses its magic uplift. Discover its secret—with an art all its own, it will design fashion success for you. At your favorite store—\$1.50 to \$4.

Wear a wonderful "Perma-lift" Girdle too—No Bones About It—Stays Up Without Stays
"Perma-lift" is a trademark of A. Stein & Company, Chicago, New York Office: 11, N. Park. 10-11



LOOK FOR THE MAGIC INSET



Left: Suede merger of pump and sling-heel. Braid-trimmed for dash. Comes in blue, black, or brown. Accent. Right: Delicate little strapping with a middling heel. In black, red, blue, or brown calf. From Johansen.



Left: Bare, infinitely becoming pump, latticed over the vamp. It's in patent leather or pimento calf. Carmelletes. Right: Brilliantly shaped little pump with a tapered heel. Kid with natural stitching. Rhythm Step.



Left: A sling mounted on an extension sole—unexpected and pretty. It's a cuban-heel calf. Black, russet, blue. Air Step. Right: A succession of straps, fore and aft. It comes in blue, red, or green calf. From Velvet Step.

Here's a collection of shoes after our own hearts. They're season spanners, committed to no special time or climate. You can buy them now (and how very new-this-spring they seem), but you'll wear them the year around. We say welcome to this new, classic kind of footwear, and welcome to the company of the other great fashion perennials—the slim suit, the good jewel, the great leather bag.



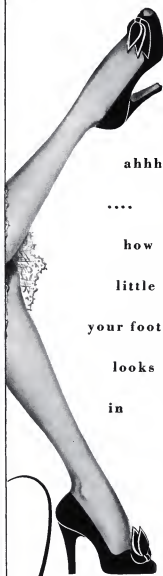
Above: Suede pump with a half-moon of mesh over the toe. Blue or black. Calf in brown. From Queen Quality.



Left: The pump of patent leather—newly emancipated from the just-for-spring wear to season spanning. Black, blue, Styl-Eez. Right: Lizardator stroller cut low as an evening pump. Comes in red, green, or brown. Millerkins.



Left: A shell crisscrossed in strips over the toes. Comes in red-and-navy calf. Tweedie. Right: A fresh approach to the gillie—light and sling-heeled. It's calf; comes in red, green, black, blue, or brown. Enna Jetticks.



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Elizabeth Arden

Cosmopolitan Conveyances



Wide World

The Senators' Subway

By STACY V. JONES

Get in one of the Senate office-building elevators, and ask for the subway. You'll find yourself in a high-ceilinged, airy basement out of which runs one of the strangest little railroads in the world. It is part Washington, part Coney Island, and part *Popular Mechanics*.

Before you is one of the two small open cars that constitute the railroad's entire rolling stock. It is mounted on a single narrow rail, with a heavy overhead trolley that not only carries the power but keeps the car from toppling over. There are seats, facing either forward or backward, for eighteen people. In the middle of the car sits the motor-man, who has a view in both directions. Built by the Naval Gun Factory, the car is a sober black, relieved by gold trim.

Climbing aboard, you feel a little self-conscious, as if you were hooking a ride on a scenic railway. But you needn't be; one of the nice things about visiting the Capitol is that you're treated with respect. For all anybody knows, you are a person of considerable importance, and at the very least, you're one of the proprietors of the place.

Your fellow passengers may be three schoolteachers from Little Rock; a Seattle druggist accompanied by two small boys, each of whom bears a remarkable resemblance to Hopalong Cassidy; two ministers of the Gospel, with

Bibles and guidebooks; a young couple from Memphis, with their baby, who sleeps through everything; a Brooklyn manufacturer of buttons, with brief case; a stenographer for the Committee on Armed Services; and Senator Robert A. Taft. The senator is needed on the floor, and the stenographer is on the legitimate errand of collecting her pay at the other end of the line, but the rest of you are just going along for the ride.

The car sets off briskly through a brightly lighted tunnel, which rises gradually. At your right is a railed sidewalk, and at your left, along the wall, is a large, businesslike pipe carrying chilled water for the air conditioners. Although there is no scenery, there is enough curve to keep you wondering what's around the corner. In a moment you find out: the twin of your car whizzes by on its own monorail, en route from the Capitol back to the office building. The trip is only a seventh of a mile, and the speed not more than twenty miles per hour, but they both seem greater. Actually, the journey is over in thirty-five seconds.

You disembark in the basement of the Capitol's north wing, which houses the Senate chamber, and follow the signs to an elevator. There is a similar tunnel connecting the south wing with the two House office buildings, but only the Senate rates a railroad.

In 1909, soon after the office buildings were finished, it was plain that four or five quorum calls a day, summoning Congressmen for distances varying from one to two city blocks, created a transportation problem. Mechanization was accepted with reluctance in those days. Senator Eugene Hale of Maine, driving his team of horses up Capitol Hill, had had an unfortunate experience with a dinky engine hauling dirt from the excavations. When the runaway team was stopped, he declared there would be no more engines on the Capitol grounds, and as he was a power on the Appropriations Committee, he made it stick.

But the senator could not object to "Peg" and "Tommy," two splendid yellow Studebaker electric automobiles acquired that year for the Senate subway. They were high and double-ended, they each carried a dozen passengers and a chauffeur, they were comfortable and quiet, but some senators complained that they could make as good time on foot. In 1912, the first monorail car was installed, and as soon as the bugs were out of the new system, Peg and Tommy were retired. Their batteries long dead, they were auctioned off in 1939 as museum pieces; the pair brought thirty-five dollars.

The subway motormen, of whom there are four, are still carried on the Capitol pay roll as "chauffeurs." When the Senate is in session, they are on duty from 8:45 A.M. to 6 P.M., but if there's a night session, they continue until a half hour after adjournment. Often, during filibusters, they work all night. William A. Spatz, the engineer in charge, and his machinist spell the regulars when there's extra pressure. On a single day in 1940, when the draft act was up, they carried five thousand passengers.

The motormen have an eye for celebrities, but apply their own criteria. The 1950 passengers they remember best are Jack Dempsey and Celeste Holm.

Drama entered the subway in July, 1947, when an unbalanced job seeker shot at Senator John W. Bricker as he was about to enter a car. With admirable presence of mind the Senator jumped aboard, shouting (according to the historians), "Let's get the hell out of here!" Fortunately the assailant was armed with only a single-shot target pistol. By the time he reloaded and fired again, the getaway car was far up the track.

A policeman has been stationed at the office-building end ever since. He has little to do except direct old ladies and shoo small boys who want to ride all afternoon or insist on standing up. Each car carries the sign—CAUTION. KEEP ARMS & FEET INSIDE THE CAR. A few bumps (Continued on page 89)

27



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THE LONG GREEN

by Daniel Fuchs

A complete novel of Mystery and Adventure



Through a mist of pain, he noted how savagely she fought, what surprising strength and power a woman could have.

Just outside of New York are a number of fair-sized industrial cities that people seldom seem to think of. In summer, these outlying cities bake in the sun, drowsy and disregarded.

In one of these cities, not many years ago, the heavy summer torpor was broken when a state senatorial committee was sent there to investigate the complicated affairs of the city's political boss, Frank Stacey—a well-liked, personable, and extremely human individual in his middle fifties. The committee was aggressive and its chairman young and ambitious, but the investigation was never completed. For on the fifth day of the proceedings, Frank Stacey was assassinated.

In one way or another, the lives of about a dozen people were interlaced with Stacey's. Some of these people Stacey had hardly seen. Nevertheless, they were all intimately affected by his assassination, by the events leading up to it and those immediately following it.

Down at police headquarters, Sergeant Hulick



The Long Green (continued)

noticed that everybody walked around with a special bounce to his step, with a sly kind of satisfaction. Whenever a man like Stacey was bumped off, popular though he might be, people were exhilarated. Maybe it was because it proved crime didn't pay after all—that justice always triumphed. Maybe it was plain human envy and malice. Hulick sat on Keely's desk in the squad room, reading the reports, wondering whether justice had really won out. Who knew what went on behind the scenes, and who would ever learn the truth? Ferris, the man who had killed Stacey, had been a civil-service stenographer working at City Hall. He was dead, too—riddled by Stacey's bodyguard. Hulick had known Ferris, had seen him around. It made absolutely no sense. There was no reason for a simple, predictable, white-collar man like Adolph Ferris to assassinate anybody.

Keely came into the room. "Get off the desk. Don't make the place look like a poolroom."

"Why should Ferris want to kill Stacey?" Hulick asked.

"What do you want from me?" Keely asked.

30

He was an old-timer, grouchy on principle. "All kinds of screwballs in the world. Look at Huey Long and the guy down there, whatever his name was, who killed him."

"What about this fellow Johnson?" Hulick asked. Two detectives had made a routine call on the Ferris home right after the assassination, and Hulick had their report in his hand. "Johnson worked with Ferris. He told Mrs. Ferris he knew for a fact her husband wasn't approaching Stacey in order to kill him."

"Ah, they say it, they say it," Keely said. "People always holler their boy was innocent. Don't you know you can't pay attention to a thing like that?" He took the report out of Hulick's hands and put it in its proper place. "So Arkwright and Fuller got a story from Mrs. Ferris. But how can they know what Johnson actually told her? It happened right there in City Hall, didn't it? A hundred, a hundred and fifty people saw it. Who's kicking? Open and shut. Go to lunch. It's almost twelve."

"I think I'll go find this guy Johnson," Hulick said. "Just have a talk."

"Don't get too conscientious," Keely said. "You get like that, you (Continued on page 145)"

He kept looking across the street at the entrance of the apartment-hotel. He wanted to know what Connie Smith did, where she went, who came to see her.





The JOLSON

nobody knew

The story that couldn't be written while he lived—brilliantly told by his companion through fabulous years of triumph and trouble

BY HARRY AKST

AS TOLD TO ERNEST LEBMAN

I just had to get out of Hollywood. I had to get away from the phone calls, the questions, and the memory of the last few terrible days—the sudden death in the St. Francis Hotel, the bitter flight down from San Francisco in the Flying Tigers plane with poor Al lying there a few feet from me under a blanket of roses, and then all the hoopla and hysteria of the funeral.

My phone wouldn't stop ringing. Everyone knew I had been there at the end, that I had been for years as close to Al as any man. "How did it happen, Harry?" they all wanted to know. "Was he in pain? Did he say anything or do anything that wasn't reported in the papers? Did you have any inkling, when you were with him on that last trip to Japan and Korea, that the end was so near? Harry, why did it have to happen to *him*—to Al Jolson?"

So I boarded a plane for New York.

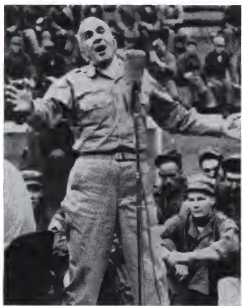
I was going to forget everything.

But you can't fly away from the memory of Al Jolson, not after a lifetime of laughs and thrills and heartaches with a crazy, wonderful cuckoo like that.

By the time I was winging over the California desert, I discovered I wasn't even trying to forget. I was trying to recall, to recall him as only *he* had been—vibrantly, excitingly alive. Pretty soon he was living



Two who were champions in their respective fields—General George Patton and Al Jolson—clasp hands. Below, Al in a typical pose during one of his overseas jaunts to entertain the troops during World War II.



"You've got someone to come back to," Al choked. "Who've I got? Not a soul cares whether I live or die."

again in my memory, not as he had been portrayed in the Technicolor of two motion-picture biographies, not as he had been sainted in the flowery obituaries that had greeted his passing, but as I had known him. This then—for better or worse—was the real Al Jolson, not in public domain but in the private domain of Harry Akst, song writer, piano player, accompanist—and good friend.

Al and I first met in Atlantic City in the summer of 1908. He was a twenty-one-year-old unknown, one of Lew Dockstader's Minstrels, and I was a boy of thirteen playing the piano for Remick's Music Shop on the boardwalk. He used to drop in just to listen to me play, and to gab.

A few months later I went to work in Tin Pan Alley for song publisher Leo Feist, and Jolson would come up to hear me demonstrate the new "plug" tunes. Pretty soon, whenever Al included a song from the Feist catalogue in his budding repertoire, he would ask me to come up and rehearse him. This went on for several years, even after I switched over to Irving Berlin, Inc., as a song plugger, and Al Jolson had zoomed to the heights.

I was with Berlin for five years. One day I saw myself referred to in a newspaper column as "Berlin's amanuensis." When I went to the dictionary and looked up the word and found out it meant "secretary," I quit. Who the hell wanted to be something he didn't even know the meaning of? I wanted to be something simple, like "successful song writer." So I became one.

I did better than all right at it, too. Any bookie can attest to that. I don't know which I liked better—writing music or playing the horses. Like all horse players, I was always in hock, despite the songs and the dough, despite hits like "Dinah" and "Baby Face" and "Home Again Blues," and years in which I made as much as ninety thousand dollars. I met a

friend on Broadway. He said, "I'm selling Christmas cards, Harry. What're you selling these days?" "My furniture," I said.

In the twenties, at Havre de Grace, Maryland, I bet on one race too many and went flat broke. I didn't even have enough dough to get back to New York. I knew Jolson was playing in some show in Washington so I hitched a ride to the capital and called him at his hotel.

"C'mon up."

In his room, I told how the nags had cleaned me.

"Whaddaya want me to do for you, Harry?"

I had a manuscript with me, a little stinker I had written with Benny Davis. It was called "Stella, You're As Sweet As Vanilla."

"Al," I said, "I want you to hear my latest song."

I told him the title, and he winced. I moved for the piano in his room, but he didn't even wait for me to start. He picked up the phone and called Waterson, Berlin, and Synder, the music publishers, in New York. He got old man Waterson to the phone.

"This is Jolson. I just heard a great song, and I'm gonna sing it in the show." Then he whispered to me, "How much you want for it?"

"Do you think maybe two—three . . . ?" I stammered.

"Five thousand dollars by tomorrow morning or some other publisher gets it," Jolson said to Waterson, and hung up.

Next morning, Walter Douglas, the professional manager of the company, arrived from New York with the loot and took the song, sight unseen and, fortunately, unheard. After all, when Jolson introduced a song, it *had* to be great. Al's show moved on to Boston, and there "Stella" was given its first—and last—performance. When Al hit the final terrible note, he stepped downstage, leaned over to the orchestra leader and said, "Hand me those parts, will ya?" The conductor gathered the musicians' song sheets and passed them up to Al. He made a neat little bundle of them. Then, in full view of the audience, he tore them to bits and sent the pieces fluttering down into the orchestra pit. "There," he said, wiping his hands clean. "That's that."

The things that happen for want of a better horse!

It was around that time that I got my first taste of the weird Jolson ego. Walking up Seventh Avenue one night, I met Jolie coming out of the Winter Garden stage door. He grabbed my arm.

"Ya like wild duck?"

"Love it. Happens that I never tasted it, though."

"Come along, son."

He took me up to his bachelor apartment on West Fifty-ninth Street, threw off his jacket, slipped on an apron, and disappeared into the kitchen. After about twenty minutes, the delicious aroma floating into the living room from the kitchen had me drooling. But every time I edged toward the kitchen, he shooed me away. "Don't upset me now, Harry. I've gotta concentrate on this here recipe. You'll just have to have patience."

At long last, he emerged from the kitchen with a platter on which lay two beautiful golden-brown canvasbacks surrounded by wild rice. I couldn't get over it, particularly after tasting the dish.

"Gee, Al, I didn't know you went in for this sort of thing."

"For years, son, for years. Ya gotta know everything."

The next day his valet told me about the duck—prepared and cooked by the chef over at Ben Riley's Arrowhead Inn and sent down to Al all ready to heat and eat.

Cocky? Oh, boy!

I was in his hotel room the night a phone call came from a gangster. Al was at the height of his big romance.

"Lay off Ruby Keeler," the hood said, "or else."

"Listen you sonuvabitch," Jolson snapped, "get this: I'm leaving the Ritz Towers in exactly eight minutes. I'm walking down Park Avenue to Fifty-first Street. Then I'm turning west and walking on the north side of Fifty-first to Seventh Avenue, and then I'm going through the stage door of the Winter Garden. Take your best shot." And he hung up.

And the guy didn't shoot.

And Al did marry Ruby, later.

Came talking pictures and the Goldwyn-rush to the West Coast. Hollywood, the land of *mañana*, gave Jolie and me plenty of time to see each other—Arrowhead Springs, Palm Springs, Tijuana, Agua Caliente—Jolie making "The Jazz Singer" and "The Singing Fool"—me writing songs on the Warner lot, same lot he was on, and doing the score for one of the first all-talkie, all-Technicolor musicals, "On With The Show." (Remember Ethel Waters singing "Am I Blue?")

Al was really high man on the totem pole of show business. He was booked for a ten-week personal appearance tour at a zillion dollars a week, Harry

"Daddy's going to Okyo-Okyo," little Asa said. Erle whispered, "Take care of my boy."

Akst at the piano. We opened in New York at the Capitol Theatre. A few days later Al read an item in Walter Winchell's column to the effect that it was a shame that Al Jolson had to work on Yom Kippur, the sacred Day of Atonement. Al was deeply hurt. He canceled the whole ten weeks and went looking for Winchell. When he finally caught up with him, it was out in Hollywood at Legion Stadium, and Al threw the fists that were heard around the world. Some people insist Jolson was really angry at Winchell because of a movie Walter had worked on that allegedly slurred Ruby Keeler. In my book, the column crack was what did it. The reason I'll always remember the incident is this: when Jolson blew off the ten-week engagement, Akst was blown out of ten weeks, too, at fifteen hundred per.

When the marital bust-up with Ruby Keeler came, I was an important cog in the life of The Big Wheel. With me, Jolson felt he could let his hair down and level. When Ruby left Al and the big house in Encino, I was the guy who had to go over and cheer him up, to sleep in the very bed that Ruby had left cold. He had to have my shoulder around for his tears. Maybe I have one of those sympathetic kissers. Everyone has always found me a good Wailing Wall, particularly Al. It was afternoons at the track with him, nights at the fights with him, and in between, fights with my wife over the phone calls that always began: "Honey, it looks like I've gotta have dinner with Al tonight." Years later, my wife told me, "You don't know how close I was to Reno when you kept leaving me to cool off Al's torch."

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I fitted in with the race-track picture, too. Al had great respect for a guy who knew how to read a racing form. He liked my instinct for spotting an overlay on the tote board, and I think he also liked the way I could take a beating at the track and say, as though I meant it, "What the hell, Al; it's only money." I was a shrewd bettor. In twenty years, I lost only a million dollars.

Jolson never had a loser. Not according to him. When the horses came down the stretch, he was always yelling for the one out in front. One day I went to Belmont Park with him. We had had a long rehearsal, and when we got to the track it was too late to get a bet down on the first race. We sat down in the clubhouse for a bite to eat, and a man Jolson knew stopped at the table. "Well, Al, did you have the winner?" "Hah, hah," Jolson chortled, "didn't have his sister!" When the guy left, Al said to me, "Harry, go find out who won." I came back with the information: Sunbonnet Sue, a six-to-one shot. The afternoon was a long one, and Al was pretty closemouthed at the end of each race. In the car going home, I said, "Well, Al, how did you do?" He turned to me with a shrug. "How could I lose? I had Sunbonnet Sue, didn't I?"

About thirteen years ago, Al owned a horse called Miquelon, an aged plater who was lucky if he got away from the post with the field. Ikey Perlstein, a small, rotund Jolson camp-follower, was his trainer. When Ikey had any dough, he'd stash it away in a shoe. When Ikey limped, Al would say: "Ikey's loaded." Al strung along with Miquelon, looking forward to the day when Perlstein would come through with the hot tip, the dream of all horse owners, the whispered, "This is the race. Get down on him." Eventually, that day arrived. Al was at the Hillcrest Country Club in Los Angeles when the call came through from New York. It was Ikey.

Miquelon is in a very good spot today, Al. I'd get on."

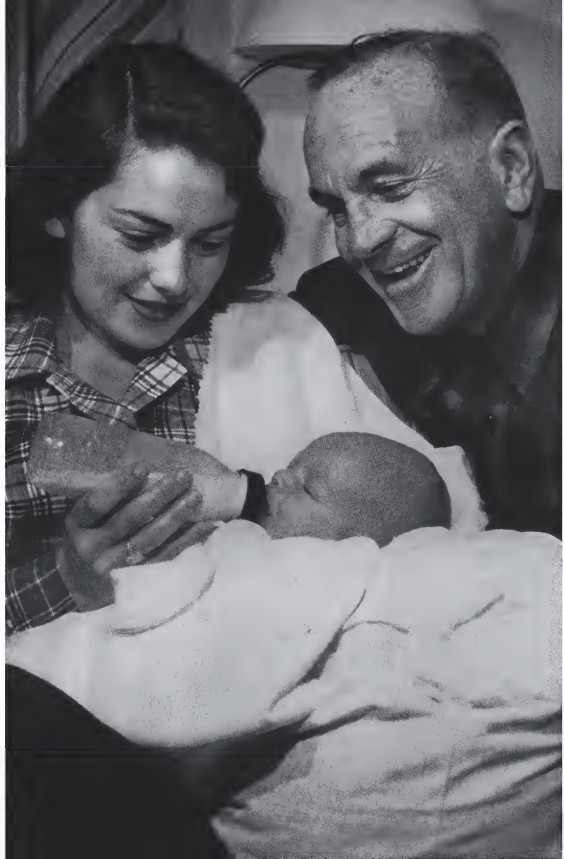
"Who's up?"

"Johnny Longden."

"What price?"

"A big price. If (Continued on page 106)

Al and his fourth wife, Erle Galbraith Jolson, with Asa, Jr., shortly after his adoption.



When You are
Silted



It's no longer chic to moon over a man. Follow these suggestions, and you'll be happy and probably better off than if you had married the guy **BY MARY JANE SHOUR**

Poets and song writers have done their lyrical darndest to put a romantic halo around unrequited love, but women know there is nothing glamorous about carrying a torch (i.e., yearning for somebody who doesn't yearn back).

Men seem to handle these things better. The male victim of spurned affections drowns his sorrows valiantly and successfully in aged liquids. He manages to keep his chin well up while doing the samba with a therapeutic blonde. He buries his hurt in a mass of sales charts and vital statistics, to emerge, in no time, heartwhole and vice-president of the firm.

Torchbearing, as a fine art, went out long ago. In the "good old days," the lady-who-loved-and-lost was regarded as a Tragic Figure, and permitted to pine away at leisure, perhaps for life. Nowadays, if a girl remains wan and weepy for more than two weeks, she's looked upon as a museum piece.

It may no longer be chic to carry a torch, but it hurts as much as ever. Feminine heart-break is still the chief occupational hazard of romance.

I once knew a girl who swore that when her best beau decided to resign she would take the brush-off in stride. She vowed she would never telephone the lad; never spread nasty rumors concerning his character, antecedents, or current girlfriend; never, *never* get potted and write him tearful farewell notes while debating the relative lethal efficiency of gas and sleeping pills.

Unfortunately, the particular young lady here mentioned has always been a terrific liar!

Almost all girls do make some kind of last, desperate effort to patch things up—and hardly ever succeed. Every girl should look the situation in the eye, accept

it, and acknowledge the role she played in bringing about the parting. Oh, yes, she did! It stands to reason. She was cute enough to land him that first fateful evening when she wafted his way and cried out "That's for me!"; she managed to hold him long enough for the farewell to turn into a bona fide wrench. Why on earth did she lose the guy?

Every woman knows the big and little things that alienate a man. Yet—she did them! She made scenes. Made him jealous. Made noises (probably prematurely) like a nagging wife. Why? *Because subconsciously she never really wanted him at all!* Once a girl realizes this and assumes her portion of the blame for the bust-up, just watch her ego come back to life. Let's face it—that's usually where she's been hit the hardest. Someday, when she's fully recovered, the lass may even feel contrite over the shabby way she treated that poor boy. Who knows, it may be sooner than you think!

Unless a girl is the scrawny type (in which case, her appetite has fled), it's best to pamper the bruised morale with something that's fun but not fattening. Like a bonnet he'd surely sneer at. Or a mad hairdo. Why not a positively censorable gown? Anything for a change of pace. A jilted ingenue named Ophelia once remarked wistfully to another girl, "You wear your rue with a difference." I have yet to meet the girl who can feel all-out, one-hundred-percent grim when she knows she looks like a doll!

Misery should seek company. Every lass has at least one friend, probably blissfully married, who once knew a cad. You needn't, and *shouldn't*, reveal your deserted state. But with a minimum of prodding, this veteran will be delighted to unfold the whole sorry saga of the guy what done her wrong, back in her bachelor-girl days. Being a woman, and therefore a born novelist, her story will be harrowing and will finish, at long last, with the feminine version of a happy (Continued on page 133)

All in Her Kind

"I'm a normal, healthy woman, and I want a husband. But how can you marry somebody when you know everything he is thinking?"

BY ELLEN VORSE

The subject of Flower Kingsley is one I like to talk about. I do not dwell on her eyes—which I swear are violet—but point out that she provides absolute proof that there is such a thing as platonic friendship. That is what I like to talk about. Especially at the Stork and places like that, while she is chatting with some newspaper columnist and I am telling the world situation to someone and he finds out I'm with Flower and wants to know why I'm wasting my time on world affairs when I could be settling affairs closer to home. Then I boaconstrict around my favorite subject and tell him all about it. I may mention that I knew her when she was a spindly kid and bit my thumb, or discuss her mother. But mostly I leave that out, and just lean on the bar like any man-about-town glowing with the accomplishment of being able to resist a waist like this and shoulders like that and a back with dimples and a front with bumps the size and shape of a man's dreams.

Now, this story is not about my platonic friendship with Flower, though without it I would never have been in a position to know all about the fascinating things that happened to her. To make it clear, I have to bring in Flower's mother, and that is a hardship.

Flower's mother was very romantic, but her nose was too long. Her father was well-fixed, but she hadn't been thinking of that when she married Dave Kingsley. She soon found out he *had* been, and he had also, considered her nose. That's when she started going fey. She satisfied her frustrated sense of romance by having her fortune told, her tea leaves read, and her horoscope cast. By the time Flower came along, she considered herself a full-fledged mystic. She got Flower's name off a ouija board.

That's the kind of atmosphere Flower grew up in. When Flower was seven, her mother was studying to be a medium. By the time Flower was seventeen, her mother was holding séances and talking about (Continued on page 120)







DO NOT DISTURB

BY ORMSBY GREEN

"I'm not going to get up. . . . No, I'm perfectly well. I'm just staying in bed, and I may *never* get up." Thus George Blinken spoke and thus he acted, with startling consequences

George Blinken opened his eyes and, following his usual custom, was instantly awake. First he looked at the alarm clock on his bedside table, which said six-fifty, meaning that he had plenty of time. Then he looked across the room at his wife's bed and saw that, as usual, she had gone downstairs to get breakfast. She was the worrying type, getting up twenty minutes earlier than necessary every morning to help George catch the eight-ten train from Upper Montclair to New York.

As he had a few minutes' leeway, Mr. Blinken stayed in bed and, in accordance with habit, began thinking of what had happened yesterday and what presumably would happen today—if the word "think" can be applied to such an elementary process of memory and anticipation. At the office of Pike and Company on Water Street, Manhattan, where he was the chief accountant, they had finished their annual inventory, and nothing of special (Continued on page 99)

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

George Blinken slept his way to fame as founder of The League to Stay in Bed. 43



The Top

25

Records of all Time

BY JACK O'BRIAN

A list of the most popular records of all time will reassure any person who has contemplated murder after hearing the twentieth juke-box rendition of "Mule Train" or "Mairzy Doats." The all-time hits, as a rule, are not flash favorites. The recordings that endure are those people genuinely like to listen to—not the bizarre or novel. Our choice of the top twenty-five is based on three informal surveys: of music publishers, composers, and bandleaders; of disc jockeys; and of music stores. Each record has sold over a million copies (in the case of Bing Crosby's "White Christmas," eight million). There are some surprising omissions—"Dinah," "Stormy Weather," "Easter Parade," "I'll Never Smile Again," and "Chinatown, My Chinatown" are not included. Neither are such artists as Frank Sinatra, Peggy Lee, Kate Smith, and Benny Goodman. However, our experts say the records listed are the top twenty-five. Incidentally, the disc jockeys polled appear on page 127.

✓ **White Christmas**

Bing Crosby, Decca Records, 1942

✓ **Jingle Bells**

Bing Crosby, Decca Records, 1943

✓ **In the Mood**

Glenn Miller, RCA-Victor, 1939

✓ **Begin the Beguine**

Artie Shaw, RCA-Victor, 1936

✓ **Sentimental Journey**

Les Brown, Columbia, 1945

✓ **Stardust**

Artie Shaw, RCA-Victor, 1940

✓ **Silent Night**

Bing Crosby, Decca, 1935 (re-recorded in 1942)

✓ **Prisoner of Love**

Perry Como, RCA-Victor, 1945

✓ **Our Waltz**

David Rose, RCA-Victor, 1942

✓ **Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer**

Gene Autry, Columbia, 1949

✓ **Swanee**

Al Jolson, Decca, 1945

✓ **Paper Doll**

The Mills Brothers, Decca, 1942

✓ **Temptation**

Perry Como, RCA-Victor, 1945

✓ **I've Heard That Song Before**

Harry James, Columbia, 1942

✓ **There! I've Said It Again**

Vaughn Monroe, RCA-Victor, 1944

✓ **My Blue Heaven**

Gene Austin, RCA-Victor, 1927

✓ **Winter Wonderland**

Guy Lombardo, Decca, 1934

✓ **Green Eyes**

Jimmy Dorsey, Decca, 1941

✓ **Sunrise Serenade**

Frankie Carle, Columbia, 1940

✓ **Marie**

Tommy Dorsey, RCA-Victor, 1937

✓ **Laura**

Paul Weston, Capitol Records, 1947

✓ **That's My Desire**

Frankie Laine, Mercury, 1946

✓ **You Made Me Love You**

(Dear Mr. Gable)

Judy Garland, Decca, 1937

✓ **Humoresque**

Guy Lombardo, Decca, 1944

✓ **Whispering**

Paul Whiteman, RCA-Victor, 1928



BING CROSBY recorded three all-time favorites; the phenomenal sale of "White Christmas" is at least partly attributable to the fact that it is revived seasonally.



JUDY GARLAND (above, with former husband Dave Rose), makes the list with "You Made Me Love You," a plaintive movie-fan letter to Clark Gable.



LES BROWN'S recording of "Sentimental Journey" is a perennial favorite—an example of the fact that the public wants simple melodies, played by good orchestras.



PERRY COMO'S "Prisoner of Love" and "Temptation" rank high because of his languid style—reminiscent of Russ Colombo and the early Crosby.



GLENN MILLER, who died in the war, continues to have a top record—"In the Mood." Miller's style has never been successfully imitated, though many have tried.



ARTIE SHAW is among the leaders, with "Stardust" and "Begin the Beguine." These combine unique instrumental talents with established hits.



AL JOLSON'S "Swanee" obviously ranks high because of his status as an artist. Technical recording advances make Jolson's later records outshine his earlier ones.



GUY LOMBARDO'S "Winter Wonderland" and "Humoresque" may not stir the cognoscenti, but they are solid favorites with the general public.

A Talent for

WHEN SWEET JO ANN CAMERON CROSSED PATHS
WITH BROADWAY'S BIGGEST CHISELER AND BLUFF,
SOMETHING HAD TO GIVE—AND SOMETHING DID!

BY MAURICE ZOLOTOW

Walter Trenn didn't want to wake up that day, which began for him, as his days always did, late in the afternoon. He turned over, trying to work himself back into unconsciousness. He couldn't face another day. He was only twenty-nine years old, but he wanted to die. Winding up in a dump was a hell of a finish for a guy who had been going to burn up the big street, be the biggest man on Broadway. And he had nobody but Jo Ann to blame. For the past ten months, she had been the first thing that rose to his mind in the bitterness of awakening. He could never figure it out. Was it a double cross? If so, why, *why* had she pulled it?

He finally threw off the covers and sat on the edge of the bed, his toes curling into the worn-out rug. His brain had worn grooves in the Jo Ann problem. He unbuttoned the top of his Fuji-silk pajamas, boldly monogrammed WT. He liked the rustle of silk against his skin. He liked the best of everything.

He started quickly toward the washbowl, and his head split wide open with pain. He opened a vial of Empirins and shook two small white pucks into his trembling palm. He swallowed them. Last night, in an act of desperation, he had sat in on a dollar poker game, and had gone for over two yards. What the hell—two hundred dollars was no good. He had figured if he could work the two yards into a grand, he could buy a piece of Harry Alexander's hat-check concession at the Paradise Club; Alexander needed a quick grand. But, like the saying goes, hungry (Continued on page 90)

Mem





What a Working Wife should pay for.

BY SYLVIA F. PORTER

You work; your husband works; you both earn pay checks; you share a life and home together. How do you divide the money you bring in—who pays for what around your house? And if you had an ideal partnership, who would pay for what—how and why?

To nearly nine million American women, that's a deeply personal challenge today, for already there are that many working wives in our land. And additional millions of us will enter the classification in the next years as our nation moves nearer and nearer a semiwar basis.

It's a practical question to one out of every five married couples today, for that's now the extraordinary proportion of working husband-and-wife teams in our country. And the percentage will increase as our defense industries call upon women, married and single, to fill essential jobs.

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Who pays the rent? Should a husband foot the cost of a maid? Here's a share-and-share-alike plan without tears or recriminations

And to all of us, women and men alike, the issues involved are fundamental. For the plain truth is that in the proper handling of the family's finances lies a crucial key to emotional and physical happiness. Doctors and psychiatrists agree: "More than half the illnesses of Americans spring from nervous, not physical, disorders—and more than half the nervous disorders spring from worries about money." Ministers and domestic-court judges add: "Squabbling about money is a prime cause of divorce in this country, and a happy financial partnership is secondary in importance only to a happy physical partnership." This is basic in every marriage, but it is particularly vital in the home of the working wife and husband. Even though we working wives are numbered in the many millions, we're still defying the traditions of centuries and are creating our own traditions from day to day.

Yet nowhere can we find any guidance on how best to manage our financial partnerships, on what arrangement is soundest, and why. I have searched the libraries, checked with nationally known authorities, and have found that despite all that has been written about the physical and spiritual relationships in marriage, virtually nothing has been said regarding the financial. Even among the experts, few are aware that America is undergoing a vast social and economic revolution. The working wife *is* that revolution. And she's writing the book as she lives it.

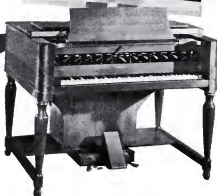
But there must be some basic rules to help us achieve financial as well as emotional peace of mind. In the last few months, I've interviewed wives (and husbands) in every income bracket, in giant cities and tiny towns from coast to coast. To each I've put two questions: "How do you divide and spend your incomes? Who manages the money in your household?" From these unique case histories, from personal experience, and from the observations of recognized authorities, I've (Continued on page 97)



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Design, Wide World, I.N.P.





Child Stars Never Grow Up

BY DEAN JENNINGS

The child stars of yesterday are often the heart-break cases of today. Of fourteen fabulous children, only two are still on top.

Eight of them together earned close to \$20,000,000; their pictures probably grossed over \$200,000,000, yet most of them wound up relatively broke. Five have figured in twelve marriages, thirty-eight law suits, and fifty mishaps—arrests, suicide attempts, violent accidents, fights, burglaries, and divorces. The majority have made tragic failures of their marriages—not once, but two and three times.

Remember them? Jackie Coogan, "The Kid"; Baby Peggy, who plunged a nation into gloom by becoming dangerously ill; Spanky McFarland; Bobby Breen, who sang like a flute; Virginia Lee Corbin; Frankie Darro, the black-haired waif; Davy Lee, who made millions weep as Al Jolson's "Sonny Boy"; Freddie Bartholomew, the delicate English youth;

Deanna Durbin; Jackie Cooper; Shirley Temple, who had a thousand dolls; Mickey Rooney, who made his debut before he could walk; Judy Garland; and Jackie Moran, the favorite "Huckleberry Finn."

Dr. Mason Rose, Hollywood psychologist, blames movie mothers. "For every ex-child star now an unhappy, frustrated, immature adult, there is a mother who muffed her job and gave her child distorted values. These kids got education from tutors, but no real knowledge. Their emotions were canned, and they couldn't be human without a script. They got weird ideas about sex, and they were forced into adulthood too early. They were locked away from other children, and robbed of the dreams of childhood. When such a child does grow up into a normal adult, it's nothing short of a miracle."

Dr. Rose's forthright analysis helps to explain these children's lives, as the following dossiers show.



Shirley Temple's divorce stunned millions who had watched her change from a dimpled doll into a beautiful wife and mother. At Shirley's wedding, the principal guests were prop men, directors, camera men, publicity men, make-up experts, voice coaches, dance coaches. Shirley was only seventeen, and her honeymoon probably marked the first time she was not surrounded, protected, and guided by these people. Moreover, her honeymoon began in her "dollhouse," a hungalow on the grounds of the Temple home.

There was trouble almost immediately, Shirley testified at her divorce. Insiders suggested she was not prepared for the realities of marriage. "Shirley is a very cold girl," Dr. Rose says, "and was too much impressed with the responsibility of being Shirley Temple. These characteristics inevitably result when a child star begins believing his own publicity."

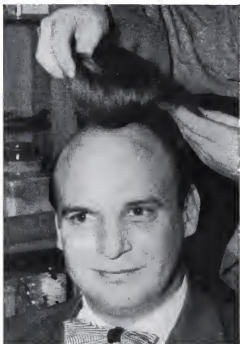
A week after her divorce became final, despite previous denials, Shirley, at twenty-two, married for the second time.



Child Stars (continued)



Jackie Coogan was known to millions as "The Kid."



Coogan today is a salesman of kitchen gadgets.



Jackie Coogan was a celebrity at four, a millionaire at ten. He was nine when M-G-M signed a four-picture contract paying him \$500,000 plus sixty per cent of the profits. He quarreled bitterly with his mother, in and out of court. She publicly called him a "very, very bad boy," simply because he asked about the four million dollars he had earned.

An awkward, thin-haired boy of twenty-three, he organized a dance band and married Betty Grable, but soon was broke and divorced. Then "The Kid" became an Air Force lieutenant, married and divorced Flower Parry, married Ann McCormack and was separated from her, was arrested for being intoxicated in his car, was a hold-up victim in Chicago. And cruelest of all, he was forced to report to the police in Los Angeles that someone had stolen his toupee.



Deanna Durbin at thirteen singlehandedly saved Universal Pictures from bankruptcy. Before she was eighteen, she had warbled through eight smash hits, which made \$20,000,000. Her first marriage, to producer Vaughn Paul, ended in 1943, less than two years



after their spectacular wedding. Next Deanna married and divorced Felix Jackson, twenty years her senior. Last year, Deanna sailed for Europe, vowing never to return to Hollywood. "I can't run around forever," she said, "playing the Little Miss Fix-It who bursts into song." Matronly at twenty-eight, Deanna now lives outside Paris with her third husband.

age)



Frankie Darro, four years younger than Jackie Coogan, was a box-office bonanza during the same gaudy but silent days of the motion picture. He encountered the pitiless glare of the courts before he was ten, when his aunt sued for his custody. Frankie's



mother, she said bluntly, was too busy on "wild parties" to be a good parent, and the aunt predicted there would be trouble. There was. Not many years later, Frankie, at the age of fifteen, took his friend Leon Holmes for a high-speed automobile ride on a rainy night. "Hang on, and I'll give you a thrill,"

said Frankie. The car skidded and turned over, and both boys were hurt. Frankie's bright candle fizzled out just about that time, and he never reached the zenith again.



Freddie Bartholomew came to Hollywood a fragile, sensitive English boy whose genius was all the more remarkable considering that he came from a grimy London factory district. Freddie's parents evidently were indifferent to the lad, and he lived in Hollywood with his now famed "Aunt Cissie," Miss Myllicent Mary Bartholomew. Freddie was a box-office sensation. His salary zoomed from a lowly hundred dollars a week to two thousand. But by the end of 1938, he had parceled out a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in legal fees and attendant expenses, and a year later his parents sued him for a million dollars.

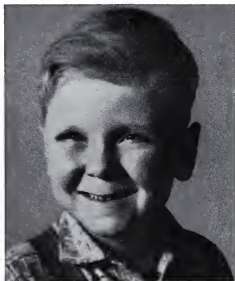
By the time the war broke out, Freddie was another Hollywood fable come to an end. In 1942, he enlisted in the Army Air Force and served for two years, after which he was given a medical discharge. In 1946, Freddie took a quick trip to Las Vegas and there married Maely Danielle, an older woman who had been a successful press agent. They live in New York now, and Freddie's friends say that he has at last learned that life can be peaceful and happy.

Freddie Bartholomew in "Little Lord Fauntleroy."



Bartholomew now lives in New York with his wife.





Jackie Cooper in his famous role of "Skippy."



Cooper and Nancy Sinatra at a night-club opening.



Jackie Cooper won the heart of America when he was a winsome little boy of seven. With the release of "Skippy" and "Peck's Bad Boy," he quickly became an established star. He later showed to excellent advantage in such pictures as "The Champ," with the late Wallace Beery for a foil. But, following the usual and seemingly inevitable pattern, adulthood brought him failures and heartbreak. When he was only twenty-two years old, his troubles were climaxed by his trial, in South Bend, Indiana, on a charge of contributing to the delinquency of two minor girls. Although he was acquitted, the publicity was long and loud. In 1949 he played in "Magnolia Alley," a Broadway play that survived for only five days. This failure was followed six months later by his divorce from June Horne and his marriage last March to Hildy Parks, who had appeared with him in the play. Cooper then played Ensign Pulver in the London production of "Mister Roberts"; he seems determined to stay away from Hollywood.



Margaret O'Brien, still a ranking child star, is already showing disturbing signs. Recently, she was blamed for the almost immediate crack-up of her widowed mother's marriage to Don Sylvio, an orchestra leader. At the wedding ceremony, which was performed in Florida, the tiny star pouted and wept and, according to Sylvio, subsequently made deliberate attempts to wreck the marriage. Her stepfather said family relations were so strained that a few weeks after the wedding he had to take Mrs. O'Brien home in the evening and then sleep by himself in another apartment. Mrs. O'Brien was granted a divorce, and Sylvio became a bachelor again, complaining that marriage to a child star's mother is a nightmare.





Baby Peggy (Montgomery) was one of the youngest of the child stars. She went from Merced, California, to Hollywood when she was only two years old, immediately became a star, and in less than three years signed a contract that paid her about a million dollars a year. She was eclipsed after a relatively brief flash in the movie firmament, and reappeared only long enough to file a half-million-dollar breach-of-contract suit against comedian Jimmy Gleason. She lost the suit, and since then has had only small parts in lesser movies.



Mickey Rooney was belligerent and unruly from the time he was a baby appearing in a vaudeville skit with his parents, Joe and Nell Yule. Mickey was plainly marked by the child-star blight, and one of his studio teachers frankly said he was "a spoiled brat." With a talent that now enables him to earn more than a half-million dollars a year, Mickey was a worrisome problem child to friends, teachers, directors, and others for years. Mickey's frustrations were obvious to anyone who knew him, particularly the embarrassment he felt about his five-foot-two stature. He was also inordinately attached to his mother, a relationship that caused Ava Gardner, when she divorced him in 1943, to complain that "he was always running home to mother." His second marriage, to Betty Jane Rase, an Alabama beauty-contest winner, also failed dismally, and when he married Martha Vickers in 1949, Rooney said: "If I don't make this one go, there's something wrong with me." Nevertheless, at this writing, Mickey and Martha have already toted up one separation and one reconciliation.

And the list of wealthy, successful, unhappy youngsters continues. Judy Garland has paid a dreadful price for her three thousand dollars a week—a chain (Continued on page 129)

Mickey Rooney appeared as a child vaudevillian.



Rooney with his present wife, Martha Vickers.





Who made the money



What is behind the phenomenal rise in coffee prices? The real answer will astound and anger you • By Leslie Gould

When it comes Mother's turn to glance at the family newspaper, she generally doesn't have much time, or even the inclination, to look at the stories buried in the back section on the financial pages. That's a pity, because if she'd been reading those pages two summers ago, she might have got some warning that once again the bite was about to be put on her purse. Maybe she couldn't have done anything about it, but she would now know why she is paying over seventy-five per cent more for coffee, and why Father's noontime cup of java has gone from five cents to ten or fifteen cents.

Those stories she missed—which, incidentally, didn't contain a word of truth—paved the way for

some brazen market manipulations by a small band of speculators. These manipulations have cost her forty cents on each pound of coffee she buys. While the price of her coffee rose, she kept denouncing the corner grocer as a handit, because he was handiest, but she was pointing her finger at the wrong man. The corner grocer *was* taking a bite, but his was just a measly nibble compared to what others were grabbing from her.

Within ten weeks, behind-the-scene speculators in coffee, here and in South America, became richer by millions, and their unconscionable, artificial rigging of the market added six to seven hundred million dollars a year to America's annual coffee

on Coffee?



Photo by Anselmi Pinto

bill, or roughly around twenty-five dollars a year for each coffee-drinking family.

This increase can be added to the cost of our State Department's good-neighbor policy. The State Department felt that exposing the South American speculators might have endangered the good-neighbor policy. Therefore, it actively worked to cover up the foreigners' manipulations on the New York Coffee and Sugar Exchange. The State Department even went so far as to force a powerful Senatorial investigating committee to tone down its report and soften its criticism of the boodlers.

The sly operation in the speculative coffee market had all the earmarks of the sort of stock manipula-

tions common in the early twenties, before the stock-market crash. Stories from South America appeared in United States newspapers alleging that coffee crops would be small because of storms and drought, and that Americans and Europeans were drinking more coffee than ever. All such stories were false.

A financial-page story said that drought in Brazil had reduced that country's crop severely; the truth was that Brazil had sufficient rain, and that the crop was about normal. "Floods in Guatemala," said another story, "damaged the crop there, and there was hurricane damage in Haiti"; the truth was that the production of coffee in Guatemala was within five per cent of normal, (Continued on page 144)



The ADMIRAL'S
FRIEND



There are some things a gentleman can never confide to his valet—shocking and distressing things. Fortunately this valet can't read • **BY BASIL BLECK**

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC VARADY

When I joined the U.S.S. *Norfolk* as a Lieutenant (j.g.) in the Pacific in 1942, I had no idea I would end up, some years later, as her commanding officer's lawyer. In fact, had someone suggested to me that this might be the outcome, I would, as likely as not, have said something uncomplimentary. I remember little about my first interview with him beyond the fact that I was extremely out of my depth and embarrassed. I had boned up, in the transport, on the etiquette on joining a new ship—my first—and I was not conscious of having made any grave mistakes, but by the time I left Captain Clare's cabin, I was wondering whether it wouldn't have been simpler to have joined the Army Air Force. The burden of my recollection of those confused moments was that I was fully revealed to myself as being a reservist. I had been appointed to the cruiser as junior communi-

cations officer, but when I was dismissed by the captain I was doubtful whether I would be able to recognize the introductory letters of any single code. The captain was not unkind in any way, but the few questions he asked revealed to me my inadequacy for the job—for any job afloat. I remember his concluding sentences, "You'd better get your chow now and then report to the executive officer. I hope you'll be very happy in my ship. It's not a bad ship."

I had no great chance of being happy in his ship, as we were sunk a few days later. The captain and I were among the three hundred survivors. Some weeks later I was surprised to find myself appointed to Captain Clare's new command. When I reported to him once more, he looked at me with genuine liking. "I'm glad to have you aboard," he said. "I believe in people who are lucky, (Continued on page 82)

How to Live with Your Nerves

If you are upset, anxious, jittery, or unhappy (and who isn't these days?), this article will help you enormously

BY DR. WALTER C. ALVAREZ

Mayo Foundation, University of Minnesota

★ ★ ★

To live easily with your nerves, I should say the first thing is to get acquainted with them and the ways in which they play tricks on you. Then you will not fear them so much, and you will not fear their tricks. For instance, the first time you have an attack of palpitation with missing heartbeats, you may think your last day has come. But after the doctor has told you that your heart is sound and the trouble is all due to your nerves—and after you have had many such spells, most of them brought on by worry or fatigue—you will pay little attention to them. You will just say, "There is my old friend again."

When you get your first sick headache, perhaps beginning with a failure of vision and followed by feelings of chilliness, great nausea, and a pain in one eye, you are likely to be panic-stricken and sure that you have a brain tumor. But after the doctor

has told you that all you had was an episode in a well-known disease, which is nervous in origin and which never injured or killed anyone, and after you have had a dozen or more such spells, each following a nervous strain—perhaps a shopping spree or a tiring journey—you will have no more fear of the disease.

Often I must say to a nervous, worried patient, "There is nothing seriously wrong with you; your symptoms are all produced by your erratic nerves playing tricks on you." And the patient will ask, "But why do they play such tricks?" Well, you nervous persons know that often your most distressing spells follow a trying experience, a sleepless night, or a tiring day. For instance, a fine businessman began to suffer with severe palpitation the day he had to face the unpleasant task of dismissing an old employee who had been misbehaving. A woman who woke one night with the feeling that she was strangling had spent the evening arguing angrily with a relative who was threatening to bring suit over some money. One can easily see why the

nerves of these persons were on edge and ready to go on a rampage.

Many times, however, the sufferer cannot see why the storm came when it did. It seems to have come out of a clear sky. Many a highly nervous woman tells me that her life is easy, which is true—she has a good, loving husband, a comfortable home, good children, and no worries. Why, then, should she have spells in which she is jittery, terribly tired, apprehensive, or depressed and blue? Usually in such cases I find marked nervousness in the family. I think then that the spells represent part of the curse that bothered the mother or perhaps a grandmother or an aunt. Persons with such jittery spells, or apparently causeless depression or fatigue, are hard to cure because the trouble is built into their very natures and temperaments. That does not mean, of course, that the situation is hopeless. Most such persons are able to live useful and fairly comfortable lives.

Today it is not popular to say that excitable, troublesome, and worrisome nerves are inherited, but you and I know they are. You know you inherited, let us say, your father's quick temper and his driving energy exactly as you inherited his prominent nose and bushy eyebrows; or you inherited your mother's jitteriness and tendency to worry, along with her brown eyes and red hair.

All right: you have these nervous tendencies and you know them well. You cannot entirely get rid of them, but you can learn to control them a bit and to live with them better. You do not need to lose your temper frequently, as your father did, and you do not need to worry yourself sick, as your mother did, over many an imaginary disease or improbable disaster.

When, as a young man, I faced failure and poor health because of my inheritance of my mother's bad nerves, I resolved that I would do the many wise things she did, but I would struggle hard never to do the foolish things she did, such as worrying and fretting and living life the hard way. I decided I would hoard my energies, and sure enough, when I did, I found I had enough for two jobs: one earning a living, and the other doing research, writing, teaching, and lecturing. I even had enough left over for some hobbies. So it turned out that it was good for me to be well acquainted with my inherited tendencies. I won because I knew what I must fight and avoid. Someone once said wisely that our relatives are given us to show us what we shouldn't do and be!

Don't Be Ashamed of Your Nerves. You and I should never feel ashamed of our nerves. We should be ashamed only if we do not try to control them. One of the greatest difficulties with many nervous patients is that they hate to be called nervous. Some even flare up and say, "You mean that I am just an excitable fool and am imagining my pain?" Oh, no, that is not what we doctors are thinking. We know that the pain is real and very trying. A stomach-ache due to fear is just as real as one due to a gastric ulcer. What we mean is that if we were to operate, we would find nothing to explain the distress. It is being referred out from the brain.

To explain what I mean by such referring, let us imagine that a repairman at work on a telephone switchboard clips his telephone onto a wire and talks to the operator. She will think that he is talking from a farmhouse out in the country, because always before when she has plugged in on that wire she has heard from someone in the farmhouse. Similarly, often when the brain is tired and distressed, it refers a pain or feeling of soreness or great fatigue to some part of the body, and the person then feels an ache in a perfectly normal head or stomach or back.

So when an able physician has listened to your story of illness and has examined you, you must not let yourself become angry if he says, "Your story is that of a nervous distress, and all your tests indicate that your essential organs are sound and functioning well." This is nothing to be ashamed of, and it isn't the doctor's fault that you haven't a cancer. Perhaps you have just come through a long siege of overwork or anxiety, perhaps you have nursed a mother through months of illness, or carried a terrible load at work, and now your nerves are crying out for a rest. Better try to let up and give them a rest, and then you can see if any of the symptoms are left. So often a patient says, "It's the strangest thing, but since I left home I haven't had a bit of that pain in my stomach. Because I wanted you to see me in a spell, I have been eating everything that used to make me sick, but all I do is digest it and sleep like a top." Usually the man's trouble recurs shortly after he returns to his desk and finds it piled high with annoyances. That type of story shows the influence of nervous tension more definitely than do tests.

Turn Nervousness to Your Advantage. A wise man will often turn his tense nerves into useful servants. With their help, he may achieve success in life and find much beauty in living. Many a man has taken his stormy (Continued on page 126)



I LOVE, YOU

Mr. Barstow, who taught Latin and otherwise acted like a drone, had a secret passion--one the school board would have looked upon with distinct disfavor

By Muriel Roy Bolton

Mr. Barstow said, "Amo, amas, amat—I love, you love, he-she loves."

A girl in the back of his class giggled, but Mr. Barstow was used to that. Somebody always giggled when the verb "to love" was being conjugated, especially when he did it.

"Amamus, amatis, amant," Mr. Barstow continued, "we love, you-plural love, they love. It seems everybody loves."

His astringent tone made it seem a common and ridiculous thing to do, and his class laughed with the automatic deference they had learned to pay to a teacher's jokes. But their eyes steadily watched the clock. For them, it was that golden moment of the week—Friday afternoon at three-fifteen—and soon the bell would sound its shrill release.

"Miss Plinck," said Mr. Barstow, his dark, sarcastic eyes searching out the girl who had

giggled. "Will you repeat the conjugation, please, and include the past tense?"

Miss Plinck rose, startled. She had thought she was safe for the week; her thoughts had been elsewhere, and she stumbled miserably.

"I am disappointed, Miss Plinck," said Mr. Barstow. "I thought you, of all people, would know every form of that verb. I feel certain that if Mr. Faber had translated into Latin all those notes he has been steadily passing to you—" Mr. Barstow paused for a moment, looking from the flushed face of the girl to the startled look in the boy's eyes. So they thought he hadn't noticed!

"As I say, if he had written those notes in Latin, you would be more interested in the language. Don't you agree?"

The dismissal bell sounded, but Mr. Barstow held his restless class (Continued on page 138)

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The song and the memories, sweet and painful, flooded his mind.

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

An illustration of Mr. Barstow, a man with dark hair and a white shirt, sitting at a green desk. He is looking down at an open book on his desk, with a quill pen in his right hand. On the desk are several other books and papers. The background is a warm, textured brown. At the bottom of the page, the words "LOVE, HE LOVES" are written in large, stylized letters. "LOVE," is in red with a black outline, and "HE LOVES" is in blue with a black outline.

LOVE, HE LOVES

WHY COLLEGE GIRLS DISAPPEAR

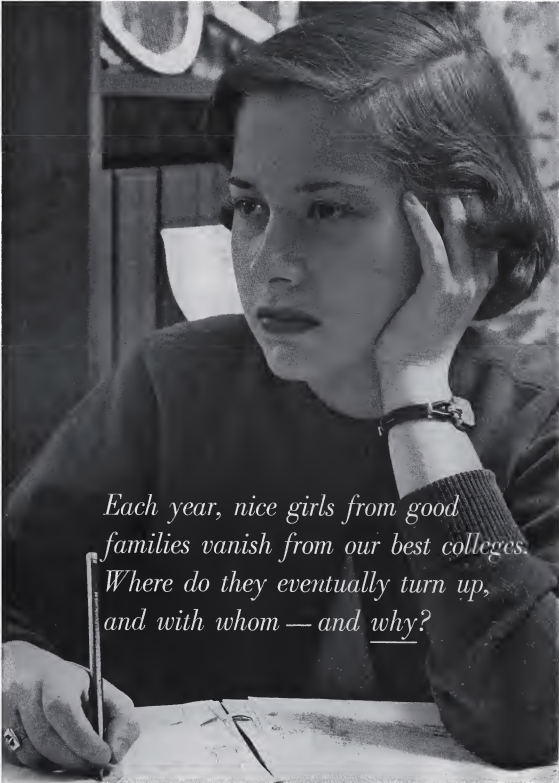
BY ALBERT Q. MAISEL

More than twenty-five hundred young girls vanished from the campuses of America's colleges last year. There are no precise figures, but a canvass of police records supports this estimate.

Whenever possible, colleges hush up such disappearances or minimize their importance, for they provide the worst possible publicity for fine institutions. But the fact remains that in New York as in Los Angeles, in Chicago as in Seattle, college-girl disappearances have doubled and redoubled in the last decade. Even more significant—and more alarming—is the way in which today's cases differ from the old pattern: A decade ago, most cases were solved by the voluntary return of the runaway, often within a few days. This is *not* so today.

Why do such disappearances occur, and in ever-increasing numbers? The ordinary reasons that cause other women to vanish or run away cannot be used to explain these cases. Most of these girls come from substantial, often wealthy, families. Their school records are often excellent. They have almost never had a brush with the authorities.

We get a better idea of what motivates these girls if we examine recent typical cases. To avoid embarrassment to their families, the real names of these girls are not used. Other details are accurate, however. Consider, for example, the strange story of Mary Reynolds, who vanished from



Each year, nice girls from good families vanish from our best colleges. Where do they eventually turn up, and with whom — and why?

COLLEGE GIRLS (continued)



Myronell Ceylan

Because she is lonely or is outshone by her prettier classmates, the troubled girl finds some way or other to rebel against school and family

Vermont's exclusive Bennington College four years ago. She disappeared in a pair of bluejeans and a red, fur-trimmed parka, and was never seen again.

The usual crop of contradictory rumors and reports sprang up. A Bennington taxi driver was certain he had driven Mary to a bus station. But no one saw her buy a ticket or board a bus. Two farmers thought they had seen her hiking fifteen miles east of Bennington. A gas-station operator was certain he had seen a girl in a red jacket and bluejeans heading down a highway. An elderly contractor told of giving her a hitch in his truck on the eastbound road toward Brattleboro.

Neither Mary nor her body was discovered from that day to this. But investigators did discover a few facts that give some insight into Mary's case and others of the sort. There was a wide disparity between the opinion of the faculty and that of the students on the subject of Mary. Teachers assured state detective Almo B. Franzoni that pretty Mary had been an excellent student. She had never given trouble by overstaying her leaves. Her instructors felt that the many boys she had known were no more than acquaintances or friends. They considered her a highly stable and conventional person.

Mary's roommate, Catherine Somerset, and other students saw the young girl in a different light. They spoke of eighteen-year-old Mary as "mixed up." She had expressed her confusion repeatedly in long bull sessions, whenever the discussion turned to religion, parents, or independence. She had a deep-seated conviction that her parents preferred her three sisters to her. The previous Thanksgiving, she had, in fact, refused to return home for the holidays, because she had been disturbed by a few casual remarks her father had made.

"Dad says I'd be learning more out in the world," Mary had told Catherine. "I ought to assert myself. I ought to make new friends all on my own. And maybe I will," she had added prophetically—"maybe I'll be a new Mary."

Exactly why Mary disappeared has never been established, but this much is certain: **Mary Reynolds**—who

had money, a good home, and educational and social advantages—was deeply lacking in emotional security. And this much more is certain: Despite her inner turmoil—which even her fellow students had spotted—the authorities at Bennington College, into whose care Mary had been put, had no idea of her wrought-up state.

Mary Reynolds' case points up the fact that girls vanish not on the spur of the moment, but after a long struggle that could be observed if all college officials paid as much attention to the emotional needs of students as they do to their educational and social activities.

Somewhat different was the case of Ellen Baxter Pierce, a Vassar College sophomore who disappeared from the Cambridge, Massachusetts, home of her father, Professor Joseph H. Pierce of Harvard University.

At nineteen, pretty Ellen gave every appearance of being a rapidly maturing young woman, happy in college and deeply attached to her family. But the *real* Ellen was deeply disturbed. Her worries centered about the idea that she could not maintain the high standards set by Vassar.

When she had finished her second college year, she returned home, moody and morose. One day her father found a note: "I have killed myself. Nobody is to blame but myself." Ellen was gone; so was the family coupé.

For ten days, neither the girl nor the car was seen. And then her body was found by fox hunters in the woods along a lonely country road near Lexington. A hose connected to the exhaust led into the car.

Her distraught father explained to the authorities that, a few days before her disappearance, Ellen had talked to him about her exams and expressed a deep fear that she had flunked them.

But flunking one course, or even several, is hardly cause for suicide. Every year thousands of students face up to such failures and the parents' wrath that is likely to follow.

In Ellen Pierce's case—and hers is typical of a number of recent disappearances—the reaction to failure is what counts. She ran away—by the most drastic of routes—not because she had failed her courses. She must have regarded herself as a total failure, unfit to measure up to the high standards set for her by her well-educated family and by the college to which they had sent her.

And in Ellen Pierce's case—as in Mary Reynolds'—there must have been warnings that could have been spotted in advance, and that might have saved her life.

A similar case, though fortunately not so disastrous in its outcome, is that of Nancy Ann Shaw, a junior at Mary Washington College of the University of Virginia. Nancy's disappearance was discovered in January, 1950, when her dormitory bed was found unoccupied, late at night.

Her father and brother had visited her over the weekend and found her depressed and upset by a poor grade in Spanish. Whether they had scolded her or sympathized with her, no one can say. But two days later she vanished.

Nancy's disappearance was shortlived. She got as far as Asheville, North Carolina, and then mailed her mother a post card reading, "I'm fine. I don't know what came over me."

But, though this case ended quickly, it illustrates the same elements—a well-educated, bright, and seemingly normal girl suddenly suffers a setback that others regard as minor. Both parents and college authorities apparently did not do anything about earlier signs of emotional disturbance in her. Parents and college officials are often shocked to discover—after the disappearance—that something is drastically wrong with the emotional balance of their "normal student."

Other cases parallel that of Alice Halstead, the seventeen-year-old daughter of a wealthy Holyoke auto dealer who vanished from a Northampton, Massachusetts, campus a year ago last Christmas. Also, this case provides a perfect example of the frequent cooperation between parents and school authorities in hushing up an embarrassing situation.

A police investigation discovered Alice's wallet in Springfield, Massachusetts, in the Y.M.C.A. room of a restaurant counterman with whom she had been keeping company. Her parents conceded that they had attempted to break off the friendship. The police later located the counterman's diary, which said he was considering eloping and that on Christmas night the decision would be made. They then found a letter reading, "We're eloping tonight."

Ten days later the family car, which had been in Alice's possession, was found in Trenton, New Jersey. Her family then disclosed that they had received a letter days earlier from Trenton. They departed to "pick up the car" and would make no further comment to inquiring reporters, particularly to the oft-repeated question as to whether Alice had been found in the company of the counterman.

It must not be assumed, in cases such as Alice's, that these girls are unable to wait until graduation or for parental permission before embarking on a love life of their own. For an examination of the details surrounding such a case reveals that the man is usually incidental in the picture.

The troubled girl leans upon him—and is often betrayed by him—because she is lonely in college, because she cannot compete socially with her prettier or more vibrant classmates, or because she finds, in a shocking love affair, a way of hitting back at the parents or the school authorities against (Continued on page 134)



THE LAUGHING ACADEMY

A solemn Broadwayite runs the only school devoted exclusively to jokes. Here, future comedy writers for the Bennys, Berles, and Hopes humor each other in an atmosphere of melancholy and madness

BY JOHN KOBLER

"Wanna buy a duck?"
"Some fun, eh, kid!"
"Vass you dere, Sharlie?"
"Wha' happened?"
"I'll hit you a million times!"

These simple-minded phrases, gentle reader, are famous gags from the lips of famous comedians, and, believe it or not, they have caused theatre, radio, and television audiences to scream with mirth. As unfunny as they may look in cold print, they have nevertheless helped the zanies who uttered them (respectively, the late Joe Penner, Bert Lahr, Jack Pearl, Jerry Colonna, and Milton Berle) to earn thousands of dollars a week.

All of which seems to suggest that it's not what a comic says but how he says it that constitutes the yak, hofi, or bomboola, as belly laughter is variously termed in the profession. Yet feeble as most gags essentially are, thinking them up occupies the lives of a strange, desperate, nerve-wracked group of men known as gagwriters.

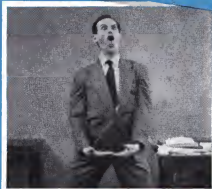
Jack Benny usually has four gagwriters on salary, Jimmy Durante three. Bob Hope has hired as many as sixteen at a time. Competition among these anonymous wags is ferocious, there being steady jobs for no more than about a hundred of them, and standards of pay are as elastic as a con man's conscience, ranging from zero for beginners ("But think of the experience!") to two thousand dollars a week or more for a few rare past masters.

How to be funny or even how to write gags, according to most of the humorists who make a living at it, is a knack tough to analyze and tougher to teach. Few experts in the field would care to explain why anybody in his right mind doubles up with laughter when Milton Berle cracks, "I found a new apartment. It has no ceiling, but what's the difference? The folks upstairs don't walk around much," or when Ed Wynn shamelessly puns, "I was one of the original Mississippi-River showboat producers. Yes, indeed, I bred my cast upon the waters."

But to George Lewis, a small, solemn Broadwayite of thirty-six, such a view of humor is unscientific. A gag's ingredients, he insists, can be isolated, and expressed in mathematical form. On this lofty principle, he runs the only school in the world devoted exclusively to devising jokes, the Gagwriters Institute. He is also its



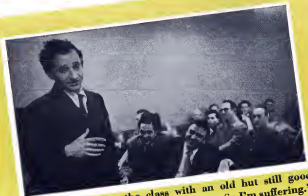
Milton Kamen as an uncle advising newlyweds:
"The reason I'm older is—you're younger."



Here comic Kamen does a pantomime of a clown describing a fat man at the circus.



Comedian Dick Collier tells booking agents,
"All I want is my own show—'Me, the People.'"



Morty Storm wows the class with an old but still good actor's routine. "To act, you must suffer. So I'm suffering."



Teacher George Lewis opens the class with an admonition

founder and faculty. Although Lewis is of somber temperament, seldom smiling at a joke and never telling one except for academic purposes, he instructs about a hundred pupils a year in the mechanics of the yak. The graduates of this unique seminar go forth to seek employment behind the scenes of the entertainment world.

The main textbook referred to by the Gagwriters Institute is a 164-page loose-leaf compendium entitled *Radio Comedy: How to Write It*. Lewis commissioned it from a seasoned gagwriter, Art Henley, who creates programs for the American Broadcasting Company. "There are only three basic jokes," Lewis informs his students in the tone of an anatomist dissecting a cadaver, as he quotes from the Henley opus, "and every gag is only a switch on one of them. First, there's *misunderstanding*,

like when the same word can be taken two ways. For instance, 'He: I used to like to tinker around. She: I know. You were the biggest tinker in town!' Then there's the *about face*, where words of different meanings reverse the direction of thought—'Did you hear about the pigeon that was people-toed?' Third and last, there's *satire*, which is holding something or somebody up to ridicule by exaggerating a weakness—"The walls of our new house are so rickety, the termites wear safety belts."

Practically every authority on laughs agrees that the surest-fire gags are topical. The mere mention of a personality in the news, they point out, may be enough to raise a laugh, and they adjure students to keep abreast of politics and foreign affairs. Fred Allen, one of the few comedians who writes much of his own material and



"Be careful to marry a girl who is working," counsels Eddie Kramer. Many of the students hold part-time jobs.



Thelma Lee does take-off of Fannie Brice as "Baby Snooks."



against cribbing — against being a "thief of badgags."



The elaborate costume does not help this gag much—because almost nothing could: "Many men smoke, but Fu Manchu."

who is widely conceded to be the greatest living gag-writer, consistently exploits the headlines. "Once you've got a good topical gag," says Henley, "you can switch it again and again. When Henry Wallace was kicked out of the cabinet, I wrote this line for Harvey Stone: 'I'm wearing my Wallace pants. One wrong move, and I'm out in the cold.' This year I changed it to: 'I'm wearing my Pentagon pants. . . .'"

The Gagwriters Institute, now in its fifth year, meets every Wednesday from fall to summer in a Broadway rehearsal hall, the Malin Studios, which Lewis rents as a classroom. Emotionally, gagwriters are likely to be volatile, if not manic-depressive; theirs is a chaotic and precarious pursuit (according to a trade superstition, all gagwriters eventually get ulcers), and the atmosphere

during these weekly meetings fluctuates between that of a funeral parlor and that of a jamboree.

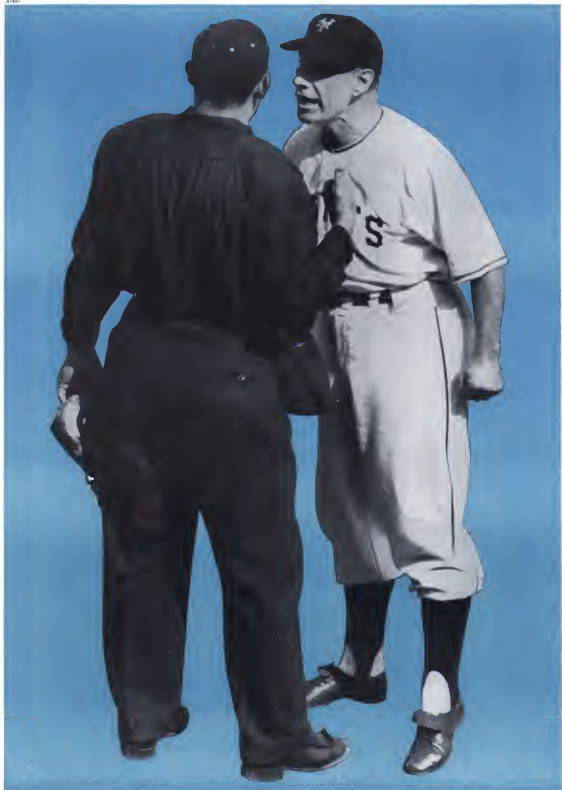
At a recent session, for example, the platform was first occupied by Jay Burton, a stocky, morose-looking youth with chewed fingernails and a slight stutter. A graduate of the institute, who at present earns three hundred dollars a week writing gags for Milton Berle, he had revisited his alma mater as a guest lecturer. He was describing the "saver" or "topper," a device to rescue a gag that has fallen flat by adding a twist. "T-t-take a line I wrote for Berle," he said. "Princess Elizabeth's b-b-baby is three days old, and she's going to elope with Errol F.F.Flynn . . ." The gag dies a horrible death. So you tack on a saver—"unless Artie Shaw gets there first." Maybe (Continued on page 118)



"I'm only kidding on the keys," says Count Gregory, night-club performer.



Satirist Thelma Lee demonstrates a fine point of the art. About ten per cent of the would-be professional comedians are women.



Is this Durocher's Year?

Did Branch Rickey really fire Leo Durocher from Brooklyn? What was Durocher's part in the trade of Eddie Stanky from Brooklyn to Boston? Will the Giants be on top in 1951? Baseball's "Lip" sounds off again

by Collie Small

As manager of the New York Giants, Leo Durocher couldn't figure out what was wrong. In mid-July, the Giants were still floundering around deep in the second division. Yet Durocher knew and said repeatedly that this was his kind of team, and he insisted the Giants could win. What was wrong?

Durocher has since established that the critical hour in the history of this Giants team came without warning on July 20, 1950. They were in St. Louis and, as usual, they were pathetic. Terrible. The day before, the Cardinals had slugged them silly in both games of a double-header. After the second game, while the players were sitting glumly in front of their lockers, Durocher came in. He was steaming, but for once in his life, he made a superhuman effort to be calm.

"All right," he said, "get your heads out of the lockers. Now, I don't know what's wrong with this club. You've got me baffled. But tonight I want you to do something for me. Go out on the town. Have a good time. Stay out all night if you want to. All the rules are off. Don't even show up for batting practice tomorrow night. Just be at the park at eight o'clock to dress."

The miracle was wrought. In St. Louis the next night, the Giants were relaxed and loose. They won, and they won Durocher's way, running and slashing and fighting.

From that point on, they were winging. They won seventeen of their next eighteen games. The players suddenly seemed convinced they could beat any ball club. They hustled and talked baseball all the time. The players on the bench moved up to the front of the

dugout, hollering it up instead of sitting back as though they didn't care.

Funny things happened. Nobody had expected much from Sal Maglie and Jim Hearn, who had been added in midseason in a desperation maneuver, but they were pitching like fools. Maglie wound up with eighteen wins and four defeats, the best pitching record in the league. Hearn finished with eleven and four, never gave up more than six hits in any one game, and was first in earned-run averages. Maglie was second. When the Giants began their push in the West, they were tied for sixth place. When it was over, they were third, five games out of first place, and had played the best baseball in the league during the last month of the season. Of their last seventy-two games, they won fifty and lost twenty-two. If the season had started on July 20, the Giants would have won the National League pennant by eight games over the Phillies. As it was, they beat the champions four straight as the season ended.

So it appears that Durocher was a bum in May and a genius in September. That, of course, is ridiculous. The players make or break a manager. Maglie, for example, came to the Giants from the Mexican League, and Durocher has since said that he started him in St. Louis only because he was stuck for a pitcher. When Maglie won, Durocher sent him back for another turn, and he won again. After that, Durocher used him in rotation. He had no choice. As it turned out, Maglie had known how to pitch all along.

The Giants got Hearn on waivers from the Cardinals, and everybody said, "Who's (Continued on page 86)

DUROCHER is the most skillful umpire-baiter in baseball. Many fans go to the Giants games just to watch Leo "get on" an umpire.



Dagmar

The movies and Broadway have produced their share of dumb blondes, but television is outdoing them both with a queen-sized edition who is keeping a lot of men home these nights. Here are the pleasant details

BY HYMAN GOLDBERG



is Her name

Several years back, Ole Olsen, the shorter but no less lunatic half of Olsen and Johnson, was busily inspecting girls, of all shapes and proclivities, who had come to the theatre in response to a call for chorus and show girls for one of their highly profitable derangements to be titled "Laughing Room Only." With a cold, professional eye, Ole examined the girls lined up on the stage before him. His intention was to fill the dull hiatuses between detonations of high explosives and noisy cannonades with various choice specimens of the more interesting structural deviations of the female gender.

Arriving before a very tall, blonde girl, who wore a sweater that seemed to be packed tight with the week's laundry, he stopped, stepped back a few paces to get

"I weigh between 128 and 130 pounds and my bust is 39 inches. I don't really know about my other measurements because they sort of, well, fluctuate"

an unobstructed view of her face, and gazed up at her with the same air of unstinting admiration and awe with which neck-straining tourists regard the Leaning Tower of Pisa, the Empire State Building, the Hoover Dam, and other man-made wonders. After a long, happy look, Olsen said, "what can you do?"

The girl's high, broad brow showed faint signs of a furrow; it was obvious she was thinking. It was equally obvious the effort was causing her severe pain. "I can," she said finally, "do almost everything."

Mr. Ole Olsen looked upon her with great appreciation. "You probably can," he said admiringly, "but what I mean is, what experience have you had?"

There was no discernible change in the arrangement of the girl's impassive features. It was, Olsen has said since, one of the prettiest and dearest pans he had ever been privileged to look upon. Yet, by the slight and almost imperceptible tilt of her head, and the haughty way she filled her lungs with a remarkably deep breath and pulled her shoulders back a fraction of an inch, she conveyed an unmistakable impression of hearty disapproval. "Please, Mr. Olsen," she said, in a curiously flat, slightly hoarse voice as devoid of expression as her lovely face, "is it entirely necessary to discuss—that?"

When the highly demonstrative Olsen raised himself exhaustedly from the floor, the girl—who, while watching him writhe in painful laughter for a full five minutes, had shown her low regard for such antics by only a faint, aristocratic, lifting of one eyebrow—was engaged forthwith. She was hired, not as a chorus or show girl, but as a minor principal, the exceedingly female stooge of the two comic-producers.

That was the beginning of the amazing career of the young lady now known, on television, as Dagmar, who has brought to its culmination the classic theatrical tradition of the dumb blonde.

Three times a week, Tuesdays





Thursdays, and Fridays, from eleven until midnight, Dagmar appears on a television program called "Broadway Open House," conducted by a studiously mad young comedian named Jerry Lester. She is, supposedly, one of the lesser characters in a large and irrepressible cast. Her contribution to the program consists mainly of sitting in the background on a high stool, from which she surveys the zany proceedings of Lester's show with the touching, inattentive air of a moony young high-school freshman lost in a romantic daydream. When she does awake from her dream world to participate actively in the show, her bit rarely lasts longer than five minutes. Yet the impact she has made on millions

of viewers has been enormous. Dagmar fan clubs have been organized spontaneously all over the country; dozens of blameless baby girls have been dubiously blessed with her name; a doll manufacturer has undertaken to duplicate her face and outsize form in plaster; a book publisher has been moved to compile her mispronunciations and malapropisms; and a group of Brooklyn housewives have complained bitterly because their husbands, who have to get up early, insist on staying up until midnight three nights a week to see how low her gown will be cut.

Before she came along, there had been, of course, scores—perhaps hundreds—of dumb blondes on the stage, screen, radio, and even on television. But all the other dumb blondes were just plain dumb. Dagmar is far from plain dumb. By her misuse of the long-suffering English language, by the mute appeal of her rising and falling eyebrows, lashes, and amazingly eloquent chest, by the impassivity of her features no matter what joyful or distressing episode she is enacting, she surrounds herself with an aura of what might best be described as uncultured intellectualism. When Dagmar says, "I was at my beautician, getting a new hairdue for my hair, and I suddenly remembered I was do at a meeting, so I dashed out of the beauty saloon and caught a passing ominous bus, because I hate to walk, because walking is so pedestrian"—it shows a striving for something that, for her, is unobtainable.

Dagmar is the undisputed Miss Malaprop of 1951, and her position will soon be suitably honored by the

publication of "Dagmar's Dictionary," containing definitions such as: Mushroom—a place where you make love; Isolate—when you admit that you are tardy; Source—skin wounds; Languish—human speech; Singular—musically inclined; Squab—an Indian lady; Martial—swampy.

There is another powerful difference between Dagmar and other dumb blondes. Unlike her predecessors, Dagmar, clad in a gown as low-cut as the sensitive arbiters of the National Broadcasting Company will permit, and apparently in imminent danger of overflowing, conveys the impression that she believes she is muffled to her chin in a Mother Hubbard. There is an overwhelming

aura of innocence, simplicity—even of primness—about Dagmar, despite the extreme sophistication of her gowns. It is plain, also, that the double and sometimes triple meanings in the lines she and her fellow actors speak escape her entirely.

During most performances, Dagmar reads a poem, a short playlet, or a small dissertation on a subject dear to her girlish heart, all of which she is alleged to have written. Jerry Lester and the others on the show virtually knock themselves out deriding her literary aspirations, but she persists in reciting.

When the noted actor, José Ferrer, appeared as a guest on a recent program, Dagmar came forth with a playlet. "In this play," she said, "I take the part of a simple,

everyday woman—I am the President of the United States. And you, Hose, are in my cabinet. Mr. Lester, you are a French foreigner, from out of town. You are waiting to see me. I speak, 'Oh, what a trying day I had in Congress. I passed nineteen vetoes, and I vetoed nineteen passes.'"

Her flat voice, her unfailing inflection of the wrong word, her manner in speaking of a college in which it is necessary to join "eyether a sorority or an eternity," and the devastating way she disposes of the bumptious star of the program with a disdainful "Please, Mr. . . . Lester," charm aesthetes as well as those individuals who stay up long after ordinary bedtimes only to see how daring her gowns can get.

Dagmar, whose real name is Virginia Ruth Egnor, came to New York from Huntington, West Virginia, six and a half years ago, when (Continued on page 124)

Opening-Night JITTERS

BY LEONARD LYONS

*You'll be amazed to learn about
the odd things your onstage favorites
say and do just before that
first-night curtain rises.*

What a performance!

TURN TO PAGE → 135



Every day **27 Million People**
share this happy eating habit . . .

SOUP FOR LUNCH

Favorite Noon Hot Dish, U. S. Survey Says

Every noon, 27 million soup lunches! . . . Soup for youngsters . . . soup for 'teen-agers . . . soup for grown-ups. Soup at home and at school . . . soup at business. . . . For soup is a great food. It's delicious . . . nourishing . . . easy to digest. It's quick—ready in four minutes. It's thrifty—an outstanding food value. And lots of variety—21 Campbell's kinds to choose from. . . . So, today, why not introduce your family to this happy eating habit! Have soup for lunch!

How about today?



SOUP AND DESSERT

Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup

It's rich with chicken, smooth with whipping cream. Tender chicken pieces, too!

Apple Pie



SOUP AND SALAD

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Choice tomatoes . . . fine table butter . . . make this "the soup most folks like best"!

Tuna Fish Salad with Mayonnaise



SOUP AND SANDWICH

Campbell's Beef Noodle Soup

Pieces of good lean beef and golden egg noodles, in rich beef broth. . . . Delicious!

Grilled Cheese and Bacon Sandwich

Milk



PORTRAIT BY DOROTHY STEVENS, RCA, OSA

"...and Avon cosmetics give such natural beauty.

Sincerely,

Barbara Ann Scott"



"Youthful looks demand naturalness," says beautiful Barbara Ann Scott, world's Olympic champion figure skater. "I love Avon cosmetics because they flatter my coloring so subtly that I never look 'made up'—they blend so perfectly with my own skin tones."

You, too, can enjoy Avon cosmetics. Your Avon Representative will bring you the complete array of superb cosmetics and toiletries.

... Welcome her when she calls!

Miss Scott, with her Avon Representative, Mrs. Kathleen Grant, selects her Avon cosmetics. Part of her selection is shown below.



Avon COSMETICS

IN RADIO CITY, NEW YORK

The Admiral's Friend

(Continued from page 59)

including myself. I like to see as many old faces as I can." It was even possible he had applied for me.

(I recollect all this vividly because it is only six months since I drove from Los Angeles to San Pedro to attend the ceremony at which he hauled down his flag for the last time and relinquished his command of the Pacific battleships and cruisers.)

From the time of that assignment until the war's end, I continued to serve under him. In my minor way, I appreciated in rank as he did, until when he had an assault force I was the communications officer on his staff. I had got to know him, but I cannot pretend that I had got to know him well because it is no part of a reservist's technique or duties to make friends with admirals, particularly those who are playing no favorites. I have a clear memory of my last interview with him in my capacity as a naval officer, when I received my discharge and went into his cuddy to say good-bye. He was then a rear admiral, and he was just as I had always known him, cool, precise, reserved, and cynical.

"I'm sorry to see you go," he said. "If we had caught you for Annapolis, we would have made a naval officer of you." He looked at me with a smile that, on anyone else, might have been tender. "I hear you're going back to your practice in Los Angeles, and I have no doubt that you'll be hearing from me." Along with most of the pledges of that day, I considered it well-meant but unlikely. I believed I would never see him again.

I WAS WRONG. Just a few months later, when I was trying to gather together my scattered practice and accommodate myself to peace, he came into my office. He was not in uniform.

"Look, my boy," he said, "I have got to make a new will. My wife died while I was at sea." I had not known this. I am sure no one on the ship had known it. "My only relative," he went on, "is my daughter, and I'm not altogether happy about her husband. He lives in Washington and makes a lot of easy money. They've only one son, and I want to set up an unbreakable trust from which she, and such children as they may have, can get the income. I don't want him to be able to touch the corpus or the income. Can you fix it?"

I was really very touched at his coming to see me. Since my discharge, life had not been easy.

"Are you sure, sir," I asked, "that I'm not treading on anyone else's toes? You shouldn't leave your own lawyer if you're satisfied with him."

"Listen here," he said, "I notice that you still call me 'sir.' That isn't necessary. Also, if you choose to query me—as I remember you did once or twice at sea, but then it was for good reason—I would remind you that I can no longer give you orders. I would like to have you as my lawyer."

His eyes twinkled, and it was as if we were on the wind-blown bridge again, when he would twit the quartermaster on the course he was holding. I grinned back at him. "I'd be very happy to draw up your will," I said.

We discussed the terms, and I settled the trust.

Also on his instructions, I negotiated the purchase of a house in Palos Verdes Estates. But until my wife and I were invited to attend the ceremony aboard the *South Carolina*, I was not fully aware of my affection for Admiral Clare. When the invitation came, resplendent with his vice admiral's flag engraved at the top, I said I didn't want to go. My wife talked me into it.

"You love the Navy," she said, "and the only reason you don't want to go is that you might run into one of your buddies, and you won't be able to say 'I've made a million dollars.' Don't be an idiot. Nobody except the five-percenters has made any money since the war. I'd love it. Let's go."

We went, and I realized that I was a little apprehensive of seeing Admiral Clare succumbing to the softness of peace and making some sort of a recruiting speech, prepared for him by his public-relations officer. I shouldn't have misjudged him to that degree. I should have known him better.

He stood on the quarter-deck, small, distinguished, and exquisitely dressed. He looked as clean and as fresh as the brasswork of his ship. The speech he made could have been written by no one but himself. It referred to no actions, and there was no flag waving. It was as simple and direct as he was. But, when he spoke, I remembered the dawn when we had stood into Okinawa, and the sureness and the lightness with which he had carried himself on the bridge. He spoke for less than a minute. He said, "Officers and men: The Navy is a fine institution, and I have been with it more than forty years. It has given me all the interest I have in life, all my loyalties and all my friends. I cannot wish that it will do less for you."

This seemed to me to be the emotional counterpart of that Okinawa morning. I was surprised to find I was very moved.

There were cocktails afterward at the officers' club, and I was a little maudlin on the way back to Los Angeles. I said to my wife, "It's a rather terrifying thing when you think of Winston Clare. For the last ten years, he has been the boss of everything he could see. A power much greater than that of any big industrialist, much more absolute. Now he's retiring to a small house in Palos Verdes Estates, and I'm afraid he's going to be lonely."

"You always get sentimental about the Navy, and particularly after four drinks," my wife answered. "I had a long talk with the admiral, and he's not going to be lonely. That Filipino man, Felipe, is going to look after him."

"Well, that's something," I said.

To anyone who knew the admiral, Felipe was something of a legend. He had been Winston Clare's personal servant ever since the former, as a lieutenant commander, had had his first command, a mine sweeper in World War I. He was a small, spare Filipino, getting very gray. If he had less personal dignity, he had even more formality than his master.

WHEN we had been at action stations for a time, he would appear on the bridge—wearing his battle helmet rather as if it were a bowler hat, and looking like a small, dusky Jeeves—with the admiral's vacuum flask and sandwiches; sometimes with an electric razor, which would be plugged into one of the communication boxes. He would wait while the admiral ate or shaved. They never

exchanged, in my presence, so much as a word, and Felipe was too conscious of being the admiral's personal property ever to condescend to talk to anyone else.

"Well, Felipe will certainly look after him as if he were a baby," I said, "but I still think the admiral will be lonely."

THE ADMIRAL invited us to one of his first civilian dinner parties at the house at Palos Verdes. There were eight guests, and the dinner was exquisitely done, from the cocktails, which were cold and strong, to the coffee, which was hot and fresh. Felipe attended to everything and he showed an extraordinary competence, mixing the drinks and serving the excellent dinner. I had never before seen Winston Clare so completely relaxed. He made a perfect host, gallant to the ladies in an old-fashioned way and treating each man as an equal. There was a feeling of ease about the whole evening, and it was clear that the admiral had quickly become adjusted to retirement.

A few weeks afterward Winston Clare telephoned for an appointment. He came

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

BOX OF CHOCOLATES

Richard Armour

The thick are soft,
The square are chewy,
The thin are crisp,
The round are goey.

The rough are nuts,
The smooth are creams,
The tin-foil wrapped
Are rum supremes.

At least I think
That I am right
But am not sure
Until I bite.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

into my office as erect and impeccable as ever; it was still something of a shock to me to see him in civilian clothes. After we had discussed the weather, unification, and his golf, he explained the object of his visit.

"I always mistrusted that son-in-law of mine," he said, "and what I feared has now come about, but in a rather more drastic way than I expected. My daughter and he have been separated for the last few months, though he has been able to give her some allowance. Now, as a result of the commission inquiries that have been cropping up, he has evidently found Washington too warm for his comfort. Anyway, he's disappeared, and she's been left penniless. She's decided to divorce him. Do you know of someone who could look after that for her?"

I gave him the name of a Washington friend of mine and promised to write and ask him to go easy on the fees.

"It isn't only the matter of divorce," the admiral went on. "There's the question of finance. She has no money of her own, and the boy goes to a private school. She's going to be very pinched."

"Wouldn't it be a good solution for her to come out here and live with you?" I asked. "You've got plenty of

room in the house, and there are some excellent schools in the neighborhood."

"That's what I had in mind," he replied, "but it doesn't seem to strike her that way. She's an extraordinarily independent girl. I can't imagine where she got it from. Her mother certainly was never independent." The admiral looked at me with a straight face, but I permitted myself to smile. He went on, "She says that she would like to get a job in Washington, as all her friends are there, but whatever sort of a job she may get, I can't imagine that she will be able to live on it and still send the boy to school. I've given it some thought, and as far as I can see, the only solution is for me to make the trust effective now and have the income applied to her as the boy's guardian. In that way, I don't see how she can refuse to accept it."

"That's all very well, sir," I said, "and probably from that point of view it is the only way to do it, but it's going to leave you mighty short. There'll be nothing but your pension."

"I've been living altogether too soft," he replied. "What does an old fellow like me want with a cook and a servant? Of course, I'll have to keep Felipe. He's getting on, and he would find it hard to get a job anywhere else. He's too set in his ways. But I can get rid of the cook, and Felipe and I can make do."

I tried to persuade him that he would be doing all that was necessary if he allocated only half of his investment income to his daughter, but he was adamant.

"The only time you really need money is when you're young," he said. "You go ahead and fix it as I said."

I took him to lunch at the University Club, and we didn't discuss the matter any further. I couldn't help reflecting, however, that the admiral could have little idea of the economies to which his decision would lead him.

AFTER that, the excellent dinner parties were supplanted by lunches on the patio on weekends. The food was still good, though not of its previous excellence. Felipe's service was as polished as ever. The admiral was still the relaxed and competent host, and there was certainly no evidence that he was feeling any economic pressure. I recall that someone asked him about his golf.

"I've given the game up," he said. "I was not improving, and it suddenly occurred to me what an alarming spectacle I must be becoming. An elderly gentleman indignant because he was unable to hit a small ball precisely where he wanted to! I've turned my attention to the garden, and I find that the stooping gives me admirable exercise, and the things I plant, while they don't come up precisely as I planned, are much more tractable than my golf clubs." Felipe was not on the patio, and the admiral continued, "Oddly enough, Felipe strongly disapproves of my gardening. He's never said so, of course, but he puts out my gardening clothes with great disdain. I can't make it clear to him that if I get my shirt or pants wet or muddy, it isn't necessary that they should be spotless for the next bout. He's also rather like a caddy, hanging about at my elbow and handing me a rake or a hoe when he feels I need it. I'm sure he thinks gardening is as servile a pursuit as driving an ox plow in the Philippines. I wish someone would persuade him that it's known



to be a quite gentlemanly occupation. Besides, he makes me nervous, and I plant things in the wrong place."

I had the feeling that however much truth there might be in his professed dislike for golf, he must be missing the rubber of bridge he used to play at the clubhouse after his round. My wife agreed. "You're right," she said. "I have the feeling he's very lonely. He's never off on those trips he used to make, and somehow, in his case, puttering around the garden seems an awfully emasculate affair." She went on, "Do you suppose that Felipe does the whole house, as well as the cooking?"

"I imagine so," I replied. "I know that he dismissed the cook, and I saw no trace of any other servant."

"Well, no wonder the old boy is beginning to show his age, Felipe, I mean. It's not a small house, and from what I saw of it, it's spotlessly clean. It isn't as if he did only the cooking—he also made the drinks and was on hand the whole time. Do you realize that the admiral never lit his own cigarette?"

"Felipe's an old-fashioned servant, and adores the old boy," I said. "He'd probably think it grossly improper if the admiral were to do anything for himself. Besides, I don't suppose that they are continually giving luncheon parties."

"It's still a hell of a lot for a single servant. The cooking, the housework, and the valeting. These Filipinos age quicker than we, and I wouldn't be surprised if Felipe cracked up. I'm sure he never cooks less than three meals a day. I can't imagine Winston going into the kitchen to get himself a sandwich for lunch."

"Much as he might want to, I can't imagine Felipe allowing the admiral into the kitchen, unless for an inspection," I replied.

It was perhaps a month later that I had to go to Palos Verdes to see another client of mine. My meeting was over quicker than I had anticipated, and on that hot and brilliant afternoon, a return to my office downtown seemed very unappealing. I decided to drop by the admiral's house.

I rang the doorbell, but there was no answer. It was a Thursday and therefore, no doubt, Felipe's day off, but I couldn't hear the bell ringing in the house so I

walked around to the back to see if Winston was working in the garden. There was no sign of anyone there; and so I went up to the house, intending to leave a note saying how sorry I was to have missed him. The patio doors were open, and as I walked into the living room, I was surprised by a curious sight.

The admiral was on his hands and knees, polishing the marble hearthstone. He was wearing an old pair of khaki pants and an apron. As he rose to his feet and turned toward me, I saw that the admiral—for the first time in my sight, even including action in the Pacific—was wearing no tie. I also saw—for the first time—that the admiral appeared to have lost his temper. His normally pink face was bright red, and his blue eyes blazed. "What is the meaning of this intrusion?" he demanded.

I must admit that I quailed. It was as if his shoulder boards were on his frayed shirt. "I'm very sorry, sir," I said. "I didn't know . . . I happened to be in Palos Verdes, and I thought . . ."

His temper faded as quickly as it had come. "My dear boy, I'm delighted to see you," he said. "I'm afraid I was rather put out at being surprised at these duties. What will you have to drink?"

"I was conscious that I was perspiring. I think that a glass of beer would be wonderful," I said.

"How right you are," he replied. "You've no idea how much beer I drink on Thursdays."

He disappeared in the direction of the kitchen. I walked out onto the patio, took off my coat, and loosened my tie. Even as I sat in the sun and enjoyed the view, I was conscious of feeling embarrassed.

Winston joined me in a few minutes. He was carrying, on a spotless silver tray, four cold bottles of beer and two glasses. I noticed that he was wearing a coat and a tie, and that he had removed his apron. He poured the drinks and sat down beside me.

"I owe you an apology for having lost my temper," he said. "But you surprised me, and I have developed a great sense of guilt about my housework. It's all that damned Felipe. If he were a normal servant, there wouldn't be any trouble about my doing some work about the house, here and there. But, as you know,

he isn't a normal servant, and I have to live up to his expectations of what an admiral should not do."

He paused and sipped his beer. "When I discharged the cook," he went on, "I explained to Felipe that I didn't intend to go on living as formally as I had. I told him that I would have a sandwich in the garden at lunchtime. But, dammit, the very next day he called me in, and there was the table fully laid with my usual Martini and a bottle of white wine in the cooler. It's been the same thing ever since. A fully prepared lunch every day, and a full dinner every night. Why, a few days after that, when he found me repairing some light switches that had gone on the blink, he telephoned an electrician without telling me, and before I knew where I was, the electrician had taken over, and Felipe had fixed me a whisky and soda, as if I had just come through a terrible ordeal. The man's hopeless," the admiral said. "I can't lift a hand in this house without his treating me as if I were out of my mind, or a permanent invalid."

I couldn't help smiling. "The penalties of rank," I said.

"If the cliché is to be believed, I am the only person who has ever been a hero to his valet," the admiral replied. "But it has its worrying side. Felipe's getting on, and looking after this house—and me, in the way he's been accustomed to—is getting beyond him. Good Lord, I don't blame him, but if he'd only let me do my share, we'd have the whole place shipshape in a couple of hours a day."

"There must be some solution," I said. "Well, I think I've found one, which is probably why I was so upset when you found me at it. Because it's no solution if Felipe ever finds out about it. He has Thursdays off, which he spends with his friends in the Valley. Every Wednesday night, he comes to me after he has washed up and turned down my bed, and asks me if I mind his leaving then. Naturally, I say it's all right, and off he goes in his old Ford. He doesn't come back till late Thursday night after I've gone to bed. I've told him that I've found a woman cleaner to come in on Thursdays, do the house, and give me my lunch. On Thursdays, I lock the front door and get to work around the house. I disconnect the bell to prevent any of my neighbors from dropping in on me and giving the show away to Felipe. He'd be bound to hear about it from gossip in the market. You're the first person who has had the temerity to get through that defense." He looked at me with a cynical smile.

I said nothing. I was thinking of colors breaking at the mast, Marine bands, and a squadron putting out to sea in all its rigid protocol.

"When you've finished your beer, you must come and look at the hearthstone. I think I did a good job on it."

I duly admired the hearthstone, which was spotless and had the patina of old mahogany, but as I was taking my leave the admiral chuckled. "D'you know what the old rogue had the impertinence to tell me last Friday?" he asked me.

"I've no idea," I said. "He said I must get a new cleaning woman. He said the kitchen sink wasn't properly cleaned last week."

I know that Felipe cannot read. I have no compunction about writing this story.

THE END

different as snowflakes

"Snowflake" Bentley, the homespun Vermont scientist,
proved with thousands of pictures
that no two snowflakes are exactly alike.

Millions of housewives, in more millions of washings,
have proved there's no soap exactly like Fels-Naptha

... nothing else that washes sheets, shirts,
and all white goods literally "as white as snow."

For downright ability to keep clothes clean there's
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THE HOSPITALITY STATE

Is This Durocher's Year? (Continued from page 75)

Hearn?" Freddie Fitzsimmons, Frank Shellenback, and Larry Jansen watched him closely at first and found a few little things he was doing wrong. Once corrected, he was terrific. The Cardinals, with pitchers like Brecheen, Pollet, Lanier, and Brazle, were probably south-paw conscious, and for their right-hand strength, were in the habit of depending on Stanley and Mungler. Being a right-hander, Hearn had just got lost in the shuffle in St. Louis.

WHAT makes a ball club stop and go is hard to define. When, to his own surprise, Durocher, in 1948, went to the Giants from Brooklyn, one sports writer mused that the Giants had either the right manager or the right players, but not both. It is likely that Durocher would have agreed. Although he professed to entertain great respect for ballplayers like Johnny Mize, Walker Cooper, Sid Gordon, Willard Marshall, and Buddy Kerr, he felt that some changes had to be made.

The big deal, of course, was when the Giants traded Gordon, Marshall, Kerr, and Sam Webb to Boston for Eddie Stanky and Alvin Dark. That was after the 1949 season, and Durocher said at the time that he did it to tighten up the club. One writer responded by saying, "There are some who think this deal will tighten things up so as ultimately to garrote Durocher." Most critics said that the Giants had traded away their power. Actually, the "punchless" Giants scored only one run less last year than in 1949 when Gordon, Marshall, Mize, and the others were knocking down fences. On the defensive side, their opponents scored fifty-three runs fewer against them than they had the year before. Stanky and Dark were making the double play, and the defense was tighter all around.

Durocher feels that spirit and loyalty to one another kept the Giants hustling

and winning. In Stanky, he knew that he had a peppercorn, so he made Dark the Giants' captain. Durocher's theory was that Stanky would be in the middle of all fights, anyway, and by making Dark captain, the latter would have added incentive to be in there, too. He was, plenty of times. And not being captain did not prevent Stanky from dropping his bat on the catcher's toes, holding baserunners at second with a variety of stratagems, or being a general nuisance to everyone the Giants played. He even invented a new distraction—waving his arms at opposing batters. It nearly drove them crazy and led Durocher to remark, "I wish I had nine Stankys."

Durocher has said frequently that it takes work and time to generate the proper spirit, but that when you get it, you've got a winning club. That is what he meant a couple of years ago when he made his famous statement that "nice guys finish last."

"When I played with the Gashouse Gang in St. Louis," he said not long ago, "we won that way. Maybe Dizzy Dean wasn't the greatest pitcher who ever lived, but he thought he was, and he pitched like it. We thought he was, too. It works both ways."

There was a similar feeling among the Giants last year, which suggests that they will be hard to handle this year. After July twentieth, Durocher stopped holding regular meetings. When the team was fifth, he called the players together and said, "We can be fourth. Let's go!" When they got to fourth, they had another meeting. Stanky got up and said, "We've come this far. Let's keep moving!"

Durocher was a lot tougher when they were winning. He explained it later by saying, "I sympathize with a losing club, but when they are winning, God forbid that anyone should make a mistake that might cost me a ball game!"



"I drove my mother crazy yesterday. What did you do?"

"I want ballplayers who die when they lose. I don't mind high-salaried players, but I don't want a bunch of high-salaried prima donnas to whom it makes no difference whether they finish third or fourth. Give me nine players to whom the five hundred dollars means something, and I'll show you a hustling club. By the same token, I want players who believe in me. I can't win with players who sit in the dugout, saying, 'Durocher should have done it the other way,' or with players who, when I order them to bunt, are standing at the plate, saying to themselves, 'I should be hitting away.' That's what I like about the Giants now. There are no cliques or independent thinkers. The Giants consist of twenty-five players who like and believe in each other."

Monte Irvin, the Giants' first baseman the last half of the season, exemplifies what Durocher means. Irvin came up from Jersey City, where he had been terrorizing the International League with his hitting. When he put on a Giants uniform, something happened to him. Being a Negro put a great deal of pressure on him, but aside from that he seemed to be extremely shy. He continually let the pitcher get ahead of him, and he made little mistakes around the bag. He would make a hard play, and then he'd drop a simple flip for an error.

Nobody said anything. And all of a sudden, it came to Irvin that the other players had confidence in his ability. He caught fire. One day, when he homered and tripled with two tremendous blasts in succession, Sal Yvars, a catcher who had played with him in the International League, whistled and said, "Shades of Jersey City!"

It looked then as though Irvin had arrived. A few days later there was no question about it. The Giants were playing at home, and had the Phillies beaten, 5-2, going into the seventh. In the bottom half, Don Mueller hit one for the Giants, scoring two more runs, and then he tried to score himself. Andy Seminick, the big Philadelphia catcher, didn't have the ball from the outfield, but he blocked Mueller off the plate and tagged him out with the relay. Durocher got in to a rhubarb with Larry Goetz, the plate umpire, but as usual, he lost the decision.

DUROCHER was mad when he reached the dugout. He turned to the players and said, "Don't let that Seminick block you again. Tear him apart if you have to, but get into that plate!"

Then the Phillies tied the game up, 7-7. In the tenth, Irvin walked. A sacrifice got him to second. Dark singled to right, and Irvin came around third like the Twentieth-Century Limited. Seminick moved up the third-base line to block the plate. Wham! Seminick went up in the air—mask, glove, and chest protector flying, and when he came down again, the "shy" Monte Irvin was across for the winning run.

Seminick later demonstrated to Durocher that he, too, was the Lip's kind of ballplayer. After the game, Seminick stayed around first base until Durocher walked by on his way to the clubhouse. Seminick, it developed later, had a broken bone in his foot and was thoroughly battered generally, but he shook hands with Durocher and said, "I hope your guys aren't sore, Leo." Durocher was astonished and pleased. "Sore!" he

FACTS AND FALLACIES ABOUT RHEUMATIC FEVER



FACT 1. Mortality from rheumatic fever has declined.

It is true that the death rate from rheumatic fever has been going down. For example, a recent study showed that among a large group of children and young adults, mortality was cut by more than one half in the last 10 years. Rheumatic fever, however, still causes more deaths between the ages of 10 and 14 than any other disease.

FALLACY 2. Symptoms of rheumatic fever are easily recognized.

On the contrary, symptoms are often slight—or sometimes there are none. However, if a child has a poor appetite, loses weight, tires easily, runs a continued fever, or has pains in the joints, rheumatic fever should be suspected. Only by a medical examination can these symptoms be properly interpreted.

FACT 3. Rest is the best "medicine" for rheumatic fever.

Although treatment has been greatly improved, doctors still recommend rest in bed for the child whose heart has been damaged. This is because rheumatic fever may be active for months after all symptoms have disappeared.

Parents can play a vital part in this phase of treatment by keeping the child interested in amusements that do not tax his strength. As recovery progresses, the child should only resume normal activity when recommended by the doctor.

FALLACY 4. Rheumatic fever always "cripples" the heart.

This is not true. When diagnosed promptly and treated properly, nearly two thirds of those who have had an attack recover completely, or with such little damage to their hearts that few restrictions in activity are necessary.

Doctors warn, however, that one attack may be followed by another. Precautions must be taken to build up the child's general health—and especially to safeguard him from throat and respiratory infections which usually precede attacks of rheumatic fever.

FACT 5. Medical science is finding new ways to fight rheumatic fever.

Steady progress is being made against this disease. For example, experiments indicate that it may be possible to prevent attacks with certain of the newer drugs. These drugs, when given to individuals susceptible to rheumatic fever, may ward off throat and respiratory infections—and thus protect against recurrent rheumatic fever attacks.

Limited studies with new hormones also suggest that at times they may be helpful for treatment, even in cases in which severe heart damage has occurred.

So today, parents should have less cause for worry if a child has rheumatic fever—for more can be done now than ever before to combat it effectively.

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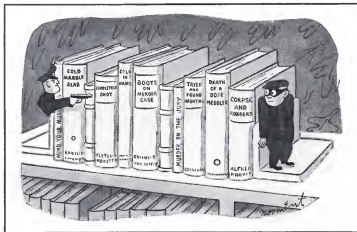
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said later. "All we had done was nearly kill Seminick."

Stanky, of course, is the same kind. When Durocher came to the Giants, his one thought was to get Stanky from Boston. He needed him badly, but when he finally got him, skeletons started to rattle. Because Durocher had been involved in Stanky's being sold to Boston in 1948 when Durocher was managing Brooklyn, Stanky and Durocher were said to have had blood between them, and it is true that they had both been outspoken about the deal. They are both outspoken men. But through no one's fault, the facts had become distorted.

In 1947, when Stanky had run into a snag in his salary discussions with Branch Rickey, president of the Brooklyn club, Durocher had interceded for Stanky—although Rickey always insisted that his manager (in this case, Durocher) "stay on my wagon." In any event, when Stanky came out of Rickey's office that day in 1947, Durocher said to him, "How did you do?"

"No good," Stanky said.

"Wait here," Durocher told him. "I'll go in and see what I can do."

Durocher talked for some time with Rickey. Finally Rickey asked, "You recommend a raise for Stanky, then?"

"Let's put it this way," Durocher said. "Let's say Stanky, as a ballplayer, is worth X dollars. His spirit is worth something extra."

Rickey looked at Durocher. "All right," he said. "Stanky gets his raise. But he's holding me up. I won't forget it."

When Durocher came out, he told Stanky that Stanky had his raise. Stanky put his arm around Durocher and said, "Thanks, Skip."

The next year, before the 1948 season, Stanky was holding out for another raise. Durocher said that in his opinion Stanky was asking for too big a raise. Rickey was madder than ever. "I'm going to trade him," he said.

Durocher pleaded with him. "Don't do that," he implored. "I need Stanky." But Rickey seemed to have his mind made up.

A short time later, in Ciudad Trujillo, where the Dodgers were training, Durocher argued for three days, but Rickey put his foot down. "Stanky," he said flatly, "is going to be sold to Boston tonight."

That evening, Durocher was having dinner on the hotel terrace. Stanky and Ralph Branca were at another table. Durocher asked Stanky to come over to his table. "I tried to save you, kid," he said.

"Look, Leo," Stanky said. "I don't want to leave this club, or you, either. If Rickey is really mad, tell him to give me what he wants. I'll play for that."

"Why don't you go over and tell him yourself?" Durocher suggested. "He's sitting right over there." He pointed to Rickey's table.

Stanky was back in a half-minute. "When I want to see you," Rickey had said to him, "I'll send for you."

The next morning, Rickey and Durocher had breakfast together. During the night, Stanky had come down with something. Branca was keeping him company in his room when Durocher went in to tell him he was going to Boston. Stanky, naturally, was hurt. When Durocher reported back to Rickey, Rickey said, "You look upset, Leo."

"Of course, I'm upset," Durocher snapped. "Who wouldn't be?"

"Well, let's go down to Stanky's room together and iron things out," Rickey proposed.

That was a mistake. By then, Stanky was boiling mad and wasn't pulling any punches. Finally Rickey said, "I want you to know, Eddie, that no deal is ever made on this club without the full knowledge and consent of the manager."

Stanky sat up and pointed his finger at Rickey. "Do you mean to tell me," he demanded, "that Leo wanted to trade me?"

"Durocher is sitting here," Rickey said. "Why don't you ask him?"

Stanky turned to Durocher. "Did you want me traded off this club, Leo?"

Durocher clamped his mouth shut. There was an awkward silence. Stanky gave Durocher a withering look. "That's good enough for me," he said.

Rickey and Durocher left the room. Outside Stanky's door, Rickey said, "You embarrassed me, Leo."

"And you embarrassed me," Durocher retorted hotly.

Durocher knew then that he was through in Brooklyn.

AFTER THAT, there were more arguments. Rickey wanted Roy Campanella, a great catcher, to go to St.

Paul, in the American Association; Durocher wanted Campanella to stay in Brooklyn because Bruce Edwards, his first-string catcher, had a sore arm. Rickey was experimenting with Pete Reiser as a first baseman; Durocher had decided he wanted Gil Hodges at first.

Later, during the regular season, Durocher was desperately short of pitchers. He asked Rickey for more, without effect. On one trip, he took the Dodgers west with only six. The owner of one of the western clubs was amazed. "You can't run a ball club that way, Leo," he said. "If you try, you'll be out of a job by July fifteenth."

Ten days before the All-Star Game, Durocher was sitting in his office at Ebbets Field, having been thrown out of a game with the Giants in the fourth inning, when a representative from Rickey came in. "Leo," he said, "Rickey wants you to resign."

Durocher hit the ceiling. "You go back and tell him he can fire me if he wants to, but I won't quit." For the time being, there was no further word from Rickey.

Then, during the All-Star Game in St. Louis, Durocher again asked Rickey for more pitchers. Rickey told him to go to Toronto, where, he said, the Dodger farm club, Montreal, was playing. He was to scout Montreal for possible pitching help.

Once in Toronto, Durocher discovered that Montreal was playing at home. Rickey apparently had made a mistake. Durocher flew to Montreal and was met at the plane. "You're wanted in Brooklyn," he was told.

Back in New York, Rickey met Durocher at the airport, and they drove to Rickey's office. "Leo," Rickey said, "I think your future lies with another club." Then he told Durocher that Mel Ott had resigned as manager of the Giants, that he, Rickey, had been talking with Horace Stoneham, owner of the Giants, and that Durocher could go to New York as the new manager.

"Two questions!" Durocher shouted. "One. Am I the manager of this ball club right now?"

"Yes, sir," Rickey said, emphasizing the word "sir."

"Two. Will I be the manager tomorrow, next week, next month, and at the end of the season?"

Rickey swung around in his chair. He stared at the wall. He contemplated the end of his cigar. He looked out the window. The situation was obvious. Durocher grabbed the telephone and called Horace Stoneham. Some thirty minutes later, they met in New York. They talked for a few minutes and agreed on everything. Durocher immediately drove back to Brooklyn, where, despite the lateness of the hour, Rickey was waiting. Durocher resigned as manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers.

THE 1951 season is now the important thing. Durocher's Giants club is a happy ball club and a tough one.

"I don't make predictions," he said recently, "but this may be our year. I think Brooklyn is the team to beat, but I also think we'll be right there with them when we come down to the wire. I know one thing: They'll have to beat us, because we won't beat ourselves. We've got speed, a good defense, and a lot of other qualities, including fight and hustle."

"Any way you look at it, this is my kind of team."

THE END

Cosmopolitan Conveyances

(Continued from page 27)

have been suffered by persons who were careless with their arms & feet, but the line has a record of no fatalities.

A gallon jar of mayonnaise destined for the Senate restaurant fell off a handcar into the right-of-way some years ago, and the motorman of the next car didn't see it. The rail and car wheels were liberally spread with dressing. The car made the down-trip easily enough, but it couldn't get back until a gang of cleaners had removed the mayonnaise.

Just before the Senate convenes, both cars wait at the office-building end, and at adjournment they stand ready at the Capitol. Sometimes the motorman has to ask the tourists to wait over and let the senators ride. Most senators take the priority as a matter of course, but not so the late George W. Norris. "This subway belongs to the taxpayers of America," he said, "and no senator should

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

HEAP BIG RACKET

Norman R. Jaffray

If all the junk displayed on shelves
To lure the tourists' dough
Is made by Indians themselves

And not in Kokomo,
Get out your flintlock musket, pal,
From where it long has slumbered,
And build yourself a stout corral,
For frankly, we're outnumbered.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

receive any courtesies not accorded the general public."

At each end of the line is a bell that may be sounded by a senator (and only a senator) to summon a car. In the office building, there are special elevator buzzers marked "For Senators Only" and in the Capitol they have a private elevator.

Representatives, who have as far to go and as many quorum calls, feel distinctly underprivileged. The chief reason they have no railroad is that there are so many representatives—435 to the Senate's 96. Even if they were granted large enough cars, they would clog the elevators at the Capitol end. It has been suggested that a moving sidewalk would provide an even flow. Last spring Representative Herman P. Eberhart of Pennsylvania introduced a resolution for the study of a "conveyor belt to be placed in use for Members of the House." After substituting the more decorous term, "transportation system," for "conveyor belt," the House passed the resolution, but there has been no tangible result. Engineers for two rubber companies looked at the problem and shook their heads.

Meantime many a House member makes a special use of the Senate's railroad. "Some constituents remain stolid in the face of everything else," an Illinois Congressman told me, "but regardless of the age group, a ride on that Senate subway always gets them."

THE END

Timely Tips by Little Lulu

HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?



When fastening stockings, what helps prevent runs?

☐ Lady, be seated ☐ Round garters

Don't let garter-pull strain your nylons. Fasten them while in a sitting position to avoid future hosiery strain, runs, when seated. Another neat trick is to cover garter clasps with Kleenex. Saves stocking wear and tear, saves money.



When you need a tissue, do you—

☐ Find one handy ☐ Fumble with many

Next to your bed, you'll like Kleenex best—to check a sneeze or sniffle! Keep a box on the night stand. No fumbling; no need to turn on the light to find a Kleenex tissue. Only Kleenex serves one at a time—not a handful!—and another pops up, ready to use. Saves tender noses!



How to save your glamour after peeling onions?

☐ Try salt ☐ Use Kleenex

Both answers are right. Rid hands of onion odor by rubbing with dry salt ... soothe "weepy" eyes with Kleenex! To save your complexion—after cold creaming, let soft, absorbent Kleenex gulp up the grease. (A special process keeps this sturdy tissue extra soft.)



FREE! Instructions for making this attractive Kleenex box cover!

Turn scraps of fabric—your man's old ties, for instance—into a handsome box cover for Kleenex tissues. (As shown above.) Easy to make! Convenient to use! Free instructions by Mary Brooks Picken, famous sewing authority. Get your Patch-Patch design by writing to Educational Director, Dept. PP-102, International Cellulose Products Co., Chicago 11, Illinois.

Kleenex® ends waste - saves money...

1. INSTEAD OF MANY...



2. YOU GET JUST ONE...



3. AND SAVE WITH KLEENEX



AMERICA'S
FAVORITE TISSUE

A Talent for Men (Continued from page 46)

money never wins. And after he had gone for the two C's, nobody at the table would cash his check or take his marker. Nobody. They all knew he was through. You might as well be dead if you can't promote a little scratch when you need it. Then he had returned to this room and finished a bottle of whisky. He had fallen asleep toward dawn.

Trenn brushed his hair. He selected a steel-blue sharkskin suit, made to his own design—one-buttoned, single-breasted, with a lone, oversized button on each sleeve in place of the conventional three or four. He slipped into his monogrammed shirt and ran a pair of gold-mounted sapphire links through the French cuffs. His blue-suede shoes with alligator tips had cost him eighty dollars at a bootmaker's. The one pianissimo note in his ensemble was a solid-blue knit tie held in place by a gold bar. He worked patiently for ten minutes until he had succeeded in tying a wrinkle in the knot. Then he fixed a dark-blue hat on his head and manipulated the brim until it flared the way he liked it. He was a good-looking boy, with a strong chin and a fine nose, and a saturnine, brooding quality.

He walked down nine flights of stairs so he could leave by the Forty-eighth Street exit and not have to pass the desk. He was five months behind in his rent. He looked into his gold-tipped alligator wallet. The old kick was as flat as a stale glass of beer; it contained only two soiled one-dollar bills. His change pocket held two quarters, one nickel, and one penny. At a cigar store, he purchased two imported cigars in metal cylinders, reducing his capital by \$1.50, and leaving him with \$1.06. He put the cigars behind his breast-pocket handkerchief and strode tensely up Broadway. A music shop was blaring a new recording of "Night and Day," and the sinuous melody made him shiver as he remembered the first time he had heard Jo Ann Cameron sing.

IT WAS one of those Sunday Celebrity Nites at Leon & Eddie's. She wasn't a celebrity then. She was a nobody from upstate New York, in town with three friends on a fifty-dollar weekend trip.

When Eddie Davis, the master of ceremonies, called on well-known entertainers in the audience to step up and do a bit, Jo Ann's friends construed it as an invitation to anybody present. They coaxed Jo Ann to go up. She was the Dinah Shore of Lakeville, New York. She was the hot attraction at church suppers, Elk festivals, and 4-H meetings. Jo Ann tried to resist, but when Davis became aware of the situation, he descended and took hold of her arm. He figured it would be good for laughs—the awkward apple-knocker with no voice or talent, trying to make like Dinah or Frances Langford. Well, she looked like a million dollars (literally—Wally Trenn had almost been able to count the money as his eyes explored the geography of a figure that even a badly cut brown-rayon dress couldn't disguise) standing there—tall, intense, lovely, with a high forehead and black hair. The orchestra leader asked her what she knew; she said "Night and Day," and they played it. She had the beat all wrong, and she was giving it the stock arrangement—but there was nothing wrong with her voice, clear and deep, and trembling with genuine sadness over the low notes; her whole body was bursting with the rhythm. She hushed the gossiping, rude, half-drunk mob of Broadway big-timers. Then she finished, and they forgot about her. But Trenn didn't.

He sat down at her table and insisted on buying her crowd a drink. After he took her and her three girlfriends home, he managed to disengage her for a moment and asked if she cared to have a sandwich with him. Her eyes were sparkling, and her face was flushed with the excitement.

They walked to Rumpelmayers and he ordered her a Monte Cristo sandwich, a luscious concoction of melted cheese and grilled chicken, and he started working on her. He explained that he was one of the biggest men on Broadway. He heaped compliments on her beauty. He said if she would do exactly what he told her he could make her a star. For two days, she said she didn't want to be a star. For three days, she said she was sure her father and mother would never hear of it. On the sixth day, she said she would

telephone and ask them. On the seventh day, she was wildly and hopelessly in love with Wally.

For the next six months, Walter Trenn dropped all his other activities—and concentrated on Jo Ann Cameron. She thought he was concentrating on her as a woman. The mistake was natural. He called her "honey" and "sweetheart," kissed her on the cheek when they met, and sent her corsages of white orchids every night before he took her out to dinner. She didn't know that a kiss and a passionate word are the counterfeit currency of Broadway, where all emotions are exaggerated and twisted into special patterns.

To Walter Trenn, she was plaster that he was going to mold into a million dollars. There was a lesson every day with a vocal coach. There were conferences with an arranger. There were two hours of practicing a day, and sessions with diction coaches and posture coaches and reducing salons and dress designers. When he finally thought she was ready, he took her over to Tommy Fletcher, the bandleader, and Tommy took her on as a band vocalist for an engagement he was playing at the Pennsylvania Hotel. It was strictly a break-in for her.

Then Walter Trenn heard that Mike Todd was casting a musical and needed a singer with a flair for talking high-comedy lines. He high-pressed Todd into dinner at the hotel, where Todd heard her sing. She went into the show and made history. It was one of those fabulous debuts—like the night Ethel Merman sang "I Got Rhythm" in "Girl Crazy." The critics raved, the papers interviewed her for features, and the picture magazines competed with each other to be first to break a layout on her private life. Every studio in Hollywood was beating on Wally's door.

It was as if every wild fantasy Wally had ever dreamed about were suddenly coming through. For seven or eight years he had been knocking around Broadway, picking up crumbs, making big sounds, hanging around in the out-field waiting for somebody to hit a ball his way—and finally it was there. There wasn't a Broadway producer who didn't want her for his next musical, and every song writer and librettist wanted to have lunch with Trenn and discuss plans for another show. She wasn't signed to a run-of-the-play contract, and in June, eight months after the opening, he accepted an offer from Twentieth Century-Fox, starting her at fifteen hundred a week, with a series of options that would reach about a hundred and fifty thousand a picture in a few years.

AT DINNER, the day before the contract was to be signed, he told her she would leave for the Coast in a few days. "Leaving?" she asked, as if she couldn't understand it. "Leaving New York?"

"You're too big for New York," he said, exhaling swirls of cigar smoke.

"How will I see you?" she asked.

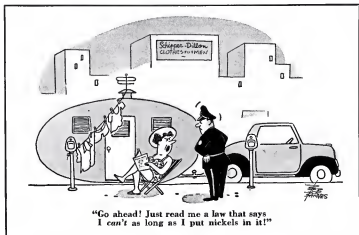
"I'll get out there every two, three months," he said. "I'll take the Connie."

"The who?"

"The Constellation. Gets you there in twelve hours."

She stared at him. "Will-o'-the-wisp," she said softly. Her fingers played with a lump of sugar. "You're a will-o'-the-wisp."

"Don't worry, sweetheart. I can handle



your business better from New York than I can from the Coast. The home offices are always in New York."

"You'll be thousands of miles away." "I'm as near as a telephone, honey," he said. "I won't let them put you in a picture unless the story is right and the songs are right and the director is good for you. You're not going to make any mistakes when Walter Trenn is running your life. Just let me attend to everything. I've reserved a suite for you at the Beverly Hills Hotel, but I've got a man beating the bushes for a nice small house for you."

She stood up so suddenly that her chair fell over backward. Her eyes filled with tears.

"I don't want a house," she said. A headwaiter, two captains, and three waiters rushed over to the chair.

"I'm sorry," she told them. "It was an accident."

"What's the matter, Jo Ann, honey?"

"I'm sorry," she said. "It was an accident."

"Aren't you feeling well?"

"I think I'd better go away—home."

"Are you all right?"

"No," she said.

WHEN she said she was going home, she meant to Lakeville, New York. The contract was never signed. He sent her telegrams, all kinds of telegrams—coughing, pleading, commanding. She never answered them. He put in person-to-person calls to her, but the operator in Lakeville could never find her. He finally wrote her that considering how much time and effort he had invested in her he had a right to know why she had dumped her career in the ash can and kicked him in the teeth. This time he got a response—a cool letter, written just as if she hadn't taken a million dollars out of his bank account.

DEAR WALLY,

It's hard to explain why I changed our arrangements, but I guess I didn't feel I had what seems to be necessary to succeed in show business. I know my sudden decision upset your plans. For that, I am deeply sorry. If there were anything I could do to make it up to you, I would, but there isn't. I know you will find other clients to manage. You know that I wish you every success in the world. The weather is quite warm for September and I like to walk to a bend in the river we have near my house—the Boquette River. I sit there and watch the water, which moves ever so slowly. I have got my job back at the library. Except for my walks and my position and feeding the chickens, I really lead a very quiet existence. How are you getting along?

Sincerely,

JO ANN

The letter enraged him. First, she went and double-crossed him, and he couldn't understand why, and then she talked about rivers and chickens. She must be crazy, like all women. When she walked out on him, she jarred all the self-confidence out of him, tore out his guts, and all his luck ran out. Business fell off at the night club in which he had an interest, and he had to keep pouring fresh money into it. He started gambling feverishly—dropped four thousand dollars one night at a gin game at The Friars. Inside of a year, his touch was gone, and they all knew it on the street.

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YOU can have a party like this—easily. It's merely "potluck" food... served simply... with wine to make your dinner something to remember.

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And for scores of other entertaining ideas—recipes, menus, party tips—write for 32-page *California Way* booklet. Send 25¢ in coin to Wine Advisory Board, Box 3530, Rincón Annex, San Francisco 19.



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Ranked among the world's finest, California Sauterne is a delicate, white table wine—ideal to serve with chicken, fish and white meats like lamb and pork.



"No," Kramer said. "You're an unsuccessful phony, and an unsuccessful phony is like an ugly woman trying to

He put down a dollar bill and the waiter brought him seventy-five cents change. He left the waiter a quarter tip. The idea was to let everyone know he

"Well, I've done a lot of favors for Walter over the years, and naturally he appreciates it," Trenn said.

"Maybe you put in a word for us?"
 "Sure, sure, always glad to help out."
 "Come in the theatre anytime you're in the neighborhood. I want you to catch the act—see a new samba we put in."
 "I wouldn't miss it, Don," Trenn said.

He retrieved his hat, and with an expansive gesture, he flipped a fifty-cent piece to the hat-check girl. In return, she gave him her fifty-cent smile. Outside, a blind man was tapping a white-tipped cane as he rattled a cup for alms. Trenn dug out the last of his money—a nickel and a penny—and threw it into the cup.

I might as well be clean through and through, he thought; I'll start all over.

TRENN let himself be sucked up into the thick masses of men and women ebbing and flowing along Broadway, and finally a wave spewed him into Forty-fourth Street, where he drifted into the bar at Sandi's. The small curving bar was crowded with Broadway characters. Trenn just stood there, keeping his ears open and hoping somebody would buy him a drink. It couldn't go on like this. Something good had to happen. He overheard two men talking about Max Kramer's show. One of them was in the company. It seemed that today, the first day of rehearsal, Frances Ferguson had exploded at George Carroll, the director, and walked off the stage screaming she wouldn't go on as long as Carroll was giving orders, and besides the songs weren't right for her and she thought the costume was color-blind. Kramer had blown his top. The more he talked to Ferguson, the more hysterical she got. Her agent had tried to calm her down, but it got worse. Of course, Kramer could make Equity hold her to the contract, but he knew that if his star wasn't happy, he might as well bury the show. So Kramer had a two-hundred-thousand-dollar production on his hands and no star.

The wheels went around in Trenn's mind. Now he realized why Kramer had been buying a lunch for Deever. It wasn't Garry he wanted for "Sweet and Lovely." It was Garry's wife, Iris Meredith, a Metro film musical star. He wanted Garry to pressure Iris into letting Metro give her a year off to do a Broadway show.

Trenn's face set in a hard, fixed smile. He went outside, breasting the crowds defiantly, heedless of whom he was knocking aside. He walked up two blocks to a theatre building and took the elevator to the fourth floor. The door was marked simply "Max Kramer, Inc." He pushed it in and told the receptionist he wanted to see Kramer. She said Mr. Kramer was busy. A lot of receptionists said their employers were busy when Trenn came calling. He said, "You tell him I'm here on very urgent business."

She whispered into the mouthpiece and then relayed the sad news, "I'm sorry, Mr. Trenn, he's awfully tied up, and he can't see you this afternoon, but maybe his assistant, Mr. Dodge, could help you?"

"I don't want to see his assistant, Mr. Dodge. I want to see Max Kramer."
 "I'm sorry," she said.
 "So am I."

The waiting room was prisoned off by a ceiling-high partition with a single door that opened from the inside.

"Will you open the door?" Trenn asked.

Are you in the know?



How to win a reputation as a top-flight hostess?

- ☐ Hire a caterer ☐ Take an airlines job ☐ Give a "twenties" party

Want to throw the most-fun party of the season? Plan a costume jamboree—with gals rigged up in their Moms' old "twenties" outfits. (And maybe the boys' Dads could supply plus-fours.) Have a Charleston contest; with prizes. And if calendar problems

threaten you, don't retreat. Choose Kotex. With that new, downy softness that holds its shape, you're set for hours of comfort—for Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. So, as a confident hostess—you'll be the "bee's knees"!



What to do about kingsize pores?

- ☐ Mask 'em with makeup
☐ Make like an owl
☐ Tighten up

Can your complexion take a daytime close-up? To help belittle large pores, suds your face thoroughly, and often; then "tighten" with cold splashes and a good astringent. Come calendar time, you can take your place in the sun confidently. For those flat pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. (No fear that anyone "knows.") And that special safety center gives extra protection; keeps you serenely de-flustered.



If his "competition" calls you, what's your cue?

- ☐ Be brief
☐ Linger on the line
☐ "Sorry, wrong number"

You chat for hours with the buzz boy—while your date smoulders on the family sofa. Be brief! Else next time you're waiting for his call, don't ask for whom the bell rings. It's not for you. But at problem time, one of the 3 Kotex absorbencies will seem "made to order" for you. Try Regular, Junior, Super (different sizes, for different days). You'll wonder why you never thought of trying all 3 before!



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 than all other sanitary napkins

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really
good?

"You
can
bet
they
are,"
says
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your
Barman
in a
bottle!

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"Why don't you come back tomorrow?" "I have no time," he said. He rattled the knob, but the lock held. Then he pressed his body against the flimsy beaverboard until there was a slight concussion, and the hinges splintered away.

KRAMER was having his nails manicured when Trenn flung open his door and strode in.

"I thought I told my girl to tell you I was tied up," Kramer said.

"You and I have business to discuss." "The only business I have with you is to call the police if you don't behave."

"I got news for you, Max. The police aren't running a talent department."

"What might that cryptic statement mean?" Kramer inquired casually.

"It means you need somebody I got; you need her desperately; you need her two hundred thousand bucks' worth."

"I don't need anybody you've got, Mr. Trenn."

"As of five o'clock this afternoon, Max, you've got a show without Frances Ferguson. That means you've got nothing."

"All this is quite boring."

"And you know, Max, Iris Meredith wouldn't touch Broadway with a ten-foot script because she can't remember more than four lines at a stretch," Trenn said. He reached into his breast pocket and removed the metal cartridge containing his last cigar. He sniffed the cigar as if appraising its quality. Then he lit it slowly with his gold cigar lighter.

When he resumed speaking, it was in a lower, less aggressive way. "Max," he said, "you wanna know something? I've got the hottest singing actress and comedienne on Broadway."

"Go on raving, Trenn; I'm listening," Kramer said, still casually, but his hard eyes were narrowing now.

"I've got Jo Ann Cameron."

Despite all his self-control, Kramer jutted forward, tilting the manicurist's bowl so that the hot water overflowed.

"You remember Jo Ann Cameron?" Trenn asked sarcastically.

"Where is she?" Kramer asked hoarsely.

"She's available. . . . Interested?"

Kramer was getting hold of himself. He shrugged and slipped into his suit coat. "I'd want to listen to her sing," he said. "She hasn't been around for a season. I figure she blew town because her voice cracked—or she had a nervous breakdown—or she got eczema."

TRENN didn't argue. He had Kramer over a barrel, and he was pressing his victim's body into the staves. "Interested?" he asked.

"Who knows?" Kramer remarked.

"I'm not talking to 'who,'" Trenn said.

"I'm talking to Max Kramer, presents 'Sweet and Lovely,' starring Nobody."

"Where is she?"

"Today is Wednesday. I'll have her in this office on Saturday morning."

"You have her here, and we'll talk contract, Trenn," Kramer said.

"I'm not worried about her contract," Trenn said. "I'm worried about mine."

"Aren't you in for fifty per cent of what she makes?"

"Sure, but I feel I rate a little extra commission for saving your show."

"How little?"

"Ten per cent of the producer's end of the gross," Trenn said.

"You're a mighty greedy little boy."

"I'm just trying to be another Max

Kramer," Trenn said. "My ambition is to be like you."

"It takes more than gall," Kramer said. He sighed. "It's a deal, provided you deliver her. You got ten per cent."

"Mind putting it in writing; Max?"

Trenn said. "It's that I don't trust you."

Kramer seized a fountain pen from a penholder and scratched a sentence on his stationery and signed it. He smiled. He was a good loser. "I hope she has as much talent as she had a year ago."

"She's got more," Trenn said.

AS HE WENT TO the garage near Ninth Avenue to pick up his car, he was feeling exultant. While an attendant was bringing the car out, a stocky man with a broken nose sidled up to Trenn.

"You Wally Trenn?" he asked.

"Do I look like Gregory Peck?"

"Blinky Hamilton wants to see you," the man said.

"I don't want to see him," Trenn said.

"Blinky is very anxious to see you. He's lonesome."

"Tell him not to get his kidneys in an uproar. I'll pay him when I get the money. Hey, let go of my arm; that hurts."

"It's gonna hurt more if you don't talk to Blinky. He says you're in him for one grand, plus the interesting, which is two c's, making twelve c's. He wants you should give me the keys to your car."

At this point, the car, a long convertible finished in the shade of bright red that would cause the most bored Dalmatian to leap up, coasted down the ramp.

"All right," Trenn said. "I'll give you the keys."

"Blinky says the car is the secure for the dough."

"Sure," Trenn said. He asked the attendant for the keys. Then he fisted his right hand around the keys and put all the power of his body in a punch to the strong arm's stomach. The man doubled over, clutching his belly. Trenn threw two uppercuts to his jaw, and the strong arm dropped.

"My friend here has had a fainting spell," Trenn said to the attendant.

"Would you mind taking care of him?"

He got behind the wheel and pressed the button that made the top recede. He pulled into the street and was getting ready to head for the West Side Highway when he suddenly remembered he didn't have a dime in his pockets. He was flat broke, and he couldn't think of anybody who would lend him more than a dollar. It would take a lot of gasoline to get to Lakeville, New York.

He thought of his gold cuff links and cigar lighter, but every hook shop in town was closed, and the Broadway shylocks who did their business in doorways wouldn't lend him money even if he had Nelson Rockefeller as his co-signer. Then he suddenly remembered Dario.

He parked outside the Paramount, hustled in, and, after a half hour of his most convincing spilling, convinced Dario that fifty dollars would secure a mention of Dario and Flores in Winchell's column. The money wasn't for Trenn. It was to take care of "certain parties."

Trenn drove all night and most of the next day; he arrived in Lakeville in the afternoon. The main street consisted of two blocks of stores. He parked outside the library. She was standing over a desk, filing cards into a case.

"Do you happen to have a copy of *The Last of the Mohicans*?" he asked.

"It's over—" Then she saw him. "Walter," she said. "It's Walter." Her cheeks flushed. "I never expected to see you again. What are you doing way up here?"

He leaned over the desk and looked at her. There was something nice, sweet, in her eyes. No, she couldn't be a double-crosser.

"Well," he said, "I'm on my way to Montreal. I'm closing a deal with a syndicate of cafés to book all their shows. I'm in the package end of the business now—night clubs, television. I've gone a long way since—since you left."

"I'm sorry about that," she said.

"I'm one of the biggest men on Broadway, sweetheart," he said.

"I'm not your sweetheart," she said, trying to smile.

"What? Yeah. Well, I was coming through and I happened to see this sign on the road and it rung a bell and I said who do I know that lives in Lakeville and it's Jo Ann Cameron and then I remember I can do you a good turn so here I am."

"It's nice to see you," she said. The flush was dying down.

"I'm in a big hurry," he said.

"Will-o'-the-wisp," she said.

"What? Well, I gotta talk to you. It could be something big for you, honey."

"I close the library in a few minutes."

HE WALKED back and forth outside until she came out. He held her hand, helping her into the car, and she put her hand on his hand for a moment, and suddenly all the warmth and tenderness in her went through him like a charge of electricity. *I think she likes me, really likes me, Trenn thought.*

She told him to park the car in her favorite place beside the river. They sat on the bank, staring at the reflection of the branches in the ripples, the dead leaves falling off into the river, and he talked—but it was all in the wrong language, and he didn't know it. He told her about his friend Max Kramer, the new show, how she could go places and be a star, a big star, have a closet full of fur coats and always sit at Table Fifty-one in the Stork Club.

"Walter," she said, "can't you understand—that's behind me. All that. I've tried to forget the time I lived on Broadway."

"Look, honey," he said, "I'm not doing this for myself. Forget any deal we ever had. I don't want any commission on what you make. But this rule—you're the only one that can do it justice. With the talent you were born with—Listen, you haven't got the right to deprive the American people of such a talent. The citizens need singing and laughter like they never did before. Do it for them. Don't let them down."

"You really ought to be in Congress, Walter."

"Don't you like to sing?" he asked. "You hate to walk out on a stage? The spotlight makes you sick? Applause hurts your eardrums?"

"No," she said. "It was nice."

"Then what's wrong? You tell me, and I'll fix it. I'll arrange the setup any way you want it, honey. I'll play it your way."

"This isn't something we can play," she said. "It's not a setup."

"You got to think it over," he said. "The songs. I'm telling you, it's a score that happens once in a lifetime. You got

twelve songs and every one a smash."

"You don't understand," she said.

"All right," he said "—explain it to me."

"Can you stay for dinner?"

"Of course—I mean, I'll have to hold up this Canadian proposition for a day, but I'll stay for dinner."

He had dinner and met her mother and father and two brothers and little sister and two roosters and forty-five Rhode Island Reds. He watched the cows being milked by an ingenious mechanical contraption in the barn. All the while he was trying to think of more arguments. They sat on the porch after supper, and he threw his arguments at her, one after the other, and it was like throwing cream puffs at a stone wall. Finally it got late, and he accepted Mrs. Cameron's invitation to sleep over. The next morning, when Jo Ann went to the library, Mrs. Cameron told him she was so happy he had come because Jo Ann had kept on practicing and singing, and the whole family felt she was miserable and wouldn't be happy unless she was acting and singing.

Wally Trenn was thrown for a loss. He couldn't figure it out. He knew there was an angle in it somewhere; if he could only get hep to the angle, he'd have Jo Ann eating out of his hand—and she wouldn't be eating peanuts but thousand-dollar bills.

WHILE HE waited for the time to meet her at the place beside the river, he walked for miles, filling his lungs full of the good air and resting his eyes on the distant hills and the green meadows. She wasn't there when he got to the

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Continued from page 23

STORES WHERE YOU CAN BUY "THE COSMOPOLITAN LOOK" FASHIONS

All fashions on pages 22 and 23 are at the following stores:

Akron, O. Birnbaum's
Arlington, Pa. Best & Co.
Atlanta, Ga. Regenstien's-Peachtree Store
Boston, Mass. Arcade Dress Shop
Bridgeport, Conn. Best & Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y. Best & Co.
Brookline, Mass. Best & Co.
Chicago, Ill. Best & Co.
Cleveland, O. Best & Co.
Dallas, Tex. Neiman-Marcus
Duncan, Okla. Mildred's
Durham, N. C. The Fashion
East Orange, N. J. Best & Co.
Englewood, N. Y. Louise Franz
Garden City, N. Y. Best & Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich. Helen Henry Shop
Grosse Pointe, Mich. Best & Co.
Houston, Tex. The Fashion
Readington, W. Va. The Style Shop
Kalamazoo, Mich. Gertrude Heath Collins
Los Angeles, Calif. Bullock's-Walsh
Lubbock, Tex. Hinkel
Mankasset, N. Y. Best & Co.
Miami, Fla. Hartley, Inc.
Miami Beach, Fla. Small's
Minneapolis, Minn. Harold's
New Britain, Conn. Best & Co.
New Haven, Conn. Eather's
New York, N. Y. Best & Co.
Philadelphia, Pa. John Wynnemaker
Reno, Nev. Smartwear-Irving Saks, Inc.
Rochester, N. Y. Honigshaum
Salem, Mass. Royal of Salem, Inc.
Salt Lake City, Utah Makoff
Scranton, Pa. Florence Hinerfeld Dress Shop
Stamford, Conn. Best & Co.
Syracuse, N. Y. Sadye Ann
Washington, D. C. Best & Co.
Welleney, Mass. Tringale Shop
West Hartford, Conn. Best & Co.
White Plains, N. Y. Best & Co.
Winnetka, Ill. Best & Co.

The shirred voile tea-dancer with
jaillie jacket on page 22 is at the
following stores:

Bartlesville, Okla. Montaldo's
Beaumont, Tex. R & S Shop
Charleston, W. Va. Teifford's
Charlotte, N. C. Montaldo's
Chattanooga, Tenn. Miller Bros.
Columbus, O. Montaldo's
Denver, Colo. Montaldo's
Greensboro, N. C. Montaldo's

Independence, Kan. Montaldo's
New Orleans, La. Kreeger's
Richmond, Va. Montaldo's
St. Louis, Mo. Montaldo's
San Antonio, Tex. Barnes & Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C. Montaldo's

The piqué capelet dress on page 22
is at the following stores:

Amarillo, Tex. Blackburn Bros.
Bartlesville, Okla. Montaldo's
Beaumont, Tex. R & S Shop
Charlotte, N. C. Teifford's
Chattanooga, Tenn. Miller Bros.
Columbus, O. Montaldo's
Denver, Colo. Montaldo's
Greensboro, N. C. Montaldo's
Independence, Kan. Kreeger's
New Orleans, La. Mary Wilmet
Northampton, Mass. Montaldo's
Richmond, Va. Barnes & Co.
St. Louis, Mo. Montaldo's
San Angelo, Tex. Fabric Shop
Winston-Salem, N. C.

The white lace dress on page 23 is
at the following stores:

Amarillo, Tex. Blackburn Bros.
Bartlesville, Okla. R & S Shop
Fort Worth, Tex. The Fair

The linen dress with scalloped
neckline on page 23 is at the fol-
lowing stores:

Bartlesville, Okla. Montaldo's
Charleston, W. Va. Teifford's
Charlotte, N. C. Montaldo's
Chattanooga, Tenn. Miller Bros.
Columbus, O. Montaldo's
Denver, Colo. Montaldo's
Fresno, Calif. Rodder's Mademoiselle
Greensboro, N. C. Montaldo's
Independence, Kan. Montaldo's
Lawton, Okla. The Dixie
Loma Beach, Calif. Baftan's
New Orleans, La. Kreeger's
Northampton, Mass. Mary Wilmet
Richmond, Va. Montaldo's
Sacramento, Calif. Bon Marche
St. Louis, Mo. Montaldo's
Winston-Salem, N. C. Montaldo's

the biggest heel in the country. I'm as phony as a lead quarter. I haven't leveled with you."

"Maybe you haven't ever leveled with yourself," she said.

"I've told you lies from start to finish. I'm not going up to Canada. I have no big million-dollar deal. There's no syndicate. I haven't got a nickel. I'm in hock up to my neck. I came up here purposely to talk you into going into Kramer's show. I eight-balled Kramer into giving me a piece of the show—if I could deliver you in person—like a steak on a platter. That's Walter Trenn, America's Favorite Hustler, Chiseler, and Bluff. You can have him if you want him," he finished bitterly.

She caressed his arm gently. "Yes," she whispered, "I want him. Your telling me all this makes me want him even more."

"What are you talking about?"

"I guess it means you care for me if you'd tell me what you told me."

"Sure, I care for you. I found that out—too late. About ten years too late. I should have fallen for you when I still had some decency in me. This is the last time we'll ever see each other. I want to kiss you once, and then I'm going back to New York."

"Oh, you crazy will-o'-the-wisp!" she said. "We're going back to New York together. We're going into Max Kramer's office and I'm going to read that script and maybe Mr. Kramer will think I'm half as good as you think I am. 'Sweet and Lovely' is going to try out in New Haven—but before that I'm going to be Mrs. Trenn."

"I can't figure you," he said. "What do you want to marry me for? I can't even buy you an engagement ring."

"The only engagement ring I want is this," she said, putting her face over his and kissing him hard.

THEY WERE IN MAX KRAMER'S office on Saturday morning. She did two of the songs from the show and ran through a comedy scene. Kramer got so excited he started clapping his hands. He signed her that morning. As they were leaving, Walter Trenn took a folded sheet of paper out of his pocket. It was the agreement Kramer had signed with him. He tore it in four pieces.

"I don't need this," Trenn said.

"That's right," Kramer said. "I never go back on a deal I make."

"If you want to do me a favor, I'd like to be stage manager for 'Sweet and Lovely.'"

Kramer looked puzzled. "You mean you want to hold the script and run errands for George Carroll and round up the cast during rehearsals and beat out your brains—for eighty-five dollars a week?" he asked.

"I think maybe I could learn something about show business from George Carroll and—from you," Trenn said.

"I think maybe I don't know everything."

"You're throwing away a piece of the show?"

"Don't ask me questions, Max. Do I get the job or should I go see Leland Hayward?"

Kramer was rubbing his cheek in bewilderment. "I guess I had you figured all wrong, Wally," he said. "You're a nice guy."

"He's more than that, Mr. Kramer," Jo said. "He's the biggest man on Broadway."

THE END

river, and he found himself feeling restless and expectant. All of a sudden he missed her—he needed her. He knew what had been wrong with his life for ten months: It wasn't lack of dough; it was lack of her. He couldn't believe he had been falling in love, but that's what he must have been doing—carrying a big torch around for ten months. How stupid can you get? he asked himself.

He started throwing small stones into the water. Then he snapped branches. He was restless, jumpy. Then the murmuring monotony of the river got to him; he calmed down, lay on his stomach, rested his chin on his hands, and finally he thought he had the answer.

When she arrived, he said, "I know why you don't want any part of Broad-

way. And you're right. This"—he gestured at the river, the branches—"this is too good to throw away. What do you need the pushing, screaming, outburst life of show business for? You're right. I wish I could have it. But Broadway is in my blood. I know now why you ran off."

"You're wrong, Walter," she said. "I didn't run away from Broadway. I ran away from you. I was head over heels in love with you. Probably it sounds stupid to you, but that's how I felt. I could see you weren't in love with me. And I didn't want Hollywood without you."

He sat up and touched her shoulder. "You shouldn't have done that," he said. "I'm not the right guy for you. I'm no good. Outside of the shoe industry, I'm

What a Working Wife Should Pay For

(Continued from page 49)

gathered "Ten Financial Commandments."

1. From the start, figure your income as a couple and plan your spending as a family. If you haven't already made yours a financial partnership, do it now.

This is as fundamental a rule as can be laid down, because real physical and spiritual harmony between a working wife and husband demands real financial harmony. One of the great causes of friction in a home is the resentment arising out of suspicion or ignorance of each other's financial status. A wife with whom I spoke confided, "I haven't told John about my Christmas raise. I'm putting aside that extra as my very own." The fact that she's saving her raise is a hundred-per-cent okay, but her method is a hundred-per-cent wrong. Someday he'll discover her deceit and respond as she would respond to the same sort of secrecy on his part. You are a team. So plan as a team for your mutual satisfaction and happiness.

2. Contribute at least part of your individual earnings to a common pool—a family fund to cover the basic essentials of family living.

Most wives work because of economic necessity. We continue in our jobs after marriage or get jobs after marriage either because we must have the additional money to live or because we want the higher standards the dual pay checks will permit. The pooling of incomes is automatic, therefore, in millions of homes, but it's a sound idea under any circumstances. It gives the husband the warm assurance that his wife's job and her resulting absences from home are helping to attain what both of them want. It gives the wife the pleasant feeling that she's playing a worth-while role. As for how much the working wife should put into the pool—well, that percentage will vary from home to home. Usually, the working wife's pay check will be smaller, and so she'll put in a smaller amount. The case histories disclose the fascinating fact that in the middle-lower income brackets, wives contribute a much greater percentage of their earnings to a family kitty than in the higher income groups. (Obvious explanation: both pay checks are really needed in the middle-lower brackets while in wealthier circles, the wife's income may be strictly "luxury" money.)

3. Divide the responsibilities for handling various bills out of the pool. The husband might take on such responsibilities as paying the rent or mortgage, automobile costs, insurance, and taxes. The wife might take over such essentials as management of the food and clothing budgets, household overhead, entertainment within the home.

This division also is logical and sound. One husband wrapped the whole psychological factor into a neat package with the remark, "I feel I should pay the rent; that's the way I keep my franchise." Another added significantly, "My mother never had a job, but I always saw her handling the food and entertainment bills, and it seems natural for Sue to do the same thing. But I wouldn't think of having her pay the mortgage and insurance

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premiums. That's my job." Each partner contributes to the pool; each should have definite, agreed-upon responsibilities for managing the pool.

If at all possible—and it should be—the husband's income alone should cover the major, fixed items of rent, gas, electricity, telephone, insurance, taxes, etc. "This is especially important to young couples," a budget counselor told me, "for if they've been living to the hilt on a double salary and the wife quits to have a baby, they'll find it terribly difficult to adjust downward to one salary." If you can't manage this from the beginning, make it an objective to be attained early. It's basic common sense.

4. Set up two bank accounts—one a checking account in which you'll deposit the money for your big expenses and day-to-day living costs, the second in which you'll put your savings.

It's not only a question of managing your dual pay checks in theory; it's also a matter of controlling your incomes and expenses so your money goes where it's supposed to. There are several "control" systems from which you can choose—you can start a checking account in both your names, or in either your name alone or your husband's name alone, a savings account in either or both of your names, a combination of one or more systems. What's easiest for you to manage? What's most efficient and suited to your income level? What's most acceptable to both of you? As you plan your spending, so plan the system to control your spending. For most of us, the two accounts—one to cover spending, one to cover savings—seem best.

5. Decide on personal allowances of your own, and then don't ask questions. Each of you should have a certain amount from your own pay check that is strictly yours, and what you choose to do with it

should be entirely your own business.

Picayune as this may seem, it's a mighty point, for even in the closest of financial partnerships, some freedom is desirable and healthy! You may decide to scrimp for weeks on your personal spending in order to splurge on an utterly ridiculous hat. Fine, that's your own affair. Your husband may decide to cut corners for a month in order to blow it all on a night out with the boys. That's his business, too.

6. If you're a young married couple expecting to have children, budget part of the wife's pay check toward that future "expense"—even before the baby is expected. Older couples who are childless or whose children are grown have much more leeway in pooling their incomes and deciding their spending.

In the ideal situation, the husband's income would cover all basic expenses, and the wife's pay check would be earmarked for savings and some personal and household luxuries. But few couples can achieve this ideal. For their own protection, a young man and wife must put aside some savings, while both pay checks are coming in, to cover the initial costs of the baby's entrance into the world and the expenses that'll persist for years thereafter. As a minister put it, "So many times I've had couples come to see me who were in great trouble because they had failed to do this. If only someone would give newlyweds this advice beforehand, not when it's too late." But an older, childless wife expressed her viewpoint: "We have no major money drains, and I intend to keep working as long as Harold does. We use my income mostly for luxuries we couldn't afford otherwise—a new car we didn't have to have, a new fur coat I could have lived without. Now we're saving our money toward a bang-up vacation."

7. If the wife's job compels the added expense of maid service at home, the wife's pay check should cover it.

The bill may be paid from the family pool if both of you are putting most of your income into the kitty—but you, the working wife, should actually write this check and handle the payment. Or you may decide it's easier to withhold the essential amount from your earnings each week so you can pay for the service directly. This is a detail. The provocative, revealing point is that husband after husband remarked, "Maid service is an expense that belongs in my wife's department"; wife after wife I interviewed said, "If I weren't holding down a job, I guess I could do without any help at home, so I should pay that extra expense."

8. All entertainment outside the home should be under the husband's financial management; entertainment within the home should be under the wife's.

Again, you and I are writing this book ourselves. As the partner in charge of the food budget, it's natural for the wife also to handle the extra costs involved in entertainment at home. As the escort, it's natural for the husband to finance the jaunts to the movies or the ball game. And here the emotional basis is even more important than the financial.

9. As partners, estimate at the beginning of each year how much you must set aside every month to meet your big, unavoidable now-and-then expenses.

While your husband may actually pay these big bills—for insurance or for the mortgage—both of you must cooperate if the payment is to be tolerable. As an illustration, if you know a \$120 insurance payment will be due next February, start right now to put aside ten dollars a month to meet it, and you'll approach the due date with confidence, not horror.

10. Substitute the word "our" for "my" in talking over your mutual money matters. And if you do get into a squeeze, as nearly every couple does, choose a time when you're both relaxed and have a full, quiet evening ahead to argue out your problems and to decide how best to solve them together.

This is so fundamental it can't be overemphasized. I can foretell now that there'll be trouble in the home of the wife who told me, "I can't help feeling we wouldn't have any savings unless I worked. I feel it's my savings account." Obviously she's not recognizing the fact that she wouldn't be able to save at all unless she took care of the rent and clothing, and other major expenses. One day she'll let that "my" slip at the wrong time and wrong place, and the bitterness will spill over. If your plans for spending and saving aren't working properly, sit down together, refigure them, trace the gaps, determine how they can be filled.

JUST AS the possession of tools doesn't make a mechanic, so the possession of a pay check doesn't make a money manager. Knowing how to use the tools (the pay checks) is as essential as the tools themselves. All of us can benefit from some of these "Ten Financial Commandments"; some of us can benefit from all of them. Any of the ten can be reworked to fit your own circumstances and to give both of you a more harmonious financial, and thus a more rewarding emotional, life.

THE END

Do Not Disturb

(Continued from page 43)

importance loomed ahead for the next week or two. His social calendar in Upper Montclair, where the Blinkens occupied a modest but substantial house on Creswood Drive, was equally bare; this was Tuesday, and there were no engagements until Thursday night, when his daughter Helen had tickets for a student play at the grammar school, around the corner. Helen taught at the school; she was twenty-five, and lived at home with her parents. On Thursday, Willie Fitzroy would come to supper and accompany them to the play.

MR. BLINKEN made a face of displeasure at this prospect. Willie was pimply-faced, tall, gangling, and nervous; he seemed younger than Helen, although they were the same age. While nothing had been said about it, Mr. Blinken had an uneasy feeling that Willie might become his son-in-law. He objected to this prospect, and not because of Willie's low income, although the young man, who was practically the entire reporting staff of the Upper Montclair Courier, did not earn much money. He objected to him because Willie had no sense of humor. Mr. Blinken considered that he himself had a good sense of humor, and that it had been inherited by his daughter Helen. Thirty years of making jokes across the dinner table to his wife, Henrietta, and seeing her look puzzled or vaguely alarmed, had convinced him that it was a mistake for a person with humor to marry someone without any.

Just how he got from this train of thought to the idea of staying in bed, Mr. Blinken could never be quite sure. He only knew that, in a second, there it was in his mind, a firm resolve: he wouldn't get up today. He wasn't ill or even tired; on the contrary, he felt perfectly well. But the prospect of shaving, bathing, eating breakfast, catching the eight-ten, working all day in the dingy offices of Pike and Company, and catching the five-two back to Upper Montclair suddenly seemed excruciatingly dull. After all, he hadn't had as much as a day off in a year, except for his two weeks last August, spent in a summer hotel on Cape Cod. Pike and Company could perfectly well get along without him for a day. He would stay in bed, by gum, and take it easy. Catch up on some reading, take a nap after lunch, and feel all the better for it next morning.

The smell of coffee was pervading the house, when Henrietta's voice floated up from the foot of the stairs. "George?" she called. "You're up, aren't you? Breakfast is almost ready."

At this point, Mr. Blinken almost abandoned his resolution, because he could predict so accurately what was sure to follow. But he was not a man easily deflected from his course. He rolled over to face the door, and said, in a voice loud enough to be heard at the foot of the stairs, "I'm not going to get up."

There was a moment of silence, and then he heard his wife's footsteps as she came up the stairs. In another moment, she was in the doorway. She was thin, sallow, fifty-two years old like himself, with a look of perpetual anxiety on her face. He was very fond of her, and



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would never have admitted to an outsider that he was perpetually annoyed by her lack of humor.

"What did you say, George?" she asked, as he had known she would. "Did you say you're not going to get up?"

"Yes, I did," said Mr. Blinken, punching up the pillow to raise his head.

"Are you sick? Should I get Dr. Snodgrass to come in and look at you?"

"No," said Mr. Blinken. "I'm perfectly well. I just don't intend to get up."

His wife continued to look at him, with increasing concern. "But—but," she said, "if you don't get up now, you'll miss the eight-ten. You'll be late to the office."

"Not going to the office," said Mr. Blinken, as casually as though he were announcing that it promised to be a nice day.

Mrs. Blinken sat down on the foot of his bed, facing him. Real alarm spread over her countenance. "George," she said nervously, "is something wrong at the office? Has Mr. Pike—You haven't lost your job, have you?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Blinken with a touch of irritation. "I'm just not going to get up, that's all."

Mrs. Blinken seemed to make a rapid mental decision. "Well, all right," she said, as though she had been invited to concur in the decision, which was not the case. She added hopefully, "Take a day off; perhaps you'll feel better tomorrow. A day's rest will do you good. You'll get up tomorrow, won't you?"

Mr. Blinken had every intention of getting up the next day. Yet to his own amazement, he heard himself say: "I might, and then again I might not. It depends on whether I want to." He knew he was upsetting Henrietta, but Henrietta was upsetting him. She continued to look at him doubtfully, but she said nothing more. After a minute, she turned and went downstairs.

In ten minutes, she came up with a tray. It carried his breakfast and a copy of that day's *Upper Montclair Courier*. Mr. Blinken did not ordinarily read the *Courier*; he bought the *New York Times* at the station and read it on his way to Manhattan. But Mrs. Blinken read the *Courier*, partly because of Willie. As a matter of fact, Mr. Blinken noticed an article by Willie.

He was halfway through the article, and his breakfast, when his daughter Helen appeared in the doorway. As the school was only a few minutes' walk from the house, her morning routine was not so strenuous as her father's.

"Good morning, Father," she said. "Mother says you're going to spend the day in bed. Aren't you well?"

"I'm perfectly well," said Mr. Blinken with a trace of impatience. "I just decided to stay in bed, that's all."

His daughter looked at him for a moment, and then grinned wickedly. "You old devil," she said. "I bet you're just malingering. Well, take a day off. It will do you no harm."

He grinned back at her, and a rush of affection filled his heart. She was a pretty nice girl, and why she should want to get mixed up with that pimply-faced Willie was more than he could see.

His daughter left the room, and he heard her talking to her mother in the hall below. Then the door closed behind Helen.

BREAKFAST OVER, Mr. Blinken settled back in his pillows and read the *Courier* all the way through. He found it dull. At a quarter past nine, he heard his wife in the lower hall making a long-distance call to New York. He could not hear her words distinctly, but from her intonation he surmised that she was talking to Mr. Pike, telling him that her husband was ill and would not be in

today. Old man Pike was evidently saying the right things, the things you are supposed to say under the circumstances, because he heard Mrs. Blinken answering "Thank you. . . . Thank you. . . . Yes, I'll tell him. . . . Oh, I'm sure he'll be all right tomorrow."

MR. BLINKEN got out of bed, crossed the room, and took a battered old book from the bookcase that stood against the wall. It was a childhood favorite of his, *Sailing Alone Around the World*, by Captain Joshua Slocum, and for more than forty years he had been in the habit of reading it whenever a touch of the gripe, or some other slight malady, kept him in bed for a few days. He banked the pillows, and settled down to reread the wanderings of the sloop *Spray*. But he must have dozed off, because he opened his eyes with a start. In the doorway stood his wife, and beside her was the tall, familiar figure of Dr. Snodgrass.

"Did we wake you, George?" asked his wife. "I thought Dr. Snodgrass had better have a look at you."

"I'm not sick," said Mr. Blinken. It seemed to him that he had spent the whole morning repeating this phrase.

"Of course not, George," said Dr. Snodgrass, "but it can't do any harm for me to look you over. I haven't examined you for a year."

Mr. Blinken said no more, and submitted meekly while Dr. Snodgrass took his blood pressure, listened to his heart, and looked at his tongue and eyes. "You look all right to me, George," said Dr. Snodgrass finally. "Maybe a little tired. Take a rest in bed."

"I intend to," said Mr. Blinken, grimly, and he gave the doctor a mock military salute as he left.

The day wore on pleasantly as the *Spray* battled her way from Boston to Gibraltar and then back across the Atlantic to Buenos Aires. Mr. Blinken had his lunch on a tray and napped a little more. The next thing he knew, it was five o'clock. The chatter of voices downstairs had the sudden vivacity that indicated the presence of someone other than a member of the household. He heard his wife and daughter and Willie's high nasal twang. From the slight clinking sounds, he judged that his wife and daughter were having tea and were giving Willie a highball. In a few minutes, footsteps came up the stairs, the light staccato of his daughter.

"How are you, Father?" she asked from the doorway. "Willie would like to come in and say hello." Willie confirmed this statement by entering the room behind her.

"Good evening, sir," said Willie. Mr. Blinken objected to being called sir, as though he were an old man instead of a scant fifty-two. "I'm sorry to hear you're not well," Willie said respectfully.

"I'm perfectly well," said Mr. Blinken acidly, and a mischievous impulse crossed his mind. Like many people who pride themselves on a sense of humor, he liked to mystify those who had none. "I'm doing this on principle," he added, looking at his daughter Helen, and mutely inviting her to share the fun. But Helen did not seem to care much for the joke.

"Sir?" questioned Willie respectfully. "On principle," said Mr. Blinken again, and was surprised to hear himself adding, "Look at all the trouble the world

is in—war, atom bombs, depressions, and everything. And all because people keep getting out of bed."

"Really?" said Willie, looking at him with round eyes. Mr. Blinken felt a twinge of regret; the shadowy thought passed through his mind that he might be making a mistake, but he didn't see how he could back down at this point.

"Certainly," said Mr. Blinken. "Look—look at Hitler. Look at Mussolini. Think of all the trouble they caused. Always while they were up and dressed." He paused for possible comment by Willie, but that young man was gazing at him with interest, and so far as Mr. Blinken could judge, with respect.

"What we need," said Mr. Blinken, getting more unhappy by the minute but seemingly unable to stop himself, "is a new organization. People pledged to stay in bed until things get better. Pledged not to get up until the world rights itself."

After a long pause, Willie spoke, still respectfully. "But, sir, if everybody did that, how would the world's work get done? How about the people who—how grow food, or run trains, or keep electric power stations going?"

"That," said Mr. Blinken, "is their lookout."

Willie was observing him with fresh interest. "Mr. Blinken," he said respectfully, "that's a very interesting point of view. Would you mind being quoted?" Mr. Blinken's heart sank, but he seemed driven by a strange inward compulsion. After all, he couldn't suddenly reverse his field and admit he had only been joking—especially in Helen's presence. "Quote away," he said, with what he hoped was airy nonchalance. He tried again to catch Helen's eye and wink at her, but she seemed to be looking at the ceiling. After a few minutes of desultory conversation about the new waterworks, she and Willie left the room together, and almost at once, the slamming of the outside door told Mr. Blinken that Willie had gone.

THE RINGING of the telephone snatched Mr. Blinken out of deep sleep. He looked at the bedside alarm clock; it was eight o'clock in the morning, and blazing sunshine filled the room. His wife, he noted, had gone downstairs to get breakfast, and had let him sleep, presumably on the assumption, in spite of his repeated denials, that he was physically unwell. He couldn't imagine who could be calling at this time of the morning. He heard his wife answer in the rather shrill tones she always used on such occasions. Mrs. Blinken did not like the phone.

In a moment, she came to the foot of the stairs and called: "George, are you awake?"

Mr. Blinken said he was.

"It's the New York World-Telegram," said Mrs. Blinken. "He wants to talk to you about the story in the New York Times this morning."

"What story?" asked Mr. Blinken reasonably.

"I don't know, George," said Mrs. Blinken, and added, "I didn't even know the New York Times printed stories."

"It's a newspaper term," her husband explained. "It means an article. Maybe I'd better talk to him," he added, and went downstairs.

The young man was pleasant but hurried. "Mr. Blinken," he said. "I just

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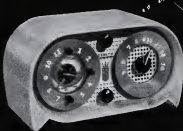
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wanted to check on this article in the New York Times.

"What article?" asked Mr. Blinken, still reasonable.

"Why, this article in the Times about your new organization—The League to Stay in Bed."

Mr. Blinken felt as though his stomach had dropped several feet, although the rest of him stayed at the telephone. "I haven't seen the Times," he said mildly. "Perhaps you had better read me the article."

"Okay," said the young man from the World-Telegram, and proceeded to do so, politely distinguishing between the headline and the body of the article. "Begins New Movement to Solve World's Ills—Hopes Example Will Be Followed by Many. Special to the New York Times."

"Upper Montclair, N. J., March 4—George Blinken, 1911 Creswood Drive, believes that the world's troubles could be solved if only enough people went to bed and stayed there."

"One to practice what he preaches, Mr. Blinken today began a sojourn in bed of indefinite duration."

"All the world's troubles," said Mr. Blinken today to a representative of the New York Times, "have been caused by people who were up and fully dressed. Look at Hitler; look at Mussolini."

"What the world needs," Mr. Blinken told your correspondent, "is an organization of people who will agree to stay in bed until times get better, a league to stay in bed."

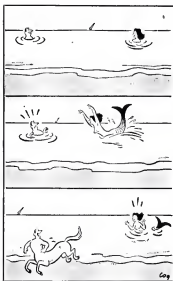
There was a little more in the same vein, but Mr. Blinken had stopped listening. His eye caught the oblong white of the Upper Montclair Courier lying at the other end of the telephone table. He was able to see a big black headline on page one. "Upper Montclair Man Stays in Bed," he read. Evidently Willie Fitzroy had taken him at his word and had written an article that somebody—perhaps Willie himself—had then sent to the New York Times.

"The World-Telegram is going to carry a story on the same subject," said the young man on the telephone. "We just wanted to check up and see whether the facts were correct, and whether you wanted to add other details."

Mr. Blinken wanted to shout a vehement denial, to explain that it was all a joke, that if Willie Fitzroy were not an utter fool, he would have known better. But to his horror, he heard his own voice affirming the truth of the Times report. He even added a detail or two about The League to Stay in Bed. There were to be no dues or initiation fee, no organization. Any potential member could initiate himself just by refusing to get up. He didn't know how long each individual should stay in bed—that was up to him. How would people know when things had got better again, and members of The League could get up with a clear conscience? Mr. Blinken was pretty sure anybody would be able to tell.

Finally the young man hung up, and Mr. Blinken immediately picked up the Courier. The page-one story there was the same in substance as the one that had been read to him over the telephone. Before he had finished it, the phone rang again, and he answered it.

"Is this the Blinken residence?" a strange voice wanted to know. When he said it was, the voice added, "Is this Mr. Blinken?" When he admitted his identity, the voice seemed surprised.



"Why aren't you in bed?" it wanted to know, but immediately went on: "This is Harry Jenkins of Paramount Newsreel. How about letting us come out and do some pictures of you?" Again Mr. Blinken wanted to say, "No, certainly not." He was pained but not surprised to hear himself meekly agree they could come out that afternoon.

Now began The Ordeal of George Blinken, to say nothing of Mrs. Blinken and their daughter. During the rest of the day, the telephone was never out of use more than a minute or two. The Associated Press, United Press, and International News Service all called up to get further details on the story that, it turned out, all three had sent out the night before. The Journal-American called up. Mary Margaret McBride, through an assistant, invited Mr. Blinken to be interviewed on her program. So did Tex and Jinx, Ed and Peggen, and Dorothy and Dick.

YET THESE calls were only a minor part of the problem the Blinken household had to face. A dozen reporters, photographers, and newsreel men were soon camped on the front porch, or sitting in the living room. A steady stream of Western Union Telegraph boys tramped up and down the steps. Their messages were invitations to Mr. Blinken to endorse somebody's mattress, somebody else's pajamas, and all the products of the Lewis & Conger Sleep Shop. At eleven A.M., a transatlantic telephone call came in from a reporter on the London Express, who interviewed Mr. Blinken in such a thick Oxford accent he was almost unintelligible. It was clear, however, that the reporter intended to be veddy, veddy funny in his story about the Ammedicans. A little later another call was received, from a reporter for Ce Soir, in Paris, but his English was so bad that Mr. Blinken just hung up.

Around lunchtime, the character of the telegrams began to change. Mr. Jabez Ormicut, in Spokane, Washington, sent the first of what was to be a flood of wires. "Heartily endorse your great crusade and wonderful new philosophy,"

said the wire from Mr. Ormicut. "Earnestly request accept me as member organization. Please wire collect amount annual dues and how make out check. Hope will consider me for chairman Spokane branch."

By two o'clock, thirty-five wires, in general similar to Mr. Ormicut's, had been received. A lady in Phoenix wanted to know whether she could become chairman of the women's auxiliary, "Am in bed while writing this message," her telegram read. "Shall stay here at least until receive your reply." A wholesale jewelry house in Chicago asked the privilege of designing a jeweled pin for The League to Stay in Bed. Ovaltine offered him a thousand dollars for a testimonial.

At half-past four, Helen came home from school and brought the New York evening papers with her. In every one, the Blinken story was on the front page, and in the *Journal-American* and the *World-Telegram*, it was the chief story of the day.

President Truman, at his press conference that morning, had been asked about The League to Stay in Bed and had replied, "No comment." When his questioners persisted, he had referred them to his Committee of Economic Advisers. Reporters had sought out the committee, a spokesman for whom had said, "No comment." In the House of Commons, a question had been asked of the Home Secretary. Was the Right Honorable Gentleman aware that in America a movement was on foot for people to stay in bed, and was the Right Honorable Gentleman prepared to give similar advice to the people of the British

Isles? The Home Secretary had replied that nothing was farther from his mind than any suggestion that Great Britain should interfere in the internal affairs of the United States of America, which had so wholeheartedly come to the rescue of the Empire—he meant to say, the Commonwealth. In Moscow, it was learned that Pravda was publishing the following day a Tass dispatch from New York regarding the degeneration of American capitalism: having reached its final stages, the decadent bourgeoisie had taken to its bed.

A WEEK of misery and confusion followed, somewhat mitigated by an unexpected turn of events. Three nice young people turned up at ten o'clock one morning, explaining that they were from *Life Magazine*, that *Life* intended to do a story on The League to Stay in Bed; from their tone, you might have thought they were announcing that Mr. Blinken had been awarded the Distinguished Service Medal. One young man was a writer, another was a photographer, and the very pretty girl with them explained that she was a researcher. (The Blinkens never did find out exactly what a researcher is supposed to do.)

Before the three had been in the house ten minutes, they saw that Mrs. Blinken was helpless under the flood of telegrams, letters, and telephone calls. *Life* came to the rescue. The writer managed to sandwich in an outgoing telephone call, and within an hour, Miss Crespi was on the scene. She was, it turned out, one of Henry Luce's most efficient secretaries, she carried a portable typewriter,

and she moved in for the duration. *Life* rented a room for her in the neighborhood, and she was on duty every day from nine to five, with an hour off for lunch. Her arrival prevented Mrs. Blinken from having a nervous breakdown. Miss Crespi had no hesitation in sending visitors about their business. She carried in her head a catalogue of all the famous and near-famous people in the world, and knew instantaneously just how to treat every telephone caller or visitor.

Not the least important of the visitors Miss Crespi admitted was Arthur Pike, Jr., a young man with a toothbrush haircut, son of Mr. Blinken's employer. Arthur Pike entered the bedroom—Mr. Blinken felt honor bound to spend most of each day in bed or at least in pajamas and dressing gown so that he could hop back into bed at a moment's notice—and greeted his father's employee affably.

"Hello, Mr. Blinken," he said cheerily. Arthur, Jr., was twenty-six, a graduate of the Harvard School of Business, and a great believer in modern methods.

"Hello," said Mr. Blinken, a little warily. He was not quite sure whether Arthur was there as friend or foe. However, the young man's next words seemed intended to be friendly.

"Well, what a wizard at publicity you turned out to be."

"Yes?" said Mr. Blinken, still somewhat wary.

"Yes and double yes," said Arthur, Jr. "Never saw anything like it in my life. Father was inclined to be upset at first—a little old-fashioned, you know. Firm's dignity, you know. But I pointed out to him that nearly every article and



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big bottle is so big!
it holds 20 ounces!"

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Detaches and Removes Germ-Harboring Film from Mouth and Throat

Before Business and Social Engagements { IT TASTES GOOD—IT'S GOOD TASTE!

broadcast and newsreel picture said you were employed by Pike and Company, Ship Chandlers. Some of them even said Water Street. Couldn't have bought the publicity for ten million dollars. So Father finally broke down and said okay."

He paused, and Mr. Blinken had a vague feeling he was supposed to express gratitude or something. As he said nothing, Arthur, Jr., went on. "Pop would like to know, though, when you are coming back to work. Guess he's scared about the condition the books may be getting into."

Mr. Blinken longed to say that he would be back at work as soon as he could think of any way out of his idiotic mess; but he did not feel like making a confidant of Arthur, Jr. So he merely sent a message of thanks to Mr. Pike, Sr., and said vaguely that he expected to be back at work "very soon." Whereupon young Mr. Pike departed.

BY THE end of the week, the situation was, briefly, as follows:

Upper Montclair had installed a special policeman at the corner of Creswood Drive and Arbor Vista Street to handle the traffic, which had caused congestion for two miles back.

Two rival sellers of hot dogs, ice cream, and souvenirs had set up for business in front of the house, and spent most of their time fighting each other.

The telephone company had put in two emergency wires, and Miss Crespi was handling them, with the aid of an assistant, who was also a secretary from the Luce organization.

There were forty-two known chapters of The League to Stay in Bed, thirty of them in the United States, four in Canada, and eight in other countries.

Bob Hope had said in his weekly broadcast that his father-in-law was a farsighted man. "He is so farsighted," said Bob, "that he joined The League to Stay in Bed thirty years before it was formed."

The New York Daily News published an editorial in which it said that Mr. Blinken had exactly the wrong idea. What the world needed was more productivity, and productivity was constantly being hampered because people knocked off work and went to bed. Abolish beds by law, said the Daily News, and make people stay up and keep on the job, and you would bring a boom. This idea grates to the Truman administration, but that it knew full well Washington was not smart enough to take advantage of it.

Walter Winchell announced on his weekly broadcast that Mrs. Blinken was going to Reno for a divorce. (A week later, he reported indignantly that "Those reports that Mrs. Blinken is going to Reno are false, and this newsboy is the first to broadcast this exclusive denial.")

Drew Pearson, on the other hand, announced that The League to Stay in Bed was inspired by Moscow, and that attacks on it in Pravda were camouflage. He prefaced his remarks by saying "This will be denied." It was.

Walter Lippmann, in his syndicated column, said, referring to The League, that "the question now remains whether the American people have the intelligent sagacity, the sagacious intelligence, to grapple with this new problem on the highest level in the little time we have."

The newsreels shot a total of more than

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ EAR-PLUG DEPARTMENT, PLEASE

P. J. Blackwell

I hate to make a needless fuss,
But everywhere I'm haunted
By music tintinnabulous,
Persistent and unwanted.

I settle in the dentist's chair.
No sooner am I worried there
Than music starts—piped in, of
course,
From some remote, exhaustless
source.

I'm stubbornly unwilling
To mingle art and drilling.

Do decibels infuriate
Less often at the grocery?
Do peace and quiet dominate?
Again, the answer's No, siree!
I count that shop a dismal floor
Where customers arriving
Must take a crop of shrill bebop
Designed to set them jiving.

I need no stunning blare of a
rousing martial air
To speed me to my modest stint
of buying;
And that polka played at six is
the shabbiest of tricks
To rush me out and get me
homeward lying.

Music, music everywhere—
With work, with food and drink,
While tripping on the station stair,
While drugging at the sink,
While tearing out my meager hair
And fighting hard to think.

I'm an ardent music lover, and
enthusiastic friend of it,
But every other month or so I'd
like to hear the end of it.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

twelve thousand feet of Mr. Blinken in bed, (Mrs. Blinken hanging out the wash (they obligingly brought the wash and the clothesline with them, in case the Blinkens patronized a steam laundry, which in fact they did), Helen going to school, the rival ice-cream vendors, and of their own cameramen in the process of taking all these pictures.

Life Magazine took about four hundred pictures, many in full color, and published six. In its story, the magazine took a severely critical tone about Mr. Blinken. "The League to Stay in Bed," said Life in a hurt tone, "is an example of the lengths to which a publicity-mad generation will go to get publicity. Newspapers and magazines that print silly pictures like those on this page are doing a subtle disservice to our Christian civilization. By catering to the public's love of sensation, they help more people to think up more foolish stunts to produce more pic-

tures like these." Among Life's illustrations was one showing Mr. Blinken going into the bathroom in his pajamas, one coming out of the bathroom in his pajamas, and one showing his dog, Towser, wearing pajamas of the same material as Mr. Blinken's, and asleep beside him in bed. (The Blinkens did not own a dog, but Life resourcefully rented one for a day from the Upper Montclair Humane Society. It also furnished the pajamas—both pairs.)

On the afternoon of the eighth day, Mr. Blinken's daughter, Helen, came into his bedroom at about five o'clock, having arrived home from school half an hour earlier. Her father happened to be alone; the last of the day's visitors had been shoed out by Miss Crespi twenty minutes earlier. For once, the house seemed actually quiet. The only noises heard were from outside—the rival ice-cream and souvenir men shouting their wares, the honking of automobile horns as inquisitive tourists drove past, and the whistles of the traffic policemen who were trying to keep them moving.

Helen made a few desultory remarks about the sort of day she had had at school and the sort of day her father had had at home, and then plunged to a matter of business.

"Father," she said, "Willie is downstairs."

"Is he?" said Mr. Blinken. It was not a question, but not quite a statement of fact, either.

"He wants to know," said Helen, "whether he may come up and see you."

"Why not?" asked Mr. Blinken, reasonable as usual. "What's to prevent him?" And he added, "Everybody else has."

"He wasn't sure," said Helen, "whether you would be mad at him for having started this whole thing."

"He didn't start it," said Mr. Blinken, who felt he was being extraordinarily Christian in his attitude. "It was I who started it."

"Well, anyhow," said Helen, evading any controversy, "he wants to come up." She went to the head of the stairs. "It's all right, Willie," she called. "You can come up."

Willie sidled into the room, rather as if he expected Mr. Blinken to throw the alarm clock at him. His pimples seemed worse than ever, and beads of moisture stood on his forehead.

"Hello, Willie," said Mr. Blinken, in a noncommittal voice.

"Hello, Mr. Blinken," said Willie, with a slight quaver. Then he stood silent.

"Well, we certainly started something," said Mr. Blinken.

"Yes, sir," said Willie eagerly, heartened by the use of the word "we."

THERE WAS a long pause, and then Willie spoke with a slight return of the professional manner of the star reporter for the Upper Montclair Courier. "Have you any plans, sir?" asked Willie timorously.

"Certainly," Mr. Blinken was astonished to hear himself reply. "I'm going to get up."

"You are?" asked Willie with excitement. He dug awkwardly in his pockets for a folded pad of copy paper; he had seen reporters in the movies carry copy paper folded in that way.

"Yes," said Mr. Blinken with decision, although two minutes earlier he had had no idea that he had made his mind up.

"The League to Stay in Bed has been attracting the wrong people."

"The wrong people," Willie repeated, writing it down.

"Yes," Mr. Blinken went on, speaking slowly so that Willie would be sure to get it right, "it's not the little, anonymous people"—he had a vague idea he had heard that phrase before somewhere, but he hurried on—"it's not the little, anonymous people who need to stay in bed. It's Truman. It's Bevin. It's Stalin." He tried to think of the name of the French premier, but couldn't, and dropped his listing. "It's the rulers of the world," said Mr. Blinken—"they are the ones who get us into trouble. Running up expenses so that taxes are too heavy. Making armies and navies bigger. Writing all these notes." He waited for Willie to catch up with him. "The League to Stay in Bed," said Mr. Blinken, "so far as I am concerned, is dissolved here and now. I'm going to get up and go back to work tomorrow morning. I advise all the other members to do the same."

"Can I quote you on this?" asked Willie. He proved thereby that he would never be a good newspaperman, as the first test is to know without asking when the person interviewed wants to be quoted but does not want to be put to the embarrassment of saying so.

"Certainly you may quote me," said Mr. Blinken, smiling at his daughter. She smiled back at him.

"Oh, boy," said Willie. "I must get this right on the wires," he added, stuffing the copy paper back in his pocket. "G'by, sir. See you later, Helen." He clattered downstairs, and they heard him dialing.

IN THE sudden quiet, father and daughter looked at one another.

"That boy's a fool," said Mr. Blinken, thoughtfully and without emotion.

"In some ways, yes," said Helen, and then added, "I guess that's why I'm going to marry him, Father."

"You are? It is?" asked Mr. Blinken in surprise.

"Yes, Father," said Helen. "He really needs somebody to look after him. I never realized it until the other day when you told him all that nonsense about staying in bed, and he went and printed it. He practically needs a keeper, and I might as well take on the job."

Pin wheels were bursting inside Mr. Blinken's head, but they died down in a few seconds.

"He hasn't any humor," said Mr. Blinken warningly. Helen looked him straight in the eye.

"You married Mother," she said, "and you've got along all right."

"So I did," said Mr. Blinken softly. Suddenly he felt very close to his daughter. They had never before admitted the bond their common humor made between them.

"Well," he said at last, "I hope you will be very happy."

"Thank you, Father," said Helen, with a touch of moisture in her eyes. After a moment, she turned to leave the room. They could both hear Willie's high, excited voice on the telephone.

"If you're going downstairs," said Mr. Blinken, "will you give your mother a message for me?" He threw back the covers and put his feet on the floor.

"Of course," said Helen, and waited. "Tell your mother," said Mr. Blinken, "that I'm going to get up for supper. I might just as well."

THE END

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(Continued from page 36)

My Favorite Column

DOROTHY KILGALLEN

Each Month, COSMOPOLITAN will present a well-known journalist's selection of the favorite of all of his own columns



I suppose I like this one because I felt like writing it, and it came easily. And it was my story alone; nobody else who writes had seen it happen. I couldn't tell at the time whether anyone who read it would find it fascinating, but I didn't much care. I wrote it for myself, and for Little Joe.

Gideon Solomon is a Negro boy who is better known, but not much better, as "Big Joe." He is not really big at all; he is only big alongside Little Joe, who is a doll. Big Joe created Little Joe with his own hands in a PAL class in Harlem, and now they are partners and friends and something else to each other that is subtle and uncanny. Sometimes it frightens people who notice it. Sometimes it frightens Big Joe.

Ever since he was eight years old, Big Joe has been "busing" on the streets of New York, first in Harlem, then down in Times Square. He would climb up on top of a parked car, clutching a cheap little dummy bought in a drugstore with money he had earned as a shoeshine boy, and he would make the dummy joke and sing. His brother, who was seven, would pass the hat around the crowd that gathered.

The policemen, of course, were always chasing him. Sometimes they caught up with him. Then his mother, whom he supported with his pennies and the nickels, would go down to the police station and get him out.

As he grew up, he became a fine ventriloquist. He made Little Joe out of papier-mâché with the traditional dummy's square loose jaw of wood, and he painted him to look like a Negro boy, and he dressed him in a Dodgers' baseball uniform, and he took to carrying him into small side-street barrooms where the proprietors were glad to let them perform for anything the customers gave them.

Big Joe was an unusual kind of ventriloquist—he never said anything, he let the doll do all the talking. And if you knew Joe, you noticed something odd. He was shy and soft-spoken

and inarticulate to the point of stammering; but the doll was glib and wise and always in command of his audience. Sometimes he showed real wit, although Big Joe is almost never funny. People who saw a lot of them used to find themselves forgetting Big Joe. Suddenly they would realize they had been talking just to Little Joe.

That happened to Big Joe, too. Something even stranger happened. He would be alone in a room with Little Joe, and after a while it would come to him with a start that Little Joe was talking to him.

One night they worked a bar on Forty-sixth Street, right after the Dodgers had won a game, and Little Joe was wearing his Dodgers' uniform and the people in the bar were laughing and talking to him.

Then Little Joe got into an argument with a man at the bar. Little Joe was just gloating a little and praising the men on the Dodgers' team, but the big man in the business suit was a Giants rooster and he got mad. His face hardened and everybody could see Little Joe had him boiling.

Maybe that was what made it so terrible for the big man. Everyone could see the little dummy had him.

His face got hard and his voice got loud and he said something angry to Little Joe, and whatever Little Joe said back struck the people funny and they laughed, and that did it.

The man stepped back and clenched his fist and swung at Little Joe.

He punched him out of Big Joe's arms, and Big Joe grabbed a beer bottle from the bar, but some people held his arms and others held the man, who was going for Little Joe again.

They threw the man out of the bar, and the ladies crowded around and said to Big Joe what a shame it was, and Big Joe kept saying softly, "I don't understand it. Little Joe didn't mean any harm."

The little dummy lay on the floor like a child. Its wooden jaw hung loose and its neck was broken from the blow, and its papier-mâché head was crushed in back where it hit the floor.

Big Joe picked it up carefully and carried it home.

it wins, it'll pay off in telephone numbers. Better get aboard."

Al hung up and called a bookmaker in Hollywood and asked for the price. The bookmaker told him that the top he paid was fifteen, six, and three across the board, regardless of the pari-mutuel price at the track. So Al called Ike Perlstein back in New York to get him down with the New York books at the pari-mutuel price. But the trainer had already left for the track. Al had to place his bet in Hollywood.

"Frank," he said, "I'm bettin' ya a thousand straight and show on Miquelon in the sixth at Aqueduct."

Right after the race, the call came at the Hillcrest from the bookie. "Well, Al, your horse win and paid a haul. You win eighteen thousand dollars."

"Never mind that," Al said. "What was the mutual price at the track?"

"A hundred-and-twenty-five for two," said the bookie.

Al brooded for a week. Sure, he had won eighteen thousand. But somewhere someone had been paid off a hundred-and-twenty-five for two. Jolson had been outsmarted by fate, topped—and on his own horse, too.

Now he hated to be topped in anything! He loved to play golf. When he married Ruby Keeler, he wanted her to be able to play with him. He hired Leo Diegel, one of the great pros, to teach her the game. Ruby is a natural-born athlete, and she learned fast. One day, she went out with Al and beat him. He never played another game of golf in his life.

He was so much in love with performing and with the applause that went with it, that luring him onto a charity stage was no problem. Getting him off, though, was another thing. One night, his friend George Jessel, acting as master of ceremonies, introduced Al at a big benefit. Jolson came on swiftly, making the shoo-shoo gesture with his hands. "All right. All right. Folks, you ain't heard nothin' yet." And he went right into a song, as Jessel slunk into the wings. Al was on—and on and on—one number—two numbers—five numbers. Finally, Jessel could not stand it any longer. Dropping his trousers to the floor, he walked out onto the stage in his underwear. "Folks," he said, "you ain't seen nothin' yet."

On a stage, Al Jolson couldn't make a wrong move. He had an instinctive genius for doing the right thing. It had to be that way, because Al literally could not stomach being anything but great. Many a night I saw him in the wings before his first entrance, wringing his hands nervously, wiping the cold sweat from his forehead, even throwing up. It may seem fantastic, even to some who thought they knew Al pretty well, but even to the end, he had to keep proving to himself that he was good. Despite the bravado, the magnificent air of self-confidence, despite the fact that the American public obviously recognized Jolson as just about the greatest one-man show in the history of the amusement business—Al had some bad times when, deep down, he was unsure of himself, when he felt that he was only as good as his next performance.

Maybe he was remembering the bitter

early days at the turn of the century when the aroma of beans and coffee in Max's Busy Bee on the Bowery would assail his quivering nostrils and the sign said: "Coffee 2¢ a cup—but COFFEE"—and he didn't even have the price of a smell; the nights when he slept on park benches, Horatio Alger Jolson; the tuxedos he hired at fifty cents a night so he could play a five-dollar benefit in formal; and the endless walking down Fourteenth Street, Luchow's Restaurant beckoning on one side and Tony Pastor's vaudeville house on the other. The billboard had names up like Honeyboy Evans, Eddie Leonard, McIntyre & Heath—names that taunted Al because they didn't spell Jolson. He'd mutter, "Some day, I'll show 'em."

He showed 'em, all right. But the price he paid was a measure of personal unhappiness, the price paid by all perfectionists. He was never able to stop proving his greatness, whether the audience numbered a thousand, a hundred, or just one—himself. When the first number was over and he heard the applause, he'd purr: "Hah hah—I got 'em." But if he didn't get them with that opening blast, he'd go to work on them with redoubled frenzy, as though his very life depended upon their approval, and I've never seen the time that he didn't succeed in winning an audience over. With one exception.

It was opening night at the Winter Garden, Al's first appearance there, in "La Belle Parée," in 1910. The song was "Get Out and Get Under." Al was virtually unknown, and the Shuberts made the mistake of putting him on next to closing, at eleven o'clock—hat-reaching time for most restless first-nighters at Broadway musicals. After the dismal reception, Jolson fled from the theatre in his make-up. Jake Shubert caught up with him a block away.

"What's wrong, kid?"
"Get yourself another boy," Jolson sulked. "How do you expect anybody to be a hit 'in one' at that time of night?"
"Okay," Shubert said, "what would you like me to do?"

"Just one thing," Al said, "put me on at nine-thirty tomorrow night."

Shubert agreed. And on the second night, Jolson was a sensation. And he never stopped being one from that night on.

DURING the years I knew him, I was always groping for answers to the complexities of Al's nature. Trying to figure him was like a batter trying to solve a good pitcher's delivery. Just when you were sure he was going to throw you a fast ball, in he would come with a curve.

"That funny look on your kisser, Harry," he once said. "What're ya tryin' to do, dope me out? Stop wastin' your time. I can't even figure myself out."

But each of his intimates was certain he had Jolie psyched and pigeonholed. To each, he was something different. And of course they were all wrong, because Jolie was none of these and all of these. Maybe that was what made him so irresistibly fascinating, offstage as well as on, to so many different kinds of people in all walks of life.

If he liked you, he not only did you a thousand large and small kindnesses, he also reserved the right to abuse you. But if he didn't like you, you were completely ignored. You simply did not

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exist. His impulsive nature often made him say unkind things for which he was immediately sorry. He'd stew in his own juices, hating himself for being that way and for not being able to stop. Those who knew the real Jolson would stay away from him during the stewing-off period and wait for the inevitable peace offering—a hunk of sturgeon flown out to the Coast from Barney Greengrass's in New York, a country ham with redeye gravy imported from the hills of Tennessee, or a smoked turkey from the nearest delicatessen. Then in a few days the phone would ring, and Al, without apologies, would say, "Meet me at Mike Lyman's, and we'll go to the fights after dinner." Or, "C'mon out to the house tonight. Steaks, four inches thick." And you always went. How long could you stay away from that magnetic charm? What a dreamboat—when he wanted to be.

SOME OF Al's friends compounded devotion with a touch of fanaticism. They vied with each other to see who could outdo whom in the burnt-offering department. Dr. Sam Lubalin, a prominent New York dentist, was so devoted to Al that he thought nothing of sacrificing a lucrative practice to show it. Every time Al picked up the phone in Beverly Hills and called Lubalin in New York to say, "Doc, I miss ya," the dentist would turn to his nurse and say, "Cancel all appointments for the next two weeks," and hop the next plane for the Coast. Jolson was so touched that he rewarded Dr. Lubalin with a small piece of "The Jolson Story" profits. A small piece of anything Jolson was always a large piece of change.

Sammy Hamlin, a shirtwaist manufacturer, was a Jolson idolater of recent vintage. He thought nothing of picking up a phone in New York and calling Jolie in California just to say: "Al, I love you. Good-by." In the winter of '46, Al and I were at the Lord Tarleton Hotel in Miami Beach on our way to a March of Dimes benefit in Key West. Sammy Hamlin happened to be there. Somehow, Sammy just happened to be in a lot of places Jolson was headed for. Sammy found out that Al and I were driving down to Key West the next morning at dawn. He came to me. "Harry, if I could go along on that ride, in the same car with Al, it'd be the biggest thing that ever happened to me in my whole life." "All right," I said, "be on the front steps of the hotel at five o'clock tomorrow morning where Al can't help seeing you on the way to the car. But don't tell him I told you."

At dawn, Al and I emerged from the hotel. I looked around in the darkness. No Sammy. We went down the steps. Suddenly I saw the inert form lying there, asleep. Hamlin had toured the Miami Beach bars all night and finally settled down on the steps, afraid he might miss Jolson if he went to bed.

I kicked Sammy awake.

"Al," I said, "look. He sleeps on hard concrete not to miss you. What a sacrifice! What devotion!"

Al was touched. He told Sammy along. Sammy hadn't known, however, about Al's mania for high-speed driving. Tearing down the Causeway to Key West, Al began to open up the Chrysler Town & Country—eighty, ninety, a hundred miles an hour. In the back seat, Sammy Hamlin was getting bug-eyed with ter-

ror. The sun came up. People could be seen moving around in the little fishing villages. Sammy was trembling, but he was afraid to say anything, afraid to tell his god, the great Jolson, to slow down.

"Faces," he stammered. "F-I-I-faces—" Jolie said, "What're you talking about?"

"Al," Sammy cried, "I can't see the faces!"

The crazy things you remember . . . Jolson the hypochondriac. Jolson the doctor. From earliest childhood, he lived in constant fear of t.b. It haunted him. Every time he coughed, it was with alarm. He diverted his ASCAP royalties to the Tubercular Hospital at Saranac Lake, New York. Al never seemed happier than when riding in an open car under the desert sun of California or Arizona, stripped to the waist—he and the car both with the top down. His passion for sunshine, intense preoccupation with feeling fit, looking fit, and acting fit, might have been his way of proving to himself over and over: You're okay, Al, you haven't got it. Yet.

This love of good health and vitality made him impatient with any signs of infirmity, in himself or others. During the last few years of his life, he was a little hard of hearing and missed words here and there. But he always let the remark go by, rather than ask someone to repeat it. Everybody marveled at his wonderful teeth, and they were the McCoy, every one of them. If a bottle opener wasn't handy, he'd remove the cap with his teeth. But few people knew that, toward the end, he was using his blackener every morning with the same regularity with which he used his toothbrush. He hid the signs of age from the public as though he owed it to them.

He'd be working his way slowly up Fifth Avenue, peering through his bifocals, with me at his side to pace him, when he'd hear the voice of a passer-by saying, "Isn't that Al Jolson?" Off would go the glasses, back would go the shoulders, the spine would stiffen, the pace would quicken, and Jolie would go bounding away like the colt he no longer was. Still, even in his sixties, he had more vitality than most men twenty years his junior. When he made the trips to Palm Springs, he was Ponce de León looking for the Fountain of Youth, not realizing that it was right there inside him all the time.

This preoccupation with his health led Al, naturally, to the inevitable by-product of hypochondria—amateur medicine. He patronized a small army of doctors, but insisted they never knew what they were talking about. He liked to tell them not only what was wrong with him, but also how to cure it. He always opened *Time Magazine* to the page headed "Medicine." When a newfangled miracle drug emerged from the laboratories, Al would have it before the drugstores. He knew just enough about medicine to get himself into trouble, but not enough to get himself out of it.

ONE DAY in the late twenties, Al phoned me at my home and asked me to meet him at St. Vincent's Hospital in Los Angeles. Knowing better than to ask questions, I took a cab right over. Riding up in the hospital elevator I asked, "Where are we going?"

"To see Harry Brandt," he said. Brandt, now a top executive at Twentieth Century-Fox, was one of Al's dearest friends.

The elevator stopped. We got out, and almost before I knew what was happening, we were whipped into white aprons and gauze masks and escorted through a door marked "Surgery."

"Hello, Al." The voice came from the guy lying on the operating table. Harry Brandt.

I looked at the glaring overhead lights, the nurses, the anesthetist, the surgeon, the gleaming instruments, and my knees began to shake. Dr. Jolson stood calmly, like any true student of medicine, looking on with rapt attention while the surgeon removed the appendix of his good friend, Harry Brandt.

Al's claim to greatness in the field of medicine will have to rest with an ointment known as "The Jolson Formula." When Ruby Keeler left Al, he found himself carrying not only the torch but also a bad case of eczema. The emotional upheaval had given him the itch, and it was driving him crazy. In his frantic attempts to get away from his troubles, he checked in and out of hotels so fast nobody could keep up with him. But everywhere he went, the itch followed and grew worse. Finally, in an obscure little drugstore in the Skid Row section of L.A., Al found a salve that seemed to work where all doctors had failed. In triumph, he took the twenty-five-cent jar of ointment to the medical laboratory of the University of Southern California, had them break it down into its component parts and analyze it. Then he took the prescription to Dr. Dudley Chambers, a Beverly Hills dermatologist, and asked him to make it up. The preparation became known as The Jolson Formula, and has since cured some of

the most celebrated itches in show business!

One day, not long after the famous fisticuffs with Walter Winchell, Jolson was lying in the sun at Palm Springs with Irving Hoffman, the Hollywood Reporter columnist and a close friend of Winchell's.

"Walter is in agony," Hoffman said.

"That's good," Al said.

"Going out of his mind," Hoffman said.

"Great," Al said.

"An itch," Hoffman said. "He's got an unbearable itch."

Jolson sat up. He stared off into space, thinking. Finally, it was over. Dr. Jolson had won.

"Irv," he said, "I'm going to give you something to send to Walter, but on one condition: he is never to know where it came from." And he went back to his room for a jar of the salve.

Hoffman sent it to Winchell, and Winchell's itch was miraculously cured. But Hoffman couldn't resist telling Walter who his benefactor had been. Winchell was so overwhelmed by the gesture that the feud ended right then and there.

The Jolson Formula could heal all kinds of thirps.

AL LOVED to do favors and help friends in distress. But his countless charities were always bestowed in strict secrecy. Few people knew that he took financial care of the son of one of his manicurists who had tuberculosis, and the polio-stricken youngster of a cigar-store salesman. But Al liked to do these things without being prodded. He felt that the important thing was to think of the kindness himself.

Al had a vocabulary all his own. Anything that was bad was always "mogo on the gogo." If somebody struck his fancy, he or she was "a mouse's ear." Someone extra-special supergood was "a marmoset's niece." If someone walked up to him out of a crowd and started the inevitable: "Al, you remember me . . . twenty-eight years ago . . . Duluth . . . ?" he'd shake his head and say, "I don't know you from a zozodont." (And evidently Al didn't even know a zozodont from Zozodont—a popular toothpaste of the time.)

Al loved to be spotted in a crowd, as who wouldn't, but he hated to trade on the fame of his name. During World War II, after playing hospitals in the South, we were driving back to New York in Al's car. It was late at night and we were dog-tired, but in every town we came to, the hotel clerk would say: "Sorry. All filled up." "Al," I kept saying, "tell them who you are." But he wouldn't. Town after town—Asheville, Knoxville, Winston-Salem—with me dying at the wheel. "Sorry, no rooms." "Al, will you please tell them?" "No." Finally, in the wee hours of the morning, we pulled up to a little inn outside of Roanoke. "You wait here, Al," I said. I went inside.

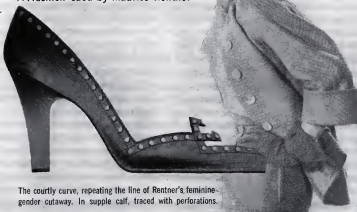
There was an old, old geezer behind the desk. He could hardly see. "All filled up." "Look," I said, "did you ever hear of Al Jolson?" The old geezer's face lit up. "Al Jolson! Say, you bet I was in show business myself. Stranded here in a minstrel show thirty years ago." "Well," I said, sticking out the pouting lower lip and lowering my voice, "I'm Jolson." A few minutes later I went out to the car.

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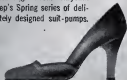
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"C'mon, Al," I said. "We got us a room." Another time, on our way north from Miami Beach, where Al had appeared in a March of Dimes benefit at the Lord Tarleton Hotel, we stopped for dinner at a Greek restaurant in Lake City, Florida. We were absolutely famished. But the waitress taking our order was a dawdler. She kept staring at Jolson.

"You're sump'n, or somebody," she said. Al just smiled. "Everybody's sump'n, or somebody." "No, but you're really sump'n, or somebody." She went to the kitchen, shaking her head. Twenty minutes went by, and no food. Finally she returned to the table, empty-handed. "Y'know, you got me nuts trying to figure out who you are," Al said, in desperation, "we gotta eat!" So Al took out his watch chain on which hung the medallion that had just been presented to him in token of his appearance at the benefit, and thrust it at the waitress. She peered at the inscription. "My God," she cried, "you're not Lord Tarleton?" We ate.

MIAAMI BEACH. A thousand and one memories of Al—happy in the sunshine at the Roney, happy at Hialeah, and once—not happy at all. Nineteen forty-three. The night, during World War II, we arrived back in the States after the grueling USO tour of three continents. Al was really blue. We didn't know it then, but the almost fatal malaria germs he had picked up at Bathurst, British Gambia, were already incubating in him. I took up the phone in our Miami hotel suite and called my wife in Beverly Hills. "I'm home, Rose! Tell the children!" I heard crying in the next room. When I hung up, I went inside. "What's the matter, Al?" He was sitting there with his face in his hands. "You've got someone to come back to," he choked. "Who've I got? Not a soul in the world cares whether I live or die."

A year later, Al was to find the answer to his loneliness. We were entertaining wounded veterans on the Purple Heart circuit through the South, and at one hospital, in White Sulphur Springs, the head doctor said to Al: "Eastman Annex

in Hot Springs is a little off the beaten path. The boys there haven't had a live show in a long, long time. It would be wonderful if you could find the time to run down there."

"We'll make time," Al replied.

And in going off the beaten path, he found happiness.

It was there at Eastman Annex after the show, when Al was signing autographs for a long line of fans, that one lovely face, one fair hand, suddenly came into his line of vision. And when the girl moved on with her autograph, Al nudged me. "Harry," he purred, "was that a marmoset's niece?"

It certainly was. A real mouse's ear. Inside of a year, Eric Chennault Galbraith, a twenty-two-year-old X-ray technician, became Mrs. Al Jolson.

LAST June, soon after the North Korean Communists crossed the Thirty-Eighth Parallel, Al wired President Harry Truman, saying he had had the distinction of being the first entertainer to go overseas in World War II and would like to be the first to go to Korea. I didn't know about this wire until four weeks later, when Al still hadn't heard from the President and couldn't conceal his vexation. Finally a wire came from the then Secretary of Defense, Louis Johnson, apologizing for the delay and going on to say the USO had been deactivated; there were no funds.

Al slapped the telegram. "Funds? I got funds."

I tried to change the subject.

He said, "Are you coming along, Harry?"

I shook my head. "Not me, Al. I don't want to go."

He looked at me for a moment. "All right, I'll get somebody else."

"Okay by me."

I didn't tell him, but my reason for not wanting to make the trip to Korea was that I didn't want him to go. I felt he wouldn't go if I didn't. I didn't think he could stand the trip. Not that he seemed ill, but he was too old—sixty-four. And I had been with him in '43 on the historic USO tour through South

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America, Africa, and the Near East, and I had seen the price he had paid—malaria, and later on the loss of part of a lung.

The next day I got a call from Abe Lastfogel, head of the William Morris Agency. "Harry, I wish you would go to Korea if you can see your way clear. What I mean is, Jolson would like you to go to Korea. He wants you to be with him."

"If he wants me so badly," I said, "why didn't he give me a pitch? Couldn't he have asked me as though he really wanted me?"

But I could have answered that one myself. Al Jolson never could ask anyone for anything. Never, in all the years I knew him, did I hear him say: I am Al Jolson. I want you to do so and so for me. He hadn't been able to get himself to ask even his mother and father for a favor.

"Why are you that way, Al?" I'd say. "Why?"

He'd shrug. "Because you're beautiful."

And now, Abe Lastfogel was saying, "It would be good for Al if you went along, Harry, because frankly if you don't go, I don't think he'll be able to go—and you know how much this means to him."

That sold me. I called Erle, and told her to tell Al he could count on me. "But I wish he weren't going, honey," I said.

"I've tried, too, Harry, but it's no use." "Next-town-Relly," I sighed.

She knew what I meant. I had always called Al that. "Next-town-Relly" was a character we used to meet around the race tracks, a hopelessly optimistic trainer. He would bring a broken-down nag to the track, and when, inevitably, it lost, he would go on to another track to try all over again. For Relly, it was always "the next town," and so it was, in a way, for Al Jolson. He was a fantastically restless guy. Wherever he was, it seemed he wanted to be somewhere else. Call it wanderlust. Call it "the lure of faraway places with strange-sounding names." Call it what you will, Al had it in spades.

Many's the time he would pick me up at my home in Beverly Hills and say, "Come on, we'll go to Palm Springs for a few days." I'd pack, and off we'd go in the convertible. Halfway there, Al would say, "The hell with it," and turn back.

"But why, Al?"

"Because you're beautiful." He never gave a reason.

If you wanted Jolson to appear at a benefit and you called him a month in advance, he'd laugh at you. "If I'm around I'll do it, but who knows if I'll be around?" But if you called him and said you wanted him for tomorrow—and he was available—he'd do it like that.

Next-town-Relly.

PUSHING on to Tokyo and Pusan . . . I don't mean to imply that it was merely restlessness that led Al to make this last tour of the fighting fronts. There was more to it than that. There was, first and foremost, his tremendous urge to do something for the GIs, no matter how small his contribution might be in the larger scheme of things. Then, too, this trip fitted in somewhere in the strange and often puzzling complexities of the Jolson ego. I think Al had been

secretly wounded by the fact that Columbia Pictures had had to call in Larry Parks to portray him in "The Jolson Story" and "Jolson Sings Again." Here had been concrete evidence that he was no longer a young man. Not even a make-up department had been able to work the miracle. Harry Cohn, president of Columbia, had left it strictly up to Al. But when Al had finished examining himself in the dressing-room mirror, he had swallowed hard and said, "I don't want it. Get somebody."

Sure the pictures had gone on to make millions for Al and had added new luster to the name of Jolson when everyone had thought there were no new heights in show business left for him to scale. And the whole world had agreed that the real star of those pictures was the sound track—the magnificent voice of Al Jolson—but none of that had cut much ice with Al. For a man who was so passionately in love with youth, with being young, this business of another, younger man playing Jolson—great as Al thought Larry Parks was in the role—must have rankled in his proud heart.

So now, Korea!

He'd show them. He'd show everyone—including Jolson—that he was still only sixty-four years young.

WE LEFT Los Angeles on a balmy evening in early September. Al and Erle and their little adopted son, Asa, Jr., picked me up in the car on the way to the airport. Al was wearing his usual dashing Jolson version of the GI uniform—an old white cap, a hunting jacket from Abercrombie & Fitch given to him by his good friend, Nathan Kramer, and a pair of high boots from the second act of "Hold On To Your Hats." He kept joking about the clause in our Army travel orders stipulating that we were not to accept any outside engagements. "Whadda they think we're gonna do, play Loew's Pusan?"

"Daddy's going to Okyo-Okyo," little Asa said.

Erle whispered to me, "Take good care of my boy."

I squeezed her hand. "He'll be taking care of me."

Then we boarded the big Stratocruiser, and were on our way.

We flew all night to Honolulu. Halfway to Wake Island on the next day's hop, Al turned to me suddenly and said, "Harry, why didn't you want to go to Korea?"

"Well," I said, "since it's obvious that we're on our way there, and nothing but an accident can stop us, I might as well tell you. I didn't want to go because I didn't want you to go."

He gave me a look, and then he gave the guy sitting next to him a look, and I'll never know whether that look meant: Is he crazy? or, Wasn't that thoughtful of him? or what. Because we never spoke of the incident again. But the man sitting next to him said, "Maybe Harry had something there, Al."

It was Carl "Toohey" Spaatz, the retired Air Force general, headed for the Far East as a war reporter for Newsweek. We had last seen him at General Dwight D. Eisenhower's headquarters in Algiers back in '43. Al had left New York that year for the big trail-blazing USO tour with a letter in his pocket from Mrs. Eisenhower to her husband, and he had been resolved to deliver it to Ike in person. After shows



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in Dakar, Marrakech, Casablanca, and Oran, we finally caught up with the High Command at Algiers, where Eisenhower was busy with a little thing called the North African campaign. Fighting our way through much red tape, we were ushered at last into Ike's headquarters, and Al handed him the letter from Mrs. Eisenhower. The general ripped it open and scanned it. Then he smiled and read part of it aloud. "Al will give you a kiss for me," he read, "and a kick in the pants for not writing more often."

Eisenhower grinned at Al. "About the kiss—you can cash that when you see my wife back in Washington. But the other thing . . . The Supreme Commander turned and lifted up the skirt of his jacket.

Damned if Al didn't deliver the message. On Wake Island now, on our way to another continent, in another year, and another war, those days seemed much closer than they really were. I couldn't help thinking of the start of that other overseas trip with Al—the rehearsal in Georgetown, British Guiana, just before the first show of the whole World War II junket. I had noticed that Al was having trouble with the high notes at the close of "Swanee," but I didn't say a word.

He turned to me in alarm. "Is that an F?"

"Yep."

"Why can't I hit it? I could always hit it."

"Al, relax. It isn't necessary. We've got microphones and loudspeakers. Let's just take it down a couple of tones."

He groaned. "Omigod, I'm a gone dog. Harry. A gone dog." Jolson losing the high notes. Jolson slipping off the mountain peaks. "I must be through. What'm I gonna do with 'Sonny Boy,' and 'Mammy'?" He was ready to give up the whole tour.

I went to work on him. I had to sell Jolson on Jolson all over again. "Look at Bing," I pleaded. "He doesn't rely on a high finish to get him over. It's the resonance in his low tones that has the beauty. You've got it, Al—and to spare. You don't have to cash in on the high finishes. That died with vaudeville." I kept pounding away at him.

"Okay," he muttered at last. "Gimme a chorus of 'April Showers' in D. We'll try one chorus."

I gave it to him. He tried it. And it was only great. Right then and there, in Georgetown, British Guiana, the new Jolson was born. He went on from there to thrill the GIs over the battlemaps of three continents, and when subsequently he made the sound tracks that were to star in "The Jolson Story" and "Jolson Sings Again," it was the new Jolson there, too, in all his low, resonant beauty.

A LONG time later, his manager, Louis Epstein, revealed to me that Jolie had told him: "I never would have been able to go through with it if it hadn't been for Harry. He was a tower of strength that day in Georgetown." Of course Al never told me that. But I understood. He was never able to pay a direct compliment. If a performer, a movie, a novel, or a song was a standout in Al's book, he'd shout it from the rooftops, but never to a guy's face. One day he called up Abel Green, editor of Variety, and said, "I think Buddy Clark is the greatest voice around today, and

I want him to know I think so. I want everybody to know I think so." He took a big ad in Variety to tell Buddy Clark and everybody else.

"Al," I said, "Buddy Clark's in town. You see him almost every day. Why don't you tell him in person what you think?"

"No, no"—he waved me away—"I can't do that."

"But why not?"

"Because you're beautiful."

THE BOEING Stratocruiser bearing us to Tokyo came down with a case of engine trouble at Wake, and we had to spend the night on the island in a damp, drafty Quonset hut, lying in the upper borths of double-decker beds because the place was still infested with rats from the days of Japanese occupation. Spatz, the old war dog, slept like a baby. But Jolson and I just wrestled with sleeping pills. When morning finally came, we both had m. rable colds and hacking coughs.

We coughed our way into Tokyo on September eighth and went directly to the Imperial Hotel. Al didn't even take time to unpack. "Where's the nearest hospital?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

At the Army dispensary, three blocks away, a young Army medic peered down the famous throat. Then he turned to the doctor beside him and whispered, "This man can't sing."

"Listen, son"—Jolson had overheard him—"I gotta sing."

So they shoved him into a cabinet, draped a Turkish towel over his head, and for thirty minutes Al sat there inhaling mentholated steam. During the next few days, he just about lived in that cabinet.

Our first show was in the courtyard of a Tokyo Army hospital. Jolie wasn't sure he was going to be able to go through with it. He stood there at the piano looking out at the men on the lawns and balconies—Korean casualties, mostly ambulatory cases, guys from back home. He had a severe bronchial infection, but what the hell was that compared to what these kids had? I knew what was going on in Al's mind.

"Why don't you tell 'em a few stories first," I said, "and try to save your voice?"

He told them a joke. Then another, and another. They were laughing now, and Al was taking heart. He turned to me. "If I can talk, I can sing. Let's go."

He went into "Swanee," and made it. Then "April Showers," warming up. Then "Mammy"—"Sonny Boy"—You couldn't stop him. For forty minutes, he was on and he was fine and they loved him. But when it was over, he had to hurry back to the dispensary for the choking mentholated steam.

"Where's the next show, Harry?"

"Three-sixty-first Station Hospital."

"Let's try one more."

We tried one more. He made it.

"Let's try another."

A song, a cough, the gasp of steam, and another song.

In all, Al Jolson let's-tryed forty-two performances, his entire Far East itinerary.

Funny, the things you remember.

And the things you forget.

The constant shuttling back and forth between the Imperial Hotel and the dispensary. Al doing his shows in the

First Love

LIONEL WIGGAM

We know that country you are entering, now:
How marvelous its range and vistas, how
Perfumed its air, how pale its moony crescent,
Its light at any hour how opalescent.

We know the curious mood, detached, befuddled,
That claims you now and makes your thinking muddled,
Your gaze like glass whose underside is steamy,
And turns you, when we speak, all dumb and dreamy.

It is a glorious country where you travel,
Its hills reach heavenward, its roads unravel
Past streams and meadows lovely beyond telling:
We learned it well, the land where you are dwelling.

Ignore us, then; move gladly, sweetly there,
And when we speak, be still or vaguely stare.
We have forsworn those luminous fields and shores,
But while they live, the land is bright, and yours.

Tokyo-Yokohama area and getting right back into bed, scribbling messages on a pad to save his voice. The flight from Haneda Airport to Iwakuni in the C-47 transport and the show at Iwakuni, in a mess hall. The Australian contingent had lost their wing commander that day. They were brokenhearted. Al had to go outside and coax them into the hall and work on them until he finally had them smiling through the tears.

Itazuki—"Toot, Toot, Tootsie, Goo-by" before thousands of GIs in the plane hangars, and then the overwater hop to Korea with a new passenger on the plane—the Purple Cow, the piano that accompanied us wherever we went, painted a deep purple and dubbed by Al "a latrine on wheels."

Pusan—Eighth Army Headquarters, and the meeting with Commanding General Walton Walker. The tide of battle had begun to turn in favor of the United Nations, and Walker was feeling good. "You can't win a ball game unless you've got the ball. We've got the ball now." "Are you gonna catch my show in Pusan today?" Al asked him. "Sorry," the general said, "I've got a show of my own." A few days later came the Inchon invasion.

Korea—and the marvel of Al's voice box holding out with nothing to gangle with but a little Dobell's Solution I had managed to wangle from the Red Cross. The fanning out in all directions to the fighting front, by jeep, helicopter, L-5, L-17.

Chinghai, Miryang, Masan—"Rock-abye Your Baby with a Dixie Melody" to guys in battle dress with rifles and bazookas in their hands, and a lot of them became the first audience that ever walked out on Jolson when they were

called into the line in the middle of a song. The putt-putt-putt that interrupted Al. "Why don't those crazy guys stop the rifle practice and come to the show?" "They're not our boys: they're snipers," an officer called out, "but don't worry, Al—they're lousy shots." The South Koreans having a great time at the shows, laughing whenever their GI buddies laughed even though they could not understand a word of the joke. The luncheon with Major General W. B. Kean, commander of the Twenty-fifth Division, for which occasion his cook had stolen nine Korean chickens. Jolie was going on nothing but nerve by then, and even Kean could see it in his face. "Al," he said, "don't you think you've done enough already for the boys?" "How could anybody do enough for them?" Al replied. General Kean's son was lying in a hospital in Osaka, critically wounded by a personnel mine. On the way back to Tokyo, Al visited his bedside and then stayed up half the night to get a call through personally to General Kean in Korea to say that he had seen the young lieutenant, had shaken his hand, and it had gripped his like a vise.

Taeegu, Kyonsong—more Dobell's Solution, and "Sonny Boy" for the famed Twenty-fourth Division. Finally back to Tokyo by way of Itazuki, Kobe, Osaka, and Kyoto. Was it at the 361st Station Hospital, or another hospital? In the memory, they merge into one and all you remember are the wonderful, strong faces. Al had just finished "You Made Me Love You," and a wounded boy with both hands in traction, wired and splinted, started applauding. A nurse sitting near him rushed over and pried his hands apart. "You shouldn't do that.

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It's dangerous. "I don't care if they fall off," the kid said. "This guy is good."

WE HAD lunch with General MacArthur and his wife the day before taking off for home. It had started out as an invitation to tea with Mrs. MacArthur, extended to us a few days after our arrival in Japan. But now that Inchon was secured, the general had time for a few pleasures, and he didn't want to miss meeting Jolie. And so a telephone call had come through from MacArthur's aide, Colonel Sidney Hoff, telling us of the switch in plans.

Al was excited. In a way, this was compensation for everything he had been through. In the lobby of the Imperial Hotel, Al met a newspaper correspondent he knew and told him we were going to lunch with MacArthur.

The reporter sneered. "Don't get so excited. I'll tell you just what's going to happen: When you get there, you'll meet a lot of newspaper people; the general will do all the talking; you'll do all the listening; and you'll be given the bum's rush out of there inside of an hour."

Al just grunted.

When we pulled up in front of the old embassy, Mrs. MacArthur came out to greet us. She led us into the huge living room and made us feel right at home. There is a warm glow about her, and a simple graciousness that is completely winning. Al loved her Southern accent.

"I hear it all the time," he told her. "Y'see, my wife is a Little Rock girl."

Young Arthur MacArthur came in with his governess. He had seen both Jolson pictures.

"Which song do you like?" Al asked. "Sonny Boy," he said.

"C'mon, Harry."

There was a big shiny concert grand in the room. What a relief after the Purple Cow! Halfway through the song, Al stopped. General MacArthur had walked into the living room.

Mrs. MacArthur ran to greet him, and they went into an embrace that lasted fully a half minute. Then came hellos and handshaking all around. At first we didn't know what to call MacArthur, but his wife gave us the clue by addressing him as "General." He in turn said "Mr. Jolson," until Jolie said, "Call me Al." MacArthur was dressed in his usual debonair, informal, open-collar manner, but however informal he seemed, he was an impressive figure. You could not help feeling that you were in the presence of greatness.

The general apologized for barging in in the middle of a song.

"That's all right," Al said. "Do you have any special songs you like—any favorites of mine?"

"All your songs are favorites of mine, Al."

Jolie didn't need any urging. This was his meat and drink. "This isn't the largest audience I've had," he said, "but it's certainly the most select."

The general, Mrs. MacArthur, young Arthur, his governess, and a black cocker spaniel.

I went back to the concert grand, and Al leaned against the polished mahogany. For the next twenty minutes, he gave one of the great performances of his lifetime.

The spell was broken by the Japanese butler, who appeared in the entrance and bowed from the waist to indicate that luncheon was ready.

Young Arthur ran to the piano and played a few bars of boogie woogie, and good, too; then he went off to his studies

with the governess. The four of us went into the dining room.

The general asked Al, "How do you like Japan and the Japanese people?"

Al replied, "I haven't seen much of the country, but what I have seen has certainly impressed me. I think within twenty years the Japanese will be ready for the kind of democracy we have in the United States."

"It won't take years," General MacArthur said. "They are ready for it now. The only thing retarding it is the way some of our occupationnaires and some of the Japanese who have been to America and returned here are spoiling the people."

Later, Al complimented Mrs. MacArthur on the dress she was wearing. She told him that a Mrs. Levy at Magnin's, San Francisco—a woman she had never met—had her measurements and sent along the latest frocks to her from time to time. "If ever you're in San Francisco, Al, and you think of it, run in and say hello to Mrs. Levy and thank her for me."

At four o'clock our hostess got up, and we knew that luncheon was over. It had lasted for two hours, but it had seemed like fifteen minutes to us.

Back at the Imperial Hotel, Al went roaming through the lobby looking for a certain newspaper correspondent, but he couldn't find him. "If anybody ever tells me anything bad about MacArthur again," Al seethed, "I'll punch him right in the nose."

That afternoon, we went on a last-minute shopping tour, and Al bought two beautiful strings of pearls, one for Erle and one for my wife. Later in the evening, we were sitting in the cocktail lounge of the hotel when a special MP came up to the table with two large envelopes, one for Al and one for me. Al opened his like a kid on Christmas morning. Proudly he showed me the autographed etching of General MacArthur, with the inscription: "To Al Jolson with gratitude and admiration. Douglas MacArthur, Japan, 1950." Then he drew out a little plastic jewel box and found inside a medallion: "To Al Jolson from Special Services in appreciation of entertainment of armed forces personnel—Far East Command," and on the other side, our entire itinerary. In my stocking, I found the same treasures.

That night, Brigadier General Paul B. Kelly tendered a surprise dinner to us at which a group of gelsa girls amazed Al by singing "April Showers," "Dinah," and "You Are My Sunshine." The next morning we took off from Haneda Airport for the United States.

I WAS relieved to know that we were headed for home. Every hour that we got closer to California, I felt better about Al.

"How do I look, Harry?" he kept asking me. And I would say, "A couple of days in the sun, Al, that's all you need. Palm Springs will do it." He looked awful, but I had to con him. He was far more exhausted than he suspected. When we got to Honolulu, weariness didn't stop him from calling the head man at Tripler Hospital there and insisting on doing an impromptu show for American casualties on twenty minutes' notice.

We landed at Los Angeles Airport on the night of September twenty-third. While newsreel cameras ground and flash bulbs popped, Al dropped to his

knees and kissed the soil, and he wasn't fooling. A reporter asked him how it felt to be back in the United States.

"Every time I come home from one of these trips," Al said, "I always look up my last income-tax return to make sure I paid enough."

He turned to me. "Talk to you tomorrow, Harry."

"Right, Al." I watched him go off with Erle. He had someone to come back to this time.

September twenty-third. Only one month of life left for Al.

NEXT DAY, he took Erle and little Aisa to Palm Springs. But a few days later, my phone rang. Al was back in town, and wildly excited. He had just received a wonderful offer from Jerry Wald and Norman Krasna, the new film-producing combine at RKO, to do a picture about the USO—with Jolson in the flesh. I met him at Chasen's, and over the dinner table he outlined the whole idea.

"It sounds wonderful, Al," I said. "But don't spend your time in the make-up department trying to look like Jolson the lover. Don't try to eradicate the creases and crow's feet. Just be the Jolson of today."

"How do I look, Harry?"

I had to reach for my drink. "A few days in Palm Springs does wonders for you, Al."

He said, "I have a guest shot coming up with Crosby in San Francisco. After that, I'm going back to Palm Springs for seven or eight weeks. RKO is going to spend three million dollars on this picture, and they're offering me the biggest hunk of dough I've ever received in my life. I can't let them down. I've got to be right for it, mentally, physically, and vocally."

"Palm Springs," I nodded.

Sunshine that was magic; sunshine that could heal anything but a tiring heart. . .

I saw Al again on the night of October seventeenth. I picked him up at his mother-in-law's after dinner and took him to the fights at the Olympic Stadium. Enrique Bolanos was going against "Little Duke" Dukison, and Al never missed an important fight. During the main event he began to complain of indigestion, muttering, "Spanish food." I said, "Why do you eat Spanish food? You know that it always gives you indigestion." "I like Spanish food," he said, and kept hitting his chest lightly. After the fight, I drove him back to Beverly Hills where Erle was waiting at her mother's home. He complained all the way of this feeling in his chest.

I learned the following day that on their way home, after I had left them, Al asked Erle to stop off with him at the home of one of his physicians. The doctor took a cardiograph immediately and told Al bluntly that there was a distinct change for the worse. "Don't go to any more Koreans," he advised.

Al said, "I have to go up to San Francisco next Monday for a guest shot. Then I've got a picture to make."

"Make the picture, and another picture, and do all the guest shots you want," the doctor said, "but just don't go to any more Koreans."

This didn't sit too well with Al. The following day, he went to another doctor, and without telling him what had transpired the previous night, ordered another cardiograph. Al had always gone from one doctor to another until he

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found one who would tell him what he wanted to hear. This doctor, not wanting to worry Jolie unduly, said, "This is the same heart that was just okayed for a million dollars' worth of insurance, isn't it?"

Al was satisfied. Only eight months before, a syndicate of insurance companies had examined Jolie for a million-dollar policy and had accepted him. Al had been more interested in being able to pass the medical than in taking out the policy. "A rich man doesn't need any life insurance," he had insisted. He was all for canceling the policy application and paying the agent who had landed the plum, Arty Stebbins, for his time and trouble. But I had persuaded Al to take \$400,000 worth of the million.

As Al was leaving the office after the second cardiograph, the doctor said, "You say you're going to San Francisco?"

"That's right," Al said. The doctor sort of threw it away, casually. "Great heart specialist up there—Dr. William Kerr."

At ten o'clock Monday morning, October twenty-third, Al called me at home. "Are you ready, Harry?" It was his way of saying, I'd like you to come along with me.

We took the two-o'clock plane out of Los Angeles, Al, me, and Martin Fried, who was to work on Al's orchestrations. Al had been huddling with Wald and Krasna at the studio all week, and he was bubbling over with excitement about the film they were planning.

We arrived in San Francisco at 3:45 P.M., and as we were riding in the cab to the St. Francis Hotel, I glanced out the window. "Look, Al—Maggin's!"

He snapped his fingers. "Mrs. Levy. We'll go there tomorrow."

But there was to be no tomorrow.

We registered at the St. Francis. We sweated an hour away in the hotel's Turkish bath. Then Al called Bill Morrow, Bing Crosby's writer and producer, and discussed the tape show he was to record with Bing the next day. He invited Morrow to have dinner with us, but Bill was too busy with the show, and the best he could do was give Al a briefing on San Francisco's restaurants. Al decided on Amelio's.

Martin Fried went off to have dinner by himself, and Al and I left the hotel around seven. But when the taxi pulled up in front of Amelio's, there was a "Closed Monday" sign on the door. Al said, "Let's go down to Fisherman's Wharf." We went into Tarantino's, a fine seafood house. It was crowded, but there was always a table for Jolie, wherever he went. He was recognized by the customers, and because he had recently returned from Korea, the buzz-buzz was even louder than usual.

WE STARTED with prawns and clam chowder, and, as Al told the waiter, "the speshialite de la maison"—Rex Sole. People kept coming over to the table to congratulate Al on his great work for the GIs, and he was tickled. When dinner was over and we got up to leave, everyone in the restaurant stood up to applaud and cheer. At the door, Al turned and blew them all a kiss. His last curtain call.

We got back to the hotel at 8:45. Martin Fried was at the desk, just finishing a note saying he'd see us in the morning. Al suggested the three of us go upstairs and play some gin rummy. We stopped

at the newsstand in the lobby, and Al bought a deck of cards. The man behind the counter said they were eighty-eight cents.

"Eighty-eight cents!" Al exclaimed. "But these are Bicycle cards," the man explained.

"I don't want to ride them," Al said. "I want to play with them."

Up in the hotel suite, Al threw off most of his clothes and came into the living room in his shorts, shoes, and socks. He said to me, "Why don't you finish the parody on 'I'm Just Wild About Harry'?" I was helping Al with a lampoon on President Truman for the program. "I'll play rummy with Martin. He's a sucker, but I'll waste my time with him anyway."

I went into the bedroom to wrestle with the parody. In a few minutes, Jolie called in, "I blitzed him the first game." A few minutes later, "I blitzed him the second game." Then, "How're you coming along with the parody?" I went in and showed him what I had written. "Looks good," he said. "Here, you sit down and play with Martin. I'm gonna

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Tom Talman

When I am ill, I'm very ill
And very much aware
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I know I'm fine but still—
When I am well, I'm not as well
As ill when I am ill.

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take a rest." He went into the bedroom. I hadn't been playing more than a few minutes when Al called out, "Martin, do me a favor, will you? Go downstairs and get me some bicarbonate of soda."

When Fried left, I went into the bedroom. Jolie was lying on the bed, thumbing idly through a magazine.

"What's the matter, Al? Aren't you feeling well?"

"I shouldn't have gone off the lamb-chop diet," he said, beating on his chest with a stiff finger. "I have a little indigestion."

I said, "The bicarbonate will relieve you."

"Maybe," he said, "but you better call a doctor."

"Okay, Al." But I wasn't worried. Not after all the false alarms I had been through with him before—Tucson, Phoenix, Agrigento, Palermo, Tunis. Hadn't I once made a hurry call for a doctor in the Roosevelt Hotel in New Orleans, only to see Al go off to sleep like a baby before the doctor arrived?

I called downstairs and asked for the hotel physician. I was told there were two, but both were out on call. The operator said, "I can send up a house nurse though." I relayed the message to Al. He said, "Look up Dr. Kerr and ask him to come over." I told the operator to send a house doctor up as soon as he got back. Then I went to the phone book to try to

find Dr. Kerr's number. Neither Al nor I could remember his first name, and the book was loaded with Kerrs. I turned to the Classified Directory and looked under "Physicians." There wasn't a Kerr listed.

"Why can't you find it?" Al kept saying. "What's going on?"

"Al, I'm trying to find it." I went through every Kerr in the regular book and finally found a Kerr, M.D.—Dr. William Kerr. I called him.

"He said, 'It's late, and I'm quite far from the city.'"

"But Doctor," I said, "I don't think you understand. It's Al Jolson, and it's an emergency."

AL WAVED his hands frantically. I clapped my hand over the mouthpiece. "You crazy guy!" Al said. "You want everyone to read in the papers tomorrow morning that Al Jolson had to get a doctor for indigestion?"

But Kerr was saying, "Is Al Jolson here, in town?"

"I'm speaking from his room at the St. Francis," I said.

"I'll be there in half an hour," Kerr said quickly. "Get the house doctor in the meantime." And he hung up.

It was 9:35.

"Kerr will be here in a half hour," I said to Al. He looked relieved. He would be in the hands of the best.

Martin Fried arrived with the bicarbonate. I prepared it, and Al gulped it down. He came up with a beautiful belch.

I said, "That's good."

He shook his head. "No, that ain't good." He continued to strike his chest with a finger.

I propped him up in a sitting position. "Maybe you'll feel better this way," I said.

Suddenly he looked at me and in a quiet voice said, "Harry, I'm not going to last."

My heart jumped with fright. I looked down and saw he had been taking his pulse. "Al, don't talk that way," I said. "I'll pass. It's nothing but indigestion."

Just then the hotel nurse walked in.

Al said, "Nurse, I've got no pulse."

She took his wrist and felt it. "You've got a pulse like a baby," she said in a reassuring voice. With her other hand, she was rubbing his back.

I followed her to the bathroom. I was getting a little panicky. "Is this a heart attack?" I whispered.

"Definitely not," she said, as she prepared a glass of aromatic spirits of ammonia.

"But how do you know?"

"A heart attack is usually accompanied by an aching pallor, which Mr. Jolson does not have."

The magic of Palm Springs.

She brought the aromatic spirits to Jolie, and he drank it. Then he asked, "Where's the doctor?"

All this while, Martin Fried was in the living room watching the musical layout for the next day's broadcast. To him, too, Al's illness was only another of many false alarms.

At ten o'clock, there was a knock on the bedroom door. I opened it. It was the house physician, Dr. Walter Beckh. Right behind him was another man—the heart specialist, Dr. William Kerr. When Al saw both doctors walking in together, he said, "I'm a little embarrassed about this, gentlemen."

Being a medical man from way back, his first thought was for the ethics of the situation. Two doctors should not be called in on a case, unless for a consultation.

They got ready to examine him, first asking him a few brief questions. What had he been doing with himself that day? What had he been eating?

"Pull up a couple of chairs," Al said, "and let's talk."

I brought the chairs to the bedside, and the doctors sat down.

"Which of you is Dr. Kerr?" Al asked. Kerr said, "I am."

"I must be an important guy—" Al started to say.

"Of course you are, Mr. Jolson." Kerr apparently thought he had meant important enough to rouse Kerr so late.

"No, I'm a real important guy," Al said, working up a smile. "Truman had only one hour with MacArthur, and I was with him for two."

He glanced up at me for an instant. I knew what he meant.

Suddenly, without warning, Al reached for his pulse. I thought he was trying to raise himself up. We looked at him.

"Oh—" he sighed. "Oh—" he said sadly. "I'm going."

And then he sank back on the pillow, and his eyes closed.

"Al!"

The doctors jumped to their feet. Dr. Beckh applied the stethoscope. He turned to Dr. Kerr.

"He's dead."

"Dead!" I screamed. "Can't you revive him? Isn't there anything you can do? You've got to revive him!" I rushed into the living room yelling, "Martin, quick, he's dying!" "Oh, my God," he groaned. I ran back to the bedroom. "You've got to revive him!"

But there was nothing they could do. There was nothing anybody could do. Jolie was gone.

Just like that, he had slipped away. He had left us all.

I AM IN New York now. I have come here to be away from the phone calls and the questions. But I have found out there is no place where the telephone bells do not toll for Al Jolson. I sit here, in the same hotel suite Al and I occupied together on so many exciting trips to New York, and I try to tell them how it was, and it is not easy.

Once, in other days, I looked down on Fifth Avenue from this window. I heard the brass band playing and saw the parade for some hero.

"Al," I said, "look—a parade."

"So what?" he said, over his newspaper.

"Don't you like a parade?"

He looked up at me. "I love a parade, Harry. But not when it passes me by."

Never while he lived did Al Jolson let the parade pass him by. And now that he is gone, he will still be out in front leading all the rest, and the parade will never pass him by. As long as there are phonograph records, and turntables to whirl them, and sharp needles to pick up their message, our children and their children and their children's children will be thrilling to his rich and glorious voice. Let them be thankful.

The last record he ever made was something we wrote together. It is called "No Sad Songs for Me."

So be it, Al.

So long, guy.

It was great fun.

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are a
lucky
lot



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The Laughing Academy (Continued from page 73)

Berle's delivery made it a topper, but in the laughing academy it died a horrible death.

A student up front asked Burton if he could describe the mental process of a gagwriter in the throes of creation.

"With me," Burton replied, "it's automatic, like sneezing. Gimme a word, any word."

"Rainmaker," said the student.

"Rainmaker . . . rainmaker," Burton echoed, chewing another fingerball. "Water . . . wet . . . f-f-flood . . . O'Dwyer left for M-M-Mexico because he wanted to get away from the rainmakers. . . The rainmakers have a new slogan—You're all wet! . . . Rain, r-e-i-n, r-e-i-g-n . . . England doesn't need any rainmakers. The k-k-king is reigning there all the t-t-time. . ."

WHEN Burton stepped down, Lewis called for volunteers to submit gags to general criticism. A student wearing a banana-yellow sports shirt bounded onto the platform, oozing confidence from every pore. "This positively killed the people in Passaic," he burred. "It broke them up." The class registered skepticism. "I'm-a Tony da barber," he began, launching into a lengthy "character" monologue. He shouted himself hoarse, his eyes popped, his arms flailed the air like bat's wings.

"There must be somebody up there," a student commented in a stage whisper. "I can hear breathing."

Unabashed, the Passaic madcap redoubled his exertions. In the end, Lewis had to lead him, still gesticulating, back to his seat. Half an hour later, he was still telling gags—to himself—and guffawing appreciatively. "Quite a number of the boys," says Lewis, "are sort of maniacs."

The high spot of the evening was a brief and flurried appearance by Milton Berle. Comedians are perpetually on the prowl for new gags and gagwriters, so Lewis is often able to lure such celebrities down to the Malin Studios of a Wednesday. They have included, besides Berle, Al Capp, Goodman Ace, and Harry Herschfeld, to name only a few.

Lewis wound up the session with a list of market tips for advanced students. "Comedy-acrobat team out in California is looking for patter," he announced. "Cartoonist will pay twenty bucks each for one-liners. New night-club comic can use some shaggy-dog stories."

A frustrated gagwriter himself, Lewis founded the institute in a burst of sympathy for the gagwriters' struggles. "Radio and TV may be billion-dollar industries," he says, "but the boys who write the laughs into them are last in line to reap the profits. The Radio Writers Guild, when it can get a contract, sets minimum rates—\$350 a week for five sponsored, fifteen-minute shows, to \$640 for a half-hour show—but there's no TV scale. As for the free lance, his life is just one long adventure in insecurity. Often he has to be his own bill collector."

At the time Lewis determined to improve the gagwriters' lot, he was a Broadway press agent. This is a field involving a good deal of comic invention, as an indispensable device for publicizing a client is to think up wisecracks in his name and plant them in gossip columns. Press agency, in fact, is the most pro-

lific breeding-ground of gagwriters. Lewis proved facile at this phase of publicity, though his career up to then had been notably devoid of humorous inspiration.

Raised in Newark, New Jersey, where his father conducted a shaky business in notions, Lewis attended the University of Alabama. His sole collegiate distinction was to rank No. 33 on a thirty-three-man freshman football team. Reduced family finances forced him to quit in his second year and seek a means of livelihood. "I was really a philosopher at heart," he says. "I wanted to be a bum."

Since boyhood, however, he had harbored a vague ambition to write screen comedies. He headed for Hollywood. Lacking the funds for direct transportation, he took one year to get there. En route he supported himself by cutting bolts in a textile factory, clearing brush, and repairing cars in a service station. Upon reaching Hollywood, footsore and penniless, he learned that before any studio would even talk to him he had to achieve some sort of repute—in New York. By the time he got back home, he was an invalid. He had contracted tuberculosis of the lungs.

While convalescing, a process that kept him abed for two years, he wrote four plays, all of them studded with what struck him as side-splitting gags. But they amused no producer. As soon as he regained his feet, he took up more profitable activities, working part-time as a shoe clerk in a Newark department store. His salary was five dollars a week. He kept up his artistic interests, meanwhile, by organizing a little-theatre group. One of the duties he allocated to himself was publicity. He wangled newspaper space not only for the group as a whole, but especially for its shapely leading lady. On the strength of it, she landed bit parts in radio soap operas. In 1942, she became Mrs. Lewis.

The mighty Schuberts, meanwhile, had been so impressed by Lewis' efforts in behalf of his little theatre that when he applied for a berth on their publicity staff, he promptly got it. The following year, he shifted to the radio station WHN (now WMGM), a move that exposed him to gagwriters and their problems.

LEWIS originally conceived the institute, as a protective association, which was to call to account comedians who filched material, failed to pay equitable prices, and were otherwise unfair to gagwriters. Four other toilers in the radio vineyard joined him in this crusade, three gagwriters and one fellow press agent, but they developed cold feet. "We realized," says Lewis, "that we'd be cutting our own throats if we got too tough with the people we might have to do business with."

Tabling for the moment his plan to police gag thieves, Lewis decided instead to develop a school that would both teach gagwriting and find employment for its graduates. He charged a modest tuition—twenty dollars for the forty-four week course plus twenty-five cents a session to defray the cost of the hall. But each student was required to assign to Lewis ten per cent of all money earned during the first two years after enrollment. So far, Lewis has turned out some forty successful gagwriters from whom he has collected more than twenty thousand dollars. He still carries a number

of publicity accounts, but his heart belongs to the institute.

Among its most promising graduates is Phil Green, who got his professional start not long ago inventing dialogue for a pair of stuffed fish. The fish were attached to the hands of a lady ventriloquist. "What I need," she informed Green when he offered his services, "is about six minutes of fish talk." Accordingly, he produced such aqueous repartee as:

First Fish—Let's go swimming.

Second Fish—No, it's too soon after dinner.

A BACHELOR of twenty-nine, Green has been traveling the rocky road of gagwriting since his discharge from the Army after World War II. As an example of his tribulations, he recounts the story of what happened to one of his best skits. He first managed to obtain a hearing from an important comedians' agent, Harry Romm of the Music Corporation of America. "How long does it run?" Romm snapped the instant Green crossed his threshold. "Five min-

a bar in the Bronx in partnership with Steve Belloise, the middleweight fighter, an amateur comedian himself who is constitutionally incapable of repressing a wisecrack. He once remarked, while weighing in for a match with Freddie Flores, "Freddie, how about writing my name on the soles of your shoes so's when you hit the canvas my bar'll get a free ad?"

The partners spent so much time working out gags with which to entertain their clientele that the cash register suffered. Dreben finally resigned gagwriting as his true calling.

Almost ten per cent of the institute's enrollees are women, but to date none has reached the top rung of gagwriting. "It's the late hours and the nervous strain that defeats them," Lewis reasons. "When a comedian is reading a new routine, he may keep his writers slaving all night, night after night, and then he may scrap everything and start over from scratch. Berle has a disconcerting habit of suddenly asking for a new opening gag a minute or two before he goes on. It's murder!" Among the rare successful staff gagwriters are Mrs. Danny Kaye, the ex-Mrs. Red Skelton, and Sylvia Diamond, who write, respectively, for Danny Kaye, Red Skelton, and Abbott and Costello.

Lewis' headquarters is one room in a walk-up office building near Broadway, listed in the telephone directory as the National Laugh Foundation. This is an umbrella title that covers, in addition to the institute, various related activities. Lewis publishes *Comedy World*, a bi-monthly trade journal for gagwriters, also a sizable catalogue of how-to-be-funny literature. In conjunction with the institute, he runs the Comedy Forum, a testing-ground for fledgling comedians, and a weekly gagwriters' luncheon at which a "jest-of-honor" bestows the benefit of his experience. Recent jests-of-honor have included Ham Fisher, creator of the comic strip, Joe Palooka; Stuart Erwin, the actor; and Smith & Daie, the veteran vaudeville team. Smith reminisced: "In the good old days, if anybody tried to steal your material you punched him in the nose."

But Lewis' favorite subsidiary activity is National Laugh Week, a propaganda campaign that he launches every April Fool's Day. In preparation for it, he petitions prominent citizens, including President Truman, to "form a Funnytown Committee in your own home town; throw a Laugh Party; plant Laugh motels in communication centers; persuade your local press to feature funny stories; hold a Laugh County Fair. . . . There are hundreds of ways to observe National Laugh Week."

As a result of his tireless efforts, Lewis has drawn notice from unexpected quarters. From Amsterdam, a Dutch disc jockey wrote for guidance on how to live up his program. From Delhi, the Hindu manager of a YMCA requested a repertory of humorous, but moralistic parables. From Liberia, a night-club entertainer offered payment for some "Broadway-type funniness." Lewis sent them all a subscription to *Comedy World* and the Henley opus. But the most gratifying attention he has ever received came from a Columbia University Ph.D. who attended a series of classes and carefully noted down everything that transpired. He was studying abnormal psychology.

THE END

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FOOT-IN-MOUTH DISEASE

D. S. Halsey, Jr.

Let's hear no more self-criticism

From those who think up
chitchat deft,

Gay repartee and witticism,

After all the guests have left.

Take a tip from one old smarmy

Wiser far, though saddened,

Who spouts bright sayings
at a party:

And later wishes that he hadn't.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

utes," said Green. Picking up an inter-office telephone, Romm told his secretary, "Don't disturb me for exactly five minutes." Then, without changing expression by as much as a blink of an eye, he listened icily while Green read his masterpiece. At the end, Romm uttered the traditional brush-off of gagdom: "Don't call me. I'll call you."

A student for whom Lewis found work while he was still going to classes is Stan Dreben. Upon learning that Jack Leonard, a three-hundred-pound comic then playing the Cat-Man Theatre, was running short of fat-man jokes, Lewis urged Dreben to try his hand at writing some.

Toiling through the night, Dreben rang a dozen changes on obesity—"I've been sleeping in twin beds to develop a split personality. . . . I had a Murphy bed, but I couldn't sleep. Murphy was always watching television. . . . I was supposed to play the lead in 'Champion,' but when I got to Hollywood, they told me, 'We're looking for Kirk Douglas, not Mr. Douglas. . . .'" With these gems, Dreben dropped backstage at the Capitol. Leonard bought them for a hundred dollars.

Today Dreben sells an average of \$250 worth of gags a week. Formerly, he ran

**"The bonds I bought
for our country's
defense
will see my twins
through college!"**



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All in Her Mind (Continued from page 40)

Flower's aura, which, she said, was pink. Just before I left for New York, Flower said, "You know, Sid, I don't mind Mother's seeing a little puff of fog following me. I don't mind the little Chinese boy who's supposed to be her control at séances. But other people look at me funny. They mind. Then I get to thinking maybe I'm queer."

I told her she was far from queer. I told her she was beautiful. She brushed her looks aside.

She said, "When I was little, I used to have an awful time getting through a door. I was afraid I'd shut my aura out and hurt it. And then I didn't know how big it was, and I never dared play follow-the-leader for fear of having to squeeze through some place my aura wouldn't fit. Even now I shut doors carefully. How much other stuff of Mother's has brushed off on me I don't know." Then she said what was on her mind. "I'm going to New York, too, Sid. I'm getting out of here."

That's why Flower Kingsley went to New York almost as soon as I did. She became one of the top models of the town. And she hadn't been in New York long before she found out how much of her mother had brushed off on her.

We were in my apartment when she said, "You remember, Sid, the time we played canasta at Susan's place in Long Island?"

Did I remember? I made the down payment on my car from the winnings of that weekend.

"Well," she said, "it was the funniest thing. I just seemed to know what cards everybody had. At the time, I didn't think anything about it because—because it seemed perfectly natural to me that I should know. But one night out at Bruce's they got to talking about my luck. Bruce asked, 'What's your gimmick, Flower?' and Susan said, 'Oh, that's easy. Our little Flower can read people's minds! Sid, that scared me, because I got to thinking that's just what I had been doing. It isn't just knowing what cards they have; it's just taking it for granted and being used to reacting to what comes from their minds to mine."

"Remember back home when I was wondering how much of Mother was in me? I was eleven when Mother said, 'Flower, from now on, when I want you to run an errand or do something for me I'm not going to shout myself hoarse like the rest of the neighborhood. I'm just going to think you to me. Now, for it to work,' she told me, 'you have to be in tune, so when you're outside playing, every so often stop, let your mind go blank, and if I come to your mind, run home quick.' Half the time I was out playing, I was letting my mind go blank. I would drop the skip rope, climb down from the tree, leave the game of tag, because I thought Mother was thinking was me in. She always had some little thing for me to do. Sometimes she wouldn't even be home, but I never doubted any of it."

Flower walked restlessly about. "I haven't thought about it much. It's something I've always had. It's just seemed normal that I know what goes on in people's minds. Like my looks—I was born that way. I don't hear everything, but it's enough to know what they think. Like now, you're thinking, 'How in the living daylight does her old lady ever

manage to stay out of the booby hatch?'"

The hackles rose on my neck.

"Mother must have known people would think it queer, so she told me this was a secret between the two of us. Does that answer you?"

Then she burst out crying. "Don't look so scared, as if I were a monster!"

I made her sit down. I wiped her eyes. I patted her and told her she wasn't a monster. I said, "It has been proved that there is such a thing as mental telepathy, and maybe you've got it. Maybe it's a coincidence, but suppose it isn't? Just

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE LAST REBEL

Miriam Hemmendinger

This house in a hollow
With hills all around,
A wee leaky cottage
On moist reddish ground,

The only contraption
That rises without,
Is one old pink chimney
And one rusted spout.

The drainage is poorly,
Yet gladly I'll buy,
I'll live here and love it,
Until I shall die,

Too low for antennas
Reception to get,
I'll never be viewing
A video set.

I'll never be touring
The radio store,
Both A.M. and F.M.
Stay way from my door.

The homes on the hilltops
By science festooned,
Reach upward and outward
A-channelled, a-tuned,

But I'll sit below them
Sole, uncivilized,
Untamed, unantenned,
And antelevised!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

think of the drop you've got on everyone, and the jokes you can pull." But she said through her hiccups, "I don't want dr-drops on other pe-people. I don't wa-want to play jokes." The tears spilled over again. "I just want to be normal like other pe-people," she wailed.

Well, I let her cry it out. By the time I took her home, we had talked the whole thing out. She was calm and fatalistic about it by then, and said she felt a lot better now that it was out in the open. She said she'd much rather read people's minds than see their auras. According to her mother, some of them were plain nasty.

She made me promise that I'd take her out. She said she didn't dare go with anyone else because now that she had admitted it to herself, she'd be reading people's minds right and left, and she was afraid she might heave the soup in someone's face sometime. I was still playing the field, so it was no chore to me. And that's how I got to be Flower's only escort. But Flower made one rule—that we never talk about "it."

WELL, one night "it" must have receded far back in Flower's mind. When Jack Taylor stopped at our table, she not only allowed him to sit down, she invited him to!

Jack Taylor is the Broadway enigma of our time. Some say he is only a millionaire from Texas; others say that he has been famous for espionage work not only in France but in North Africa, which leads to the faction that says he is a G-2 man; and others say he is just a refugee from one of the Balkan states. From this, it may be gathered that he is also handsome. Personally, I like him, but I admit that my regard could be influenced by that added asset, his sister.

This evening, he said he was meeting his sister, and everything turned out very fine indeed, as the four of us grazed around town. Only one thing marred the evening: I had put my shorts on backward, and they made me uncomfortable. It wasn't till late I found out why I was in misery and changed them. I know you aren't supposed to mention things like that, but you will see why I have to.

All of a sudden, Flower got an unaccountable fit of the giggles, which seemed to make Mary nervous. We

dropped Jack and Mary off at their place, and I took Flower on home.

"All right now, give," I said. "What is so very funny?"

"Oh, Sid, don't be mad," she giggled. "It was so funny!"

Now that I've had time to gain a little perspective, I can see what she means. It seems I was very expressive in my thoughts about how uncomfortable my shorts were. But it also seems that Mary was wearing a new girdle, and it was killing her!

"The poor thing," I said. "The poor darling!" I turned on Flower. "And you sit there in your pointed-headed way and laugh!"

I guess it was right then I stopped playing the field. The knowledge that Mary and I had suffered together gave me a feeling of union with her I'd never experienced with any other woman.

"You see why I didn't want to tell you?" Flower gurgled. "But I must say she didn't think the words you did."

"She wouldn't," I said shortly. "Anyone can see she's not that kind of girl."

The taxi stopped, and I went up with Flower so I could talk some more about Mary. But I couldn't talk about Mary because Flower kept interrupting to tell me what she had discovered about herself. "I've decided I must like reading people's minds. There's no sense in not trying to adjust to it. I can't keep you cooped up with me the rest of our lives. Anyway, I don't want to be cooped up. I had a good time tonight, and part of the reason was—" And she started giggling again. It struck me funny, too, then, and we laughed till the tears came.

You don't have to be a mind reader to

know that Jack was at the bottom of her change of heart. She wanted to know about him, what he did and all about him. I told her the gossip that was going around, and let her take her pick.

She relaxed on the couch, letting her eyes see far away.

"Do you think Jack will mind?" she asked. "About my mind, I mean."

"I don't know," I said. "If no one knows anything about him, it must be for the very good reason he doesn't want anyone to know. It might make him mad as hell."

Flower stiffened her spine. "Oh, I never thought of that, Sid. Let's see, what did he think about this evening?" The expression she used for frowning came on her face, and succeeded only in making her look pensive. And then her expression changed to wonder as she said, "Why, I didn't hear a thing he thought. Now, isn't that funny? I didn't hear a thing he thought!"

I DIDN'T see Flower for a week after that. She's a busy girl, and I earn a living, too. When I called Mary to make a date, she said that Jack had left town and wouldn't be back for a month. I was worried about what this would do to Flower. When I called her, she was disappointed but not thrown.

"Let's see," she said to me over the phone. "Call Walter—no, make it Blake Mauley. I'll go out with him tonight."

I knew what was percolating in her pretty head. She was going to have some fun with that strange mind of hers now that she had decided to relax about it. It sounded like fun to me, too.

Blake Mauley was another mystery

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"Just the same, I'd hate to think that a child of mine couldn't tell her own grandmother from a wolf!"

around Broadway. He was an impeccable, reserved Englishman. Some said his Brooks Brothers clothes contained emotions that rocked and seethed. Others said that only a perfect void could produce that glacial reserve. Men nursed the vacant-mind theory, and women tingled over the boiling-caldron picture.

AFTER that evening, Flower and I held a secret we would always keep from Broadway. Aside from the fact that Flower was incredibly beautiful and had radio rights to other people's minds, she was perfectly normal, having such traits as curiosity, squeamishness over bugs, an aversion to strong cheeses, and the wish to impart first-hand information of a juicy nature to the nearest receptive ear. By the middle of the evening, I could see that Flower was suffering from the last trait. So I asked her to dance.

"Oh, Sid, I'm dying to tell you, but wait till we're alone. You mustn't breathe it to a soul. The poor, poor man!" The rest of the evening I had a difficult time. I ran through the possibilities—an insane wife, an incurable disease, a hunted criminal—but none seemed to fit Blake.

It was four in the morning before I finished saying good night to Mary and got over to Flower's.

She let me have it right away. "It's really such a pity," she said. "You know what's the matter with Blake Mauley? He's scared. He's scared to death. But of everything, Sid. Of waiters, of how much he should tip, of being insulted—and if you want to turn his blood to water, just ask his opinion. He is scared of everything, including chairs because you can trip on them." Suave, sought-after Blake Mauley? I was laughing before she finished.

Then Flower said, "Well, who's next?" You can imagine what kind of life that sentence ushered in for Flower—chaos, and the first thing that happened was

what Flower had feared in the first place. She went out with Hamilton Hunt, the actor, that night. She said if she'd been a nice girl she wouldn't have understood half of what he was thinking.

"But, Sid," she said, "while we were in Toots Shor's, he counted the number of people that stopped by our table. When he was sure his Hooperating hadn't dropped, he turned his attention to me. While his mouth went through the usual routine about my looks, he was wondering if I were too stupid to realize the prestige it gave me to be seen with him. Honest, Sid, I didn't mind that. That's part of my stock in trade. I'd be through, but fast, if anyone thought I ever had a brain throb. But then that—that man thought, 'I wonder if she'll stand still for just the flowers-once-a-week routine, or if I have to bother with champagne and guinea hen at my place. Champagne is quicker. I can probably wrap it up tonight.' It was then I threw the soup!"

THEN there was Frank James, the Literary Light. Flower said, "I thought I'd get the drowsy-of-consciousness feeling. I thought I'd get some profound thought to chew on that would change my whole life. But, Sid, the first evening was weird. I kept getting things like, 'Ants. They do it much better. Bees, too. Beetles, for that matter.' Over and over, Sid. The next evening it was 'Cock-roaches!' As plain as day, I heard him think as he was paying the bill, 'Cock-roaches, by golly, do it better.' Then I heard 'Silly green pieces of paper.' He was thinking about money. He was thinking, 'You don't see ants starving to death because they don't have it, or bees either.' I figure my own stream of consciousness as listed in my handbook is good enough for me."

Then there was Yawker, the philosopher, who thought of the window that was stuck in the bathroom and the hole in his sock. "He was a fusser," she told me. "Drive you crazy."

I didn't see Flower for quite a while after that. I was concentrating on Mary, and Flower was whirling like a top from one man to another, wearing them like her clothes, a different one each time she was seen in public. The gossip columns chattered about the streaming hearts she left behind her, a bloody comet.

My concentration on Mary was drawing blanks, but good. She'd go out with me. She'd let me kiss her good night. But I got the distant feeling that I was taking her brother's place, and the frightening possibility came to me that maybe I was the little brother to all females.

It was in such a low mood that I went calling on Flower, not expecting to be allowed in. But she fell on my neck.

"Oh, Sid, you're just the one I want to see. I don't know what to do."

I skimmed my hat, and said, "What gives?"

"I'm at the end of my rope, that's all," she wailed. "I'm tired, Sid. And now I know I'll never marry. Never have children— Oh, Sid!" And the tears came.

I fixed drinks. I waited it out, and she brought me up to date.

"Tonight was the last straw," she said. "Let's face it: I'm a normal, healthy woman, and I want a husband. But tell me how you can marry somebody when you know everything that goes on in his mind? Sid, have you any conception of what does go on in people's minds? Have you ever listened to your own thoughts? Why, it's—it's—" Then she said she knew people couldn't help thinking the things they did. After all, people were people.

"But I couldn't live with one of them. I just couldn't. I'm not going out with anyone again. This last one, Lester! The great poet, they call him. Do you know what he thinks about, Sid? Food. All kinds of food. Lots of it. And, believe me, not in poetical terms, either. Tonight he looked at me with his dreamy eyes and thought, 'As beautiful as a strawberry mousse!'"

I thought of Mary and her arms-length policy, and I thought about knowing Flower all my life, and how my thoughts didn't bother her. Mary seemed, in my mind, to be walking away from me, a smaller and smaller figure. I said, "Why don't you marry me?"

"What a silly picture to have," she said. "Mary walking away from you, getting smaller and smaller. Have you two had a fight? What's the matter?"

So I told her how I was getting no place, and because we were both in the same spot, it was probably best that we get married.

She said, "Bosh! Have Mary up here tomorrow. I'll find out what's cooking fast enough."

WELL, I had never thought of Flower's mind reading as useful. But the next evening, when I dashed back to Flower's after taking Mary home, Flower had the answer. It seemed Mary was nuts about me, but she thought the only way to get me was to play hard to get. Bless her beautiful, lovely heart. I decided to let her creep up on me as slowly as she wanted, as long as she kept on thinking I was the only one.

My feet never touched the pavement when I went home that night.

Then Jack, Mary's brother, came back. I called Flower for a foursome, but she wasn't kidding about not going out with anyone.

"No, Sid," she said. "It's no use."

I explained to Jack that Flower was in a bad mental state, and that I thought he might snap her out of it. So he came along anyway. When Flower saw Jack, her eyes lit up in spite of herself.

That was a funny evening. We didn't go out, just sat around talking, me watching Mary, loving her, and already dreaming about the first one being a girl. Jack didn't take his eyes off Flower, which is normal male behavior around Flower. But to my surprise, Flower broke her usual pattern. I had become accustomed to Flower's wearing a mildly expectant look. But somewhere during the evening, this expression changed to one of puzzlement, and she started asking Jack questions. What did he do? Why was he away so long? Jack slipped gracefully around her with questions of his own. Wasn't she tired of a model's life? What was her ambition?

By the end of the evening, Flower was an obviously bewildered girl. The pay-off came when she asked Jack when they would see each other again.

RIGHT AFTER I said good night to Mary, I called Flower from the corner drugstore. I couldn't wait to get home.

"What has Jack got that the rest of the male population hasn't, Mrs. Anthony?" I asked.

"Sid," she gasped. "Sid, what happened? I mean, do you know what—I mean, I didn't hear a thing he thought!"

"If I remember correctly," I said smugly, "you had some such difficulty with this young man before."

"I know, Sid. I remember. What's happened? You don't suppose I've lost it?" I said, "I don't know. Have you?"

"No-o-o," she said doubtfully. "Mary was thinking the same as you—she hoped the first one would be a girl." My heart jumped.

She went on. "But from Jack, not a thing. Not a murmur."

"Well," I said, "there's your answer, darling. Marry him, and your troubles will be over."

Her shocked voice came loudly over the wire. "Sid, what a thing! I couldn't possibly marry a man I don't know a thing about. Why, it would be—it would be—"

"What would it be?" I argued. "Here you've got just what you want—somebody whose mind is closed to you."

"I know, Sid," she said, "I know. It's wonderful. I really don't want to know. But there must be something wrong with him. After all, we don't know anything about him. Do you suppose he's right in the head?"

"I'll have you know, Flower Kingsley," I said stiffly, "that the Taylor family is in complete possession of its faculties. Jack is Mary's brother. Therefore, there couldn't possibly be anything the matter with him except the common complaint of being in love with you. That's no worse than a cold; everybody gets it—but me."

I hung up. She couldn't talk about my girl's family like that! But it was queer she couldn't hear his thoughts. What did he do? I knew from Mary that he had gone from college into the Army. But even Mary didn't know what he did now. It was queer. Made me uncomfortable.

I decided to have lunch with my future brother-in-law.

We talked about our war experiences. He had done underground work. A lot of it.

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"I became quite a linguist," he said. "I always did like languages. Matter of fact, I speak nine languages well—well enough to be taken for a native. I think in French."

"You don't say," I said. "You don't say." I said it over and over. When I saw a mild look of fright flick across his face, I realized I had graduated to, "So you think in French, do you. You think in French." I knew I had to snap out of it, and I got very hearty. "You and Flower and Mary have to come up to my place. Let's make it right away. What about tonight?"

He looked depressed, said he didn't think he could because he had called Flower and she had said no.

I said confidently, "Oh, that's all right. Everything is all right now. She'll come, never fear."

There was a distinct note of jealousy in his manner when he accepted, but I thought, Flower will fix that up fast enough. Everything is going to be just fine. And it was.

I CALLED Flower. "Just come to Uncle Sid for the answers," I said, feeling big as hell. "Do you think in French?" The answer is no! You got D's in French along with me right through high school. But your dreamboat thinks in French—all the time. And that, my fine orchid, is why you don't hear anything in his mind."

She reacted with gaiety. "Oh, Sid, you're wonderful. How ever did you find out? Why, that solves everything, doesn't it?"

A beautiful girl is just features assembled together in a pleasing way, but a beautiful girl in love is a glimpse of what angels look like. That's the way Flower seemed that night. And my Mary was the same, because no girl could be so dumb as to miss what I was feeling when I looked at her. And Jack had a kind of radiant look, too, if you can say that about a man. We were a very happy foursome indeed. When I took Mary home that night, I proposed and she said Yes. How good can life get?

Mary and I got married very quietly in the Little Church Around the Corner. But New York wouldn't let Flower do

that. She had to do it the big way, with six bridesmaids, flower girls, the works. I was best man, and Mary was matron of honor.

We were up to our ears in Flower's wedding. It's easier to launch a battleship! An hour before the wedding, I dashed over to Flower's for the ring, which had been mislaid there. I had a moment with Mary, who was packing last-minute things for their honeymoon abroad. I caught the title of a book she was tucking away—*Learn French the Easy Way*.

"Oh, no!" I said. "Oh, no!"

Mary was terribly afraid we'd be late. She gave me the ring and shoved me out. All the way to the church, I tried to tell Jack. It was all too clear what had happened to Flower. She couldn't stand not knowing what went on in her own loved one's mind. And Jack had to be told. But my courage had gone. Finally in the little side room of the church, I blurted it out. "Jack, do you know about Flower—really, I mean?"

He touched his ascot tie. "About her mind?" he asked. He patted me on the shoulder. "Yes, Sid. She told me. It should make our life together very interesting."

The music swelled. It was our cue. Jack opened the door. He was calm and happy.

I was sweating. As we took our places, I whispered desperately,

"But, Jack, did you know she is studying French?"

His eyes kindled. So did mine. Flower was coming down the aisle, floating on the chords of the music. Her mother was so right—Flower did have an aura, a shining light. Jack rested his eyes on this vision. For a moment, his face was thoughtful. Then his lids hid his eyes, a smile touched the corner of his mouth, and he whispered, "Ah, but does she know Syrian?"

WE saw them off, and I decided that with nine languages to go, Flower would become quite a linguist.

That's all—except with them going off to Europe that way, I never found out what Jack did.

THE END

Dagmar Is Her Name (Continued from page 80)

she was eighteen. "I wanted to come to New York long before that," she said during an interview in her Central Park South apartment, "but Mama wouldn't let me. People were always telling me I should be a model in New York, or an actress, which is why I wanted to immigrate here. But Mama wouldn't let me, until Aunt Theresa came to New York to live."

People in Huntington, said Dagmar, began to urge her to go to New York when she was thirteen. "When I was thirteen," she said simply, "I had already reached my full growth." Dagmar's full growth is a firmly packed five feet eight inches, and when she wears high heels, as she does on the show, she stands three inches taller. Jerry Lester and most of the other performers on "Broadway Open House" are about five feet seven inches. When they stand next to her, her height, and her other proportions, are exaggerated by the contrast. "I weigh between a hundred and twenty-eight and a hundred and thirty pounds," she said, "and my bust is

thirty-nine inches. I don't know about my other measurements because they sort of, well, fluctuate?"

She is twenty-four years old, she said, the oldest in a family of seven children, the youngest of whom is a nine-year-old brother. Recently, when her success seemed assured, she sent for her twenty-one-year-old sister, Jean, next in age to her, to act as her companion and secretary. "I'm paying her more than she got," said Dagmar, "working as a telephone operator for the High Valley Bus Company. It didn't look right for me to be living alone here in New York, because you know how people are?"

Dagmar is proud she graduated from the Guyandotte Grade School in Huntington, and won her diploma as a commercial student at Enslow High School. "All through school," she said, "I worked in a drugstore as a cashier? I have a theory. I think that maybe because of my work as a cashier, I have such a good-figure? You see, I always sort of leaned against the high stand on which the cash



register was standing, and I have noticed that most cashiers do the same, and that most cashiers have, well, good—figures? The stand sort of supported me when I was growing up, and I think that's why cashiers all have such good—bosoms?"

After she learned how to type in high school, Dagmar went to work for a loan company. "I didn't like that at all," she said, "because I had to call those poor people up and tell them that they simply had to make a payment or else they would lose their furniture, and I always felt like giving them my own money to make their payments with, so I quit to escape from that temptation."

When she arrived in New York, Dagmar, still calling herself Virginia Ruth Egnor, went with unerring instinct directly to a manufacturer of sweaters and bathing suits and became a model. After a few months of modeling, a co-worker told her about the Olsen and Johnson call for girls, and her theatrical career was started. When someone told her it was more suitable for a theatrical career, she amiably adopted the name of Jennie Lewis. And at about this time, on the advice of a particularly sagacious friend, Dagmar stopped wearing mannish suits, to which, for some unaccountable reason, she was addicted. "She always wore a suit with a jacket," this friend says. "I told her to give all her suits away and never to wear anything but a dress with a low neckline, because anything more severe was not only a crime against nature, but an outstanding example of conspicuous waste."

"I'd been on a lot of television shows," said Dagmar, "but I wasn't doing anything regular until I got a call about nine o'clock one night to come quick to Jerry's rehearsal for the show that was going on at eleven that night. I asked the man

what I should wear, and he said, 'Oh, just wear something sexy.' So I put on my one evening gown, a blue dress with a low neck, and a piece of ermine on down where the neck was. When I got there, they said, 'You just sit on this stool, and act dumb. And if Jerry says anything to you, you just answer with whatever comes into your head. Your name will be Dagmar, because Jerry thinks that is a nice, dumb, sexy name.'"

Not much came into Dagmar's head that first night, but Jerry Lester sensed her potentialities immediately upon hearing her curiously flat voice, and gave her more and more work to do as the weeks passed. "After a while," said Dagmar, "every night I was on, Jerry would let me go off on a long tangent of my own."

Lester says that his writers used to spell out exactly how they wanted Dagmar to mispronounce words. "But somehow," he says wonderingly, "something would happen in that wonderful head of hers, and she would say the words correctly on the air. So we stopped helping and let her foul the language up in her own special way." Though it is our personal opinion that such unheeded genius occurs once in approximately four million tries, it is pleasant to think of Dagmar as being exactly what she seems; so that is how we think of her.

DAGMAR says she is learning more and more all the time. "I was a dumb bunny," she said, "when I first came up to New York. Why, would you believe it, I was past twenty when I learned about the bees—and the flowers? Yes, rilly I was." She shook her head with a pretty show of amazement. "Of course," she added, "long before that, when I was seven or eight, I learned about people."

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How to Live with Your Nerves (Continued from page 61)

emotions, great sensitiveness, vivid imagination, and great reactivity—all of which often cause him pain and distress—and, combining them with a gift for music or writing or artistry, has become a great success as a composer, novelist, or artist.

I cannot imagine a great man in any field of art who is not a bunch of nerves. Many musicians are so tense before a concert that they are almost wrecked by their emotions. A violinist once told me she vomited for hours before she played with the symphony, and for hours after the concert she was a nervous wreck, jittery and unable to eat or sleep. It was hard to suffer in this way, but without intense emotion and feeling she would not have played well. As she said, she would rather suffer in this way than be stolid and play without feeling: she was willing to pay in suffering for her success.

Many times I have cursed the sensitive and complaining nerves my mother bequeathed me. But then I have said, "No. If I am to have another incarnation, I'll take those nerves again, rather than my father's placid insensitive ones." Without my mother's nerves, I would have missed most of the richness and beauty of life. I would not have had my enthusiasms, and with them my friendships with many gifted men and women. And so I say to those of you who have tense, sensitive nerves, turn them to your advantage; use them for the enrichment of your life; use them for doing an ever better and finer job.

Keep Your Nerves Fit. A fine thing to do is to learn to keep your nervous system as fit as possible with the help of good mental hygiene. Then your nerves will not be so erratic and troublesome, and they will not so often play tricks on you.

What do I mean by good mental hygiene? I mean living sensibly, with good discipline—getting the proper amount of sleep and rest and recreation each week. People forget that the brain is a most delicate and complicated bit of apparatus, and that it should be given care and consideration. Today many people work too long hours, and then they stay up much too late. They listen to the radio or watch television. They would be much healthier if they were always in bed by ten P.M. Often they go on vacations that are too strenuous, so they get no real rest or recreation, and do not store up energy. Many people, also, abuse their nerves terribly by smoking and drinking too much.

Many women keep going on their nerves for years until they finally are living always just one jump ahead of a nervous breakdown. If only for a few months they would cut down on some of their activities—if only they would spend the morning in bed, get a nap in the afternoon, and go to bed early—they could avoid many medical treatments and many operations, much shrieking at the children, perhaps much fighting with the husband, and eventually a broken home.

Many persons who suffer from nervousness either do not inherit enough energy to begin with, or else they are nearly bankrupt because for years they have kept "blowing in" what energy they have. Often they wear themselves out on nonessential activities. Oftentimes a man or a woman would have better health if

he or she would resign from a number of chairmanships. Some of these persons have barely enough strength for their essential activities. Many people spread their energies too thin, and that brings them close to a nervous breakdown.

Use Energy Wisely and Economically. Many nervous people put too much energy and thought into doing things that a wiser and more efficient person does almost automatically and routinely. That is why some people get so little work done and become so terribly tired doing it. I love to watch the other type of man who each week, without any sign of effort or strain, gets an enormous amount of work done. Thus, I used to watch my old teacher—Dr. W. B. Cannon of Harvard, in his day America's leading physiologist—at work. I would see him running a big department, teaching undergraduates and graduate students, lecturing, doing research, and serving on any number of national committees—all without signs of strain. He never seemed hurried, and he would often stop for a merry jest. Dr. W. J. Mayo, carrying on a huge surgical and consultant practice, always entertaining several visiting surgeons, daily guiding and administering and building up a huge institution, lecturing and writing and serving on many boards, never seemed hurried or impatient or nervous or tired. As he told me once, he tried never to waste any energy or emotion on things that did not count.

This is one of the biggest lessons all of us should try to learn. Often I see a nervous woman wasting ten dollars' worth of emotion over a ten-cent task or happening. Painful emotion is so costly. We must always avoid getting into unpleasant situations, or into violent conflicts with people. We should never notice slights; we should seldom allow anyone to hurt our feelings; and we must never hold a grudge. If we are wise, we shall not expect much consideration from others. Then if we do not get any, we shall not be upset or unhappy.

Unfortunate Inner Conflicts. Many years ago, with one sentence, a woman taught me much about nervous breakdowns. I asked her why she, who had a wealthy and loving husband, a fine home, and little to do, was so worn out. She said, "I wear myself out." She wore herself out with petty worries and indecisions. Often I ask and find that a person is wasting energy on needless conflicts—conflicts especially with himself or herself.

To some extent many persons are fighting themselves. They are full of resentments, animosities, hates, jealousies, and envies. Other persons are upset by the bad thoughts they sometimes have or the unpleasant things they do—things unworthy of their finer selves. Perhaps a fine young man feels tempted at times to get up in church and swear at the minister. When he consults a psychiatrist about this, he is told that other nice people get such ideas and sometimes commit little sins not worthy of them. Many persons need to stop worrying about these things. They must learn to take their essential goodness for granted. They must stop fighting with themselves so that they may release all of their energies for useful work. If a fine woman occasionally falls from grace and does something of which she is ashamed, she must not brood



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What of the Night?

KATHERINE GORMAN

They tell me that you prosper,
But how does it really go with you?
What of the night—do you sleep sweetly,
Scan dripping skies for coming rainbows,
Note violets beneath flamboyant weeds,
Plucking your full share of hyacinths,
Yet linger long enough to scatter seeds
For other, less discerning men to harvest?

Does children's laughter stir your blood like wine?
Do all exquisite things awake your soul
To mystic wonderment? Where do you find
Your own oasis of serenity?
How do you comprehend those truths the mind
And heart of the humble have visioned through,
Since they are deeper than the memory,
More ancient than the spurious delights
That never could bestow tranquility?
They tell me that you prosper—
But how does it really go with you?

hand and stay with it quietly, either until it is done or until it is time to quit for the day. Then we must come back on the morrow and go at it again. I often have said to my secretary, if she could see in one pile all the letters she is going to write in the next ten years, she might feel overwhelmed and want to jump out the window. But by writing them one at a time, the job is bearable.

On Fighting Worry. Along with tension we must include worry as the greatest breeder of bad nerves, and I refer mainly to senseless worry. I never blame a man for worrying when his wife or a child is ill, or when his business is losing money. I would worry, too, if I were in his position.

No, what I hate to see is the senseless sort of worry. Year in and year out people worry over illness and death long after good doctors have examined them carefully and found no sign of disease. Such worry is abnormal, and it is usually a manifestation of an inherited tendency.

The worrier who has some sense, when faced with a problem, ought to ask first, "Is it my problem to solve?" If not, then leave it alone. For instance, a mother may worry herself sick because her daughter cannot make up her mind to accept a certain man as a husband. That is foolish, because there is nothing she can or should do about the decision. The girl must make it. Next, if it is your problem to solve, ask if it can be solved at the moment. If it can be, then get right at it and solve it quickly, and once and for all. Then do not open the question again. Mayor La Guardia used to call after a man who had just got a decision from him about a matter, "And don't bring

that back to me!" When puzzled, get an expert to help in solving the problem. Many a woman, worrying herself sick over some matter, could get it well decided in a few minutes by her banker, her lawyer, her income-tax expert, or her doctor.

Many persons could do so much to help their nerves if they would only learn to make decisions quickly. I must make them quickly all day; the banker must make them all day. I cannot see why nervous persons cannot learn something of the art. It would save them worlds of now-wasted energy.

When Will Rogers was asked what he'd do if he had only five days to live, he said he'd live each day one at a time. That was a fine idea. All of us would do well to learn to live each day in a sort of compartment, not weeping over the mistakes of the past or holding constant post-mortems over them, and not worrying about the morrow. A man can work so efficiently in this way. All he need do then is to do quickly and as well as possible the work that lies right at hand. It is helpful, also, to learn to tackle a difficult job quickly—the day's mail or an unpleasant interview or a report to be written. Tackle it without hesitation and get it done. Don't put it off. So many nervous persons break down after a spell of putting off and putting off work that needs to be done.

Burn Your Own Smoke. A wonderful saver of energy is Oser's trick that he called "burning one's own smoke." He meant that we should not indulge in the miserable habit of taking out on others our discomforts, griefs, annoyances, and occasional feelings of ill-humor or frustration.

I belong to the Sierra Club of California, which each year takes two hundred members into the high mountains. Their most important but unwritten by-law goes something like this: "Thou shalt never utter the least word of complaint to the management or thy neighbor if it rains all day and all night, and if then thy sheet of oiled silk leaks and drips water on thy head, or if the pack train is late and thy sleeping bag and thy food do not arrive until ten P.M." For years I have gone on the Club's outings and many a night I have seen the party wet, cold, hungry, and without shelter, but always there was fun and good humor and never any grumbling. Among those people, to "crab" is the one unpardonable sin.

How wonderful it would be throughout this world if no one ever whined when uncomfortable! It would be wonderful not only for the persons grouched at, but also for the grouchers, who are the worse for constantly reciting a list of their discomforts and wrongs.

There is another hint that we can take from the teachings of Osher, and that is that we cultivate equanimity and serenity. As he said, we must learn not to be too upset by the pinpricks—and even the big shocks—of life. We must learn to take them in our stride. As one writer said so wisely and well: "O Lord, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change; the courage to change the things I can; and the wisdom to know the difference."

On Learning to Live. Many of us have succeeded at most of our tasks in life; some of us have made money and risen to the top in our business or profession, and yet we have failed in one thing—learning to live so that life is rich and beautiful. As a sad-faced millionaire said to me one day, "Recently, as I passed my

thirtieth birthday, it came over me that I had done only two things well. I had worked very hard, and I had gathered much money. But as a husband and a father and a liver of life, I had signally failed."

"Today I am a lonely, prematurely aged old man who never had much fun or ever got any beauty or richness out of living. I have made a mess of it. I wonder if it is too late now to start learning how to live."

One of the books I love most is Philip Barry's play, "Holiday." It appeals to me because it is the story of a man who, early orphaned, spent the next twenty years struggling to keep alive and get an education. Then he made much money, and with this he decided to take a year off—a holiday—during which he, for the first time in his life, would be able to sit down and figure out what life was all about, why he was working so hard, in what direction he wanted to go, what he wanted to do, and what he wanted most to get out of the years that remained. Might it not be well if all of us were to stop for a moment to look where we are going, and to wonder if we are doing all we can to live wisely and richly and usefully.

In Conclusion. Here's how to live with your nerves:

Don't wear yourself out. Work for a healthy mind and body.

Do avoid worry. Live each day by itself without brooding over past mistakes or worrying about future dangers.

With each problem, ask yourself: Is it my problem to solve? Can it be solved at this moment? How can I settle it once and for all? Seek professional advice if necessary.

Then dispose of the problem quickly. And—just as quickly—walk away from it without looking backward. **THE END**

Child Stars Never Grow Up (Continued from page 55)

reaction of major and minor calamities that suggest a dubious future on her celluloid horizon. Judy has been suspended by her studio numerous times; she has alternately disappeared completely, or turned up in hospitals. Her first marriage, to orchestra leader Dave Rose, ended in divorce, and her second marriage, to movie director Vincente Minnelli, has climaxed, after six turbulent years, in a separation.

"The general public should take a lesson from the plight of this talented young singing star," Dr. Rose says. "We should realize that every person should have a childhood, and should grow up in a normal way. Fame and fortune are of no importance if happiness is not included in the bargain. Judy Garland is suffering from a chronic state of unhappiness because she was never permitted to do many things she should have done as a teen-ager. She could not go to a high-school football game, have a date with the boy next door, or go to the junior prom."

JUDY is not alone in the disillusioning experiences of adult life. Cora Sue Collins has been married twice. Spanky McFarland became a bartender. Davy Lee had his hour with Al Jolson, and was last heard from as an emcee in small night clubs. Bobby Breen, who re-

cently angered the people of Wisconsin by his part in an airplane-crash hoax, has slipped steadily since his last starring appearance some years ago. Even Sabu, the Indian lad who rose to fame on an elephant's back, has had a rough ride recently. Among other things, he was sued by an English actress who said he was the father of her baby, but a jury in Los Angeles found him not guilty. And Elizabeth Taylor, after only seven months of marriage to Nicky Hilton, heir to the Hilton hotel chain, has separated from her husband and announced that she will sue for divorce.

THERE are a few former child stars, of course, who have beaten the odds and are happy, well-balanced adults. Among them are Mitzi Green, who has frequently turned down four-thousand-dollar-a-week night-club engagements because she does not want to be separated too long from her husband, Joseph Pevney. Jane Withers, Bonita Granville, Virginia Weidler, and several others have also fooled the skeptics. But they are part of a discouragingly small minority.

"The movie studios are not at fault," Dr. Rose says. "The real villains in these cases are the movie mothers, and unfortunately there are still no laws to cover their kind of crime." **THE END**

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When You Are Jilted (Continued from page 39)

ending. He landed in the gutter. He lost his charm, his money, and his hair. He's sorry now!

Morrie as well elevate the I.Q. while the spirits sag. A dose of culture taken now will stand a lady in good stead when she's back to normal. Concerts, art galleries, museums, lectures, all the classics she always meant to read, will fill the lonely hours profitably. However, if a Braque abstraction, a Bach fugue, or some snappy Chaucerian prose does absolutely nothing to perk up her morale, there are alternatives.

For example, a job is a godsend at a time like this—why not turn it into a real career? The successful women who made the grade as a result of having been tossed over by some male are legion. Just as there is usually some little woman backstage in the life of a famous man, it's a less publicized but equally valid fact that there's a heel buried in the past of almost all the corsaged ladies who take the plaque at testimonial dinners.

By now, the convalescent should be feeling well enough to attempt a giggle. It will be puny and sound a bit like a sob, but it's the very best medicine of all.

Once a girl is all dressed up in a becoming new point of view, she's ready for the Rx. that will make her cure positive, permanent, and just about perfect. It's a new man, of course. It is useless, however, to rush the treatment, or skip any part of the therapy, in trying to get to him in a hurry. Should a girl be so unwise, she'll find she's (A) Unimpressed. Her date may lack the dear-departed's clever trick of wiggling his talented ears. Or (B) she'll be in the mood for love-on-the-rebound every time a gentleman treats her to a Coke. She'll either neglect the preliminary boys, who are part and parcel of every manhunt, or she'll blithely go ahead and fall for the wrong guy again before giving him a chance to lead her to the Real McCoy. She'll be that dreary damsel every man prays he'll never draw on a blind date: The first few bars of a love song will be the signal that sets her eyes, nose, and escort to running; a very few

drinks and she'll suddenly be sullen, and launched on a doleful monologue, guaranteed to include the classic phrase, "How could he do this to me?" She'll commit social hara-kiri every time she trots out to dine and dance, unless she is equipped, by therapy, to face the masculine world again.

But if she's learned her lessons, a lass may find—surprise!—that she's actually having a good time. Maybe not at first, but someday a wonderful new man is going to show up. When he does, she won't have any more trouble (or any less, for that matter) winning him than she did last time. Somehow, he'll make everything she's gone through seem like a rehearsal for the real thing. When that happens, she'll know that forgetting a man is almost as easy as . . . as . . . as falling in love again!

Until then, here is a set of rules that should stop the hurt, and relegate the man-who-got-lost to memory. It's a good idea to learn them, just in case:

1. Don't cry. A lass who's back in circulation had better look her best, and tears are hardly a complexion tonic.
2. Don't telephone—or write!
3. Resist the foolish impulse to return any jewels or expensive gifts.
4. Don't call him a heel! You're supposed to have ditched him. Remember?
5. Don't confide in your best girlfriend; she'll condescend—and report!
6. Make the period of mourning a study period. Learn while you yearn.
7. Spare your escort of the evening a blow-by-blow of the shattered romance.

ANY GIRL who follows this plan will soon find herself listening, once again, to that silly speech lovers make at the start of romance—the one that goes:

"Let's you and I be completely honest. The first one to fall out of love says so, and the other takes it like a sport. Is it a deal?"

—and the lady will cross her fingers this time, as she cries out fervently and falsely, "You bet!" THE END



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Why College Girls Disappear (Continued from page 69)

whom she is really rebelling. She is attempting to find, in a dramatic act, an immediate solution to an intolerable situation that she has been forced into.

DISAPPEARANCES of college girls are often solved when the girls are discovered in a dazed and injured state. Marian Lund, for example, was a precocious senior at the University of Southern California. At seventeen, she had achieved an outstanding scholastic record and had starred in numerous extracurricular activities. A stunning red-head, she was among the most popular girls on the university campus.

Yet, one day, she vanished. When the police found her, she was scratched, lacerated, exhausted, and unable or unwilling to explain what had happened. Fellow students said she had become despondent over a love affair. But college authorities simply announced that they had tried to question her and could not get her to talk.

Such suppression of information may save the girl and her parents some embarrassment. It certainly spares the college a large measure of adverse publicity for its failure to detect the girl's problems before those problems drove her to flight. But missing-persons bureaus know that widespread press coverage is the greatest aid to the discovery of those who vanish. College girls, though they may be in the deepest despondency and in danger of suicide or violence at the hands of ill-chosen male companions, usually do not receive the benefit of such publicity.

In still a different category falls the case of Eleanor Gerard, an outstanding student, who was majoring in mathematics. She vanished last March from Bryn Mawr College after notifying her parents that she would shortly arrive at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, home to spend her ten-day Easter vacation.

Eleanor vanished after cashing two hundred dollars in checks. Her coat was abandoned in Philadelphia, suggesting kidnapping or suicide. Desperate, her parents posted a five-thousand-dollar reward for information. A few days later, an unsigned letter arrived from Miami Beach; it declared cryptically that Eleanor was "getting a sun tan." When her father arrived in Miami in a chartered plane, local doctors had already examined Eleanor. They reported her "depressed and in serious mental turmoil." She was returned home and was put to bed on doctor's orders.

Over again, behind seemingly different circumstances, the same basic factors motivated this college student's disappearance. Intellectually advanced beyond her years, she nevertheless lacked the emotional maturity that would have permitted her to bring her problems to the attention of her faculty advisers or her parents. And they, on the other hand, seem not to have suspected the girl's deep-seated unhappiness.

Mildred Ames, who vanished from Westhampton College in Richmond, Virginia, a year ago last January, was a girl of a different sort. Four days after she disappeared, she airmailed a post card reading, "Don't worry. Everything is all right. Have a teaching job. Give me a little time."

Finding no chance for freedom, as

she conceived it, in college, Mildred struck out for independence on her own. She dared not inform her parents of her plans until she had already put them into effect.

In a few colleges, fortunately, a more helpful attitude has prevailed. Faculty advisers, staff physicians and psychiatrists, and the members of the psychology departments have come to recognize college-girl disappearances as evidences of a broader problem. They know that for every runaway, there are dozens of unhappy girls who need only an unfortunate incident to propel them into flight. These staff members seek, by guidance and counsel, to prevent the breakdowns that lead to flight.

One such institution is George Washington University in the nation's capital, where Dr. Thelma Hunt, a clinical psychologist as well as a physician, has studied more than two hundred and fifty cases of runaways and potential runaways. These cases, Dr. Hunt declares, can be broken down into seven groups.

First—and most easily understood—is the love-marriage situation, the case of the girl who thinks she can't wait. Usually, in such instances, the girl is driven toward elopement by the feeling that her stern parents will never countenance her marriage or even her engagement. Often the man involved is neither a college student nor a college graduate, and frequently he is of a social class the parents would probably reject. Such a girl often finds no solution for her problem except that of disappearing. Sometimes the girl renounces the man and vanishes by herself. Sometimes she elopes.

Almost as numerous, in Dr. Hunt's experience, are the girls whose essential trouble she calls godlessness. These are the youngsters who have been sent to college under strong parental pressure. Usually both the father and mother are college graduates, and the young lady has been brought up on the assumption that, inevitably, she must follow in their paths. Unable to see any alternative, she consents to go. But, usually in her sophomore year, she discovers that college is not for her. She may not make the grade. She may fail in classes. She may be repulsed socially, miss out on invitations to join sororities. For months she will fight the growing feeling that she is a failure, the growing sense that everyone—at home and at college—is lined up against her. In the end, if she doesn't find help, she will literally run away from a situation that has become unbearable for her.

Closely related is the third group, which Dr. Hunt calls the social-emotional-problem children. These girls are simply too immature to make the sharp break from home life. They make few friends, seldom join groups or participate in social or athletic activities. They become consumed with the idea that their parents have rejected them.

To psychiatrists and faculty advisers—when these girls are lucky enough to secure such counsel—they, like Mary Reynolds, confess to feelings of jealousy toward brothers or sisters.

Dr. Hunt's fourth group involves the girls with a too-strong and misdirected desire for independence. These young ladies come from homes where a strict and cold relationship has existed between

parents and children. They have been constantly supervised—by nurses, tutors, servants, teachers, and parents. At first, going willingly to college, they hope to be free from this rigid regimentation. But they soon find the long arm of parental supervision stretching out after them. They are constantly embarrassed by inquiries from their parents as to their progress in studies, and by parental visits. Ultimately they run away from their parents and the college.

Another group consists of the low-aptitude types; young women who never should have been sent to college. They might do very well in a clerical or selling job in an office or store, but they are utterly unsuited for the day-to-day competition and the intensive mental work involved in making their way through a first-class modern university. Forced beyond their depth into studies for which they have neither aptitude nor ability, they come to regard their classroom failures as a humiliating demonstration of their worthlessness. Such youngsters are the ones who not only vanish, but often turn to suicide.

A small group are those who run away from school because of health problems—mental or physical. Here, again, the act of disappearing turns out to be a solution that solves nothing—a desperate move on the part of someone who, with just a little help and guidance, could have been easily headed toward a rational approach to the problem.

FINALLY, there are girls who run away because of financial problems. Some of these are kids whose parents have made tremendous sacrifices to send them to fashionable colleges. The burden of tuition is about all the parents can stand. The girls find their parents constantly reminding them of their inability to dress as well or spend as freely as other students. For these girls, the act of running away seems to be a sort of sacrifice on behalf of their parents as well as the only way of solving a situation desperately embarrassing to the girls themselves.

In all these groups, the reasons that cause the final break may seem to vary. But behind the reasons, one common factor is present: These girls are emotionally immature. Their I.Q.'s may soar to 150 or higher. By the simple standard of age, they are on the edge of womanhood. In education and in intellect, they may be among the top one per cent of our population. But emotionally they have never grown up.

The growing wave of college-girl disappearances can be halted only by the development of a new attitude on the part of our women's colleges and coed universities. Educators must decide on a basis for college admission that views emotional maturity and emotional attitudes as quite as important as mental development and aptitudes.

Girls who cannot make the grade emotionally must be told to delay their college careers, just as girls who cannot pass scholastic tests are denied entrance into colleges until they have secured all necessary credits.

Even after admittance to college, the burden still rests on college authorities to watch the young ladies who have been placed in their charge, to provide emotional as well as academic counsel.

THE END

The Stars tremble on Opening Night



During those terrifying moments before the first-night curtain goes up, actors, playwrights, and producers do and say the strangest things. . . . Come backstage and watch them worry

BY LEONARD LYONS

COSMOPOLITAN'S SPECIAL BACK-OF-THE-BOOK FEATURE

MORE GOES ON BACKSTAGE THAN ONSTAGE ON MOST OPENING NIGHTS

John Barrymore cocked an eye, studied himself briefly in the mirror over the dressing-room table, and reached for a bottle. The lights were dimming in the Belasco Theatre; the curtain was about to rise on "My Dear Children"—the last opening night Barrymore was to experience.

A bodyguard stepped between Mr. Barrymore and the bottle he coveted and said, "I wouldn't touch that, sir. Just think what it does to your stomach."

"You fiend of the night, Judas of West Forty-fourth Street," roared Barrymore, "demon in the guise of the Anti-Saloon League, if I had a stomach, I'd be sick to it."

The stomach seizure to which Barrymore referred is just one symptom, a very common one, of an acute anxiety well known to theatre folk. It is a form of nervous hysteria apt to afflict anyone involved in play production. It has caused Spencer Tracy to quiver and Jolson to cringe. Even as seasoned an actress as Elisabeth Bergner had to resort to injections of vitamin B₁ in an effort to combat it. That occasion was the opening of a play named, ironically enough, "The Cup of Trembling."

These emotional paroxysms have overwhelmed veterans and novices alike. George M. Cohan, during the run of "The Song and Dance Man," had placed in the wings a bucket into which he could eject just before strutting cockily onstage.

The first time Robert Merrill set foot on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera, panic overwhelmed him. Richard Tucker, also onstage and singing, approached him, whispering words not to be found in the libretto of "La Traviata"—Yiddish words that caused Merrill to smile and relax. "You schmo, what are you doing here?" might be a polite translation.

First-night anxiety manifests itself in many and diverse ways. You wouldn't think it could affect some of the theatre's most flamboyant personalities. But it does, despite all their violent and deceptive camouflage. Bankhead is a good example. On the opening night of Philip Barry's "Foolish Notion," she may have concealed her concern from the audience, but she didn't conceal it from one devoted young admirer, the first to rush backstage, who said breathlessly, "Darling, you were wonderful tonight. Just wonderful." Tallulah, who has never been exactly soft-spoken, acknowledged his tribute with the frank suggestion: "Really, you son-of-a-dog? Then why aren't you still out front, applauding?"

Others, in an effort to conceal their nervousness, affect nonchalance. Sometimes it seems convincing. For instance, on the evening of the debut of "Red Gloves," his first Broadway appearance, Charles Boyer adhered to the old custom of a Parisian actor—a thin steak, a glass of Bordeaux, and a half-hour's nap before curtain time. After the world premiere of his "Fifi," Fritz Kreisler waited up for the morning papers and then, before reading his notices, first studied the New York Stock Exchange quotations. Bernard Hart, after the opening of a Moss Hart play that flopped, told his consoling friends, "Don't feel sorry for me. I'm okay, because I just found out that Moss really isn't my brother."

It was Margaret Truman who said, while waiting for the telecast of a Presidential speech, "I'm so nervous—now I know how Dad feels just before one of my concerts." And Brandon de Wilde, the eight-year-old boy whose first role was a lead in "The Member of the Wedding," started sobbing before the curtain went up at the opening. Harold Clurman, the director, rushed to his side. The youngster had heard the chattering of the audience on the other side of the curtain and realized that, unlike rehearsals, this was more than just A Game. "Listen, you little so-and-so," Clurman finally told the endearing boy. "Yes, there are people out front, behind the curtain. They've paid good money to see this show, and you're going to give them a show, do you hear?" Clurman's approach succeeded. Young Brandon's performance won unanimous acclaim and had much to do with the play's success.

Long years in the theatre have given John Golden, the producer, a novel outlook. At six p.m., after the final rehearsal, Mr. Golden always goes home to dinner used to bed. "Once the curtain is up," he says, "there's no further need for the producer, the playwright, the director, or the scenic designer. Once the curtain is up, the show's in the hands of the actors and the good Lord—in that order."

"You get the script you believe to be the finest," said Leland Hayward, on the night his production of "Mister Roberts" opened. "You hire the best director, the best scenic designer, and the best cast. Then you put a hundred thousand dollars of your own money and months of hard work into it. And on opening night, when the lights dim and the curtain starts rising, a premonition of doom creeps into your mind, and you suddenly see it all clearly and cry out, 'Oh, Lord, what have I done?'"

SOME producers and authors refuse to attend their openings. Plagued by nervousness, they seek escape in distant movie houses or by taking long walks. Eugene O'Neill would not attend the premiere of any of his plays until he had reached the age of fifty-eight, had collected three Pulitzer Prizes and won a Nobel Prize. He appeared at the opening night of "The Iceman Cometh" just long enough to pay a visit to the cast and to present each member with an inscribed copy of the play. That was his first and last appearance on an opening night.

John Steinbeck was absent when his "Of Mice and Men" had its New York premiere. Nor did he attend the opening of "The Moon Is Down." He was present, however, when the ill-fated "Burning Bright" came to the Broadway. "If these actors have the nerve to stand up there and recite the words I wrote," he explained, "the least I can do is be there and watch." Howard Lindsay sought the quiet of The Players Club on the night "Call Me Madam" opened, but his collaborator, Russel Crouse, was drawn to the scene. His face was a Daliesque green as he noticed that a couple in the fifth row weren't applauding the "They Like Ike" number. Then he recognized the pair—General and Mrs. Ike Eisenhower.

The majority of playwrights, however,

do attend their own openings. They pace the rear of the theatre during the acts. In the intermission, they race to a nearby bar for stimulants, and return to wait on tenterhooks for the final curtain. What pulls them through is the hope that they will hear those sounds sweeter than any music to their ears—thunderous applause, and the cry for "Author! Author!"

In response to that cry, Tennessee Williams twice raced down the aisle and was onstage so quickly that an envious fellow dramatist was prompted to remark, "Mr. Williams must be wearing sneakers with his dinner jacket. He proves that he is not only an author, but an accomplished sprinter as well."

GROUCHO MARK made a point of attending the opening of "Time for Elizabeth," a short-lived comedy of which he was co-author. When the curtain came down on what was quite apparently one of the less promising plays of the season, Groucho performed several gyrations with his eyebrows and shrugged: "Well, folks, I had George Bernard Shaw worried for about thirty seconds."

Sinclair Lewis was at the opening of "Good Neighbor," one of a series of theatrical misadventures that cost him a considerable amount of money and effort. One performance was enough to convince him that it would not be profitable to allow the play to run a second night. But Mr. Lewis could not be dissuaded from further attempts in the theatre. "I'm going right home and start a dramatization of 'Felicia Spawning,'" he insisted. "I'm just like a man who's been in an airplane accident. I've got to try again right away, before I lose my nerve."

It took an elevator operator at the Group Theatre to convince Clifford Odets that "Night Music" did not provide the perfect evening's entertainment the author had anticipated. This elevator man, who had been most enthusiastic about Mr. Odets' other plays, was curiously noncommittal about this one. "Let me explain it to you," Mr. Odets suggested. The elevator operator shook his head. "That's just what's wrong with it. For three dollars and thirty cents, people shouldn't need an explanation, too."

Now and then it requires a gambler's instinct to sustain a producer through the emotional rigors of a first night. Michael Todd has tasted his share of the glory and of the discouragement his business involves. George Kaufman once commented on Todd's ability to benefit from his own failures: "There's nothing wrong with Todd that a flop can't cure." Probably Todd learned the value of persistence on the opening night of his first musical, "The Hot Mikado." That night he very nearly forced success through the flop of a comedy, "Lee Shubert," followed him up the aisle of the theatre and offered to buy Todd's share of the show for twice what Todd had paid for it. It must have been a great temptation for the fledgling showman, as he searched his pockets for his last remaining coin—a fifty-cent piece. "Heads, I sell. Tails, I don't," he said. It came up tails. And it's a lucky thing it did, because the morning papers carried glad tidings. The newest Wonder Boy of show business had himself a hit.

Come opening night, theatre people are inclined to be overly sensitive and even superstitious. Moss Hart suffered great qualms at the première of his Air Force show, "Winged Victory." He noticed that after the intermission Bernard Baruch failed to reappear in his second-row seat. Hart considered this a bad omen. He was immensely relieved to learn later that Baruch had not registered any objection to the play, but had left for quite a different reason: The brassy Air Force band, in its enthusiastic rendition of "The Wild Blue Yonder," had shattered a delicate coil in his hearing aid.

WELL-INTENTIONED friends shower show people with good-luck tokens as antidotes for opening-night anxiety. But the recipients find dubious comfort in a talisman's powers. At the opening of his production of Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men," Sam H. Harris politely declined a rabbit's foot: "It can't be lucky. Don't forget, the poor rabbit had three others just like this one."

Enriched by "The Heiress," producer Fred F. Finklehoffe celebrated its long run by taking a trip to Europe. He returned to New York on April 7, 1949, and went directly to his hotel to rest from the wearying plane voyage. He was awakened by a friend who invited him to attend a musical opening that night. "I'm too tired," Finklehoffe sighed, but the caller was persistent. "Okay," the producer agreed, "I'll go, but it'd better be good. The minute I feel bored, I'll go home."

They went to the Majestic Theatre, took their seats, and watched the curtain go up. Finklehoffe glanced at the island setting, and watched two children sing "Dixie-Mol Pourquoi." He lunged from his seat, whispered to his companion, "That's all, brother. If it starts with two kids singing something I can't understand, it must be awful. Thanks. I'm going home"—and not for seven months thereafter could he get a ticket to see the rest of "South Pacific."

At her opening in "As You Like It," Katharine Hepburn said, "On opening night I'm two persons, the first one watching the second one doing terrible things onstage, and not being able to do anything about it." Danny Kaye tried to overcome a similar feeling on the eve of his first command performance in London by enlisting the services of a psychoanalyst.

"Who's nervous?" composer Jules Steyn asked during the intermission at the first night of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." He then led some friends to the bar next door and asked the bartender, "What'll you have?"

Mr. Steyn and several other popular song writers, curious about Broadway's reaction to the work of a modern composer, attended the opening of Marc Blitzstein's "Regina." Aaron Copland, a leader of Mr. Blitzstein's set, which, at Lindy's, is deemed long-haired, voiced his confidence as soon as the final curtain descended. Embracing the composer, Copland announced, "With 'Regina,' Mr. Blitzstein has created a milestone in the theatre."

Mr. Copland on a later occasion embraced Al North, who wrote the incidental music for "Death of a Salesman." At the opening of this prize-winning play, when the audience shouted "Author! Author!" perhaps it was Mr. Copland, or else Mr. North's loyal brother, who was heard shouting, "Incidental music writer! Incidental music writer!"

"I've been in the theatre a long time," said Harry Bannister, as he entered the Royale to participate in the Broadway debut of "Affairs of State"—and at every opening I find that although I am older, the butterflies in my stomach remain as young and vigorous as ever." Mr. Bannister found encouragement in the cheerful, stalwart bearing of Celeste Holm, until he looked into her eyes, which had filled with tears at the sight of her marquee billing—her name above the title—the fulfilled dream of Broadway stardom.

Ralph Morgan, ever aware of the danger of dropping a prop, insisted on opening nights that the tea cups be carried in countless drawing-room comedies be glued to the saucers. Such commendable precaution was not observed by an actress in the role of a maid in an Empire Theatre premiere on November 8, 1939. She lost control of a tray of food, and its contents, crockery and all, fell to the stage with a shattering crash. One of the authors, Russel Crouse, paced the rear of the theatre in torment as Howard Lindsay, a co-author who played a leading part in the play, improvised lines until the debris could be cleared away. But the worst was yet to come for Russel Crouse. A few moments later a bit actor muffed his lines, went back, started over, and muffed them again. A child actor chuckled whenever the audience laughed. To top it all off, a quartette suddenly appeared onstage for no reason at all, compelling the harassed Mr. Lindsay to improvise again. This catastrophic sequence of events resulted in the elimination of the entire scene from subsequent performances. But all was not lost. You see, the play was "Life with Father," and audiences liked it so much they paid to see it for eight years running.

Yet, during the hectic interim, a series of dismal images must have paraded through Crouse's mind. Not the least of these may have been the memory of another November première, that of a George M. Cohan flop. That evening, a child approached the disconsolate cast at the stage door, offered a Thanksgiving raffle card, and pleaded, "Will you take a chance on a turkey?" Ed McNamara patted the child on the head. "We just did," he said.

In the last analysis, luck has little to do with the outcome of a play. Either it's good or it's bad—and there's nothing that can change it. These realistic sentiments were voiced by George Jessel, a practical man of the theatre. "If the author, director, producer, and cast have done their best," he said, "there can be no such thing as good luck on the night a play opens—except, perhaps, if there's a dinner scene with oysters, and the actors find pearls in them."

A few theatre people exude confidence on opening night. These stalwarts are exceptions to the general rule. Howard S. Cullman, Broadway's foremost angel, is one of them. During the opening of a comedy he had financed, Cullman was overheard saying to a friend of his who was laughing uproariously, "And what are you laughing at? You haven't any money in this show."

It would take a qualified psychiatrist to diagnose accurately the causes of opening-night anxiety. They are curiously complex. Ambition, the struggle for survival, the universal dream of achieving fame and fortune, pride, love, vanity, and a thousand other intangibles—all are concentrated in the one hundred and fifty minutes of a Broadway evening.

Donald Ogden Stewart expressed the tortured feelings of a dramatist on the night his "How I Wonder" opened. He watched the first-nighters and critics arriving and confessed: "I have an awful feeling of impending tragedy. I hope it's something trivial that I can handle—like t.b. or a broken leg—instead of, God forbid, a flop."

IN THAT moment when the footlights dim and the orchestra strikes the first note, hope, doubt, and fear rise to a fierce crescendo—and the play is launched. By the time the morning papers are out, the critics will have rendered their verdict. If you're involved in the show, you can find things to do in the meantime. Drink coffee, bite your nails, tear your hair, if you want. But you'll have to wait. It's too late to back out or to start all over again. Just wait. Just agonize. It may drive you crazy!

THE END

**FOR YOUR CHILD, BE SURE—
GET GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN
IN NEW CHILDREN'S SIZE!**



The new Children's Size Bayer Aspirin Tablets are genuine Bayer Aspirin, three ways best for your child. Children's Size Bayer Aspirin Tablets assure proper dosage because each tablet contains *half* the amount of regular size Bayer Aspirin. Yet each tablet is full dosage—the "half an aspirin" doctors so often prescribe for children. Then too, your child cannot mistake it for candy—each tablet is uncolored and unflavored. And Bayer Aspirin's single active ingredient is so gentle to the system, doctors often prescribe it for even the smallest children. So be sure for your child—get genuine Bayer Aspirin in the new CHILDREN'S SIZE. 30 Tablets, only 25¢.



I Love, You Love, He Loves (Continued from page 63)

in their seats with a raised hand and eyebrow.

"I have asked Miss Plinck a question." He turned all his attention on the embarrassed girl. "Do you think it would be a good idea for Mr. Faber to write his little letters in Latin, or not to write them at all?"

"Not at all," Miss Plinck muttered, staring at the floor.

"Perhaps that is the wiser choice," Mr. Barstow agreed. Then he leisurely assigned the homework and dismissed the class.

They arose with a clatter, hurrying toward the door and the beckoning freedom of the weekend. Mr. Barstow watched with mild scorn. The eager way they crowded forward, one would think all the pleasures of the world waited just outside, and that the weekend was too short a time in which to taste them all.

SOME of the teachers were gathered, as usual, in the principal's outer office. As usual, Mr. Barstow only nodded to them and walked over to the bulletin board and his own mailbox.

"Hello, Mr. Barstow," said Mrs. Nordquist, who taught History and was dean of girls. "Friday, thank heavens!"

"Um—" Mr. Barstow agreed, and pretended to be very interested in the notices on the board so she wouldn't come over and invite him to Sunday dinner, at which time she would serve up an undercooked leg of lamb and an overaged unmarried lady.

"Hello, there, Barstow," said Mr. Johnson, who taught Mathematics and pretended to a hearty, masculine manner. "Is Latin still a dead language, or did you revive it this week?"

"It is still dead," Mr. Barstow answered. Perversely, he added, "And if it weren't, I'd have killed it."

He turned sharply, caught the looks on their faces, and knew with grim satisfaction that he was right: They had often said that about him.

Mr. Johnson looked foolish and said the first conciliatory thing that came into his head. "Nice suit you've got on. New?"

"Comperatively," Mr. Barstow agreed. "It's only five years old." He looked thoughtfully at Mr. Johnson's sports jacket and nonmatching trousers. "Where do you find your outfits, Mr. Johnson?"

Mr. Johnson stiffened. "Well, after all, we're in California. Why dress as if we were going to a funeral in Boston?"

"Philadelphia," Mr. Barstow corrected him. "They are sent to me by a tailor in Philadelphia." He nodded impartially to Miss Krimmer, who taught Spanish, Miss Dayton, Domestic Science, and Miss Wells, Typing and Office Practice. Then he went out, leaving a chilled little silence behind him.

"Try to be friendly," said Mr. Johnson bitterly, "and where do you get?"

"Nowhere," said Mrs. Nordquist firmly. "I've given up."

Miss Wells, new this semester, asked curiously, "How old is he, anyway?"

"Ninety," said Mr. Johnson promptly. "I know he came here straight out of college," Mrs. Nordquist said. "Seventeen years here— That makes him around forty."

"Doesn't he ever get a haircut?" Miss Dayton asked.

"Oh, twice a year he backs into a

lawn mower," Mr. Johnson explained. "Still—he's not too bad-looking," said Miss Wells absently. When she saw them staring at her, she added hastily, "—If you like that shaggy type."

"Well, I don't," said Mrs. Nordquist firmly, "any more than I'd like a damp cellar full of black panthers."

Mr. Barstow, almost home by now, knew their opinion of him as well as if he had stayed and listened, but he didn't care. He wondered what the matter was with people these days. None of them seemed worth knowing. Which was, perhaps, why he had bought a television set. Although he scorned the level of entertainment contained within it, it did offer a kind of companionship, adding human warmth to his small bachelor apartment. He found himself mildly interested in the baseball games; he set up a card table in front of the set, and alternately graded papers and watched.

His favorite program was a nightly musical show. Not a show exactly, just a girl who came on at midnight and sang for an hour. Mr. Barstow liked the way she did it. No fuss. She just sat at the piano, smiled a little, ran her slim, ringless fingers over the keys, and started to sing.

Mr. Barstow liked the way she sang—her voice not throbbing with drama, nor squealing up to difficult heights. She simply sang the melody, occasionally humming as if the words weren't important anyway. He liked the songs she sang, songs tangled with memories of his youth. Sometimes she'd sing a very special favorite of his over twice, as though it were her special favorite, too; that was strangely satisfying.

Mr. Barstow liked the way she looked. She wore a white dress with a long, full skirt and a dark-velvet ribbon around her small waist. The neckline of the dress was a little bit off, but not too far off, smooth young shoulders. She reminded Mr. Barstow of someone he used to know, and he liked everything about her. In fact, he was a little bit in love with her.

And Mr. Barstow loved the fact that she had no sponsor. It was undoubtedly not so good for her, but it spared him the tiresome commercials and gave her more singing time. She always introduced herself—her name was Mary or Marian Knight—and she just said, "Good evening. I've come to sing for you again."

When her hour was up, she stretched her round young arms, arched her back like a sleepy kitten, and said, "Good night. Sleep well."

For the past few weeks, because Miss Knight's soothing voice had quieted his taut nerves, he had slept much better.

On Friday night, she sang a song that was irritatingly familiar to him, but he couldn't remember what it was called. All Saturday he kept humming it to himself and straining toward the memory that went with it. On Sunday, he wrote Miss Knight a letter, in care of the station, asking her to be kind enough to tell him the name of the song.

MONDAY was just another Monday. In his last class of the day (he thought of it as his Very Elementary Class), he noticed without much interest that Miss Plinck was absent and Mr. Faber looked miserable. Mr. Barstow didn't think of them again till Tuesday

noon, when he was sitting in his classroom, eating some crackers and an apple—he hated sitting at the teachers' table in the cafeteria. Miss Wells or one of the other younger teachers came in. He never bothered to look at woman teachers long enough to tell them apart. "Hello, Mr. Barstow," she said. "Hope I'm not disturbing you."

Yes, it was Miss Wells. She had a nicer voice than the others, and generally their slips were showing, whereas this one's wasn't. But he didn't like her coming uninvited into his classroom, and he didn't like being discovered munching crackers like a squirrel.

"Not at all," he said without conviction, and rose, hoping she wouldn't stay long.

"I've come to ask a little favor of you," she said, her voice friendly and coaxing, her curved lips smiling. But he noticed her gray-blue eyes were wary.

"Yes?" he said questioningly. "You know Betty Plinck—she's in one of your classes. Well, I'm afraid you've got her into an uncomfortable spot."

Mr. Barstow was affronted. "What possible connection could I have," he asked icily, "with Miss Plinck?"

Miss Wells laughed. "The way you say her name, it sounds like a broken ukulele string."

"Am I responsible for Miss Plinck's ridiculous name?"

Miss Wells still smiled, but her gray-blue eyes looked at him soberly. "No—but she suffers enough from it without its being enunciated quite so clearly."

There, he thought contemptuously, was a sample of feminine reasoning. The girl's name was Plinck, could he pronounce it Jones?

"What is this frightful predicament into which I have forced poor Miss Plinck?" he asked with cold dignity.

"Last Friday afternoon in class," Miss Wells explained, "you said something about some love notes Dick Faber had been passing to her, and, of course, in a few minutes it was all over school. Harry Fletcher—he and Betty go together—Harry heard about it and had a fight with Betty. Then he and Dick had a fight. Harry fell down some stairs and broke his leg. He's in a cast at home, and won't let Betty in to explain, so I thought perhaps you and I should help."

"It?" Mr. Barstow echoed in amazement.

"Well, yes," Miss Wells said calmly. "Seeing that you started it, I think you ought to correct the mistake you made. Because Dick Faber wasn't really writing those notes to Betty—she was just passing them on to someone else."

"You seem to know a great deal about the private lives of your students," Mr. Barstow said, with what he hoped was a withering infection.

"I have eyes," Miss Wells admitted lightly, "and of course I can't help getting fond of some of the kids."

"You have not, I take it, been teaching for very long?"

"No, I haven't, but I don't see what difference that makes."

"You will," he promised her. "Maybe so." She said it as though she didn't believe it. Then she held her hand out in a friendly gesture. "Thank you, Mr. Barstow."

He looked at her hand judiciously, but he made no move to take it. "For

what, Miss Wells? I haven't said I would meddle in the private problems of Mr. Faber and Miss Plinck. I am sorry that it ended with broken bones, but Mr. Faber was wrong to write the notes in class, and Miss Plinck was wrong to accept them."

"Of course they were wrong, but it's poor Harry Fletcher I'm thinking about. It isn't fair. He's the one with the broken leg, and the broken heart." She smiled indulgently over the word "heart," but her eyes were warm with sympathy. "He won't listen to Betty, but he'd believe you if you went over and explained your mistake."

Mr. Barstow stalked to a position behind his desk, feeling more secure in that fortified point. "I am certain, Miss Wells, that Mr. Fletcher's broken leg and broken heart will heal in due time without my interference."

She looked at him in surprise. "You mean you won't go to see him?"

"I think that could be considered a literal translation of what I said."

"But, Mr. Barstow," she protested, "I don't think you realize how miserable he is. His sister's a good friend of mine—I live there, in the Fletcher house—and I promised her that you'd—"

Mr. Barstow interrupted. He was thoroughly irritated. Miss Wells's maudlin request had prevented him from going down to his mailbox to see if Miss Knight had answered his letter. And now the bell was about to ring. So he answered Miss Wells with cold finality. "I am sorry you made a promise that was not in your power to keep."

He dismissed her by sitting down at his desk and opening a book. He felt her staring down at him for a long, indignant moment, but he didn't look up. She marched toward the door, her high heels very brisk and contemptuous. She paused for a moment at the door, he thought, but he still didn't look up. Was she considering whether to return and attack again? Finally there was the sound of her heels again, and the door closed sharply just as the bell rang and his Advanced Latin class strolled reluctantly in.

As Mr. Barstow took roll call, he noticed that a ripple of laughter was passing around the class. Oddly enough, it seemed to emanate from his brighter students. They were looking toward the door. He cautiously angled around.

There were blackboards near the door of every classroom—they bore, at the top, the teacher's name and the subjects he taught. Under Mr. Barstow's full name, THOMAS FREDERICK BAR-

STOW, a few words had been written in Latin, in a large, bold hand, Mr. Barstow mentally translated the words. "A man of learning, but no wisdom!"

Miss Wells had written that! She had paused on her way out of the room to leave him that insulting message.

With an effort, he controlled himself, pretended not to see what was written there. As soon as the hour was over and the last student gone, Mr. Barstow angrily erased the comment. But it rankled. At least, he protested mentally, he was wise enough to stay out of other people's affairs, a wisdom she had yet to learn. Once, in his first year here, he had been foolish enough to try to help a student who was involved in a complicated affair. He had got no thanks for it, only accusations of favoritism, and had almost lost his position. It was wiser to have little or no personal contact with students.

Miss Plinck was again absent from his last class of the day, adding to his annoyance. She couldn't afford to stay home moping over a case of puppy love. She was on the ragged edge of flunking as it was.

When the school day was over, he was excited to see a letter through the glass door of his mailbox. Either Miss Knight or the television station had been wonderfully prompt in answering. But the folded piece of paper in his box was not a letter. When Mr. Barstow unfolded it, he found himself confronted with a Latin proverb: "The best mistake is one that is swiftly mended!"

Miss Wells again, he thought furiously. He took out the red pencil he used for grading papers and proceeded to correct the mistakes in the Latin sentence, his pencil viciously underlining the errors. Refolding the paper, he pushed it through the slot into Miss Wells's mailbox. Then he walked home slowly. The April afternoon was warm and filled with soft spring languor, and he felt restless and uncomfortable in his dark suit and snug-fitting vest.

He usually forced himself to work two hours daily on the book he had been writing for four years, but today he couldn't settle to it. He read over what he'd written the day before, and it seemed trite and dull. In a burst of irritation, he pushed the pages away from him and leaned back.

"Damn Miss Wells," he said aloud. "Her and her Latin proverbs!" And damn everything, in fact, but Miss Knight and the hour when the world was quiet and she would come and sing to him.

She came onto the screen, looking softly eager to please him and as gently

soothing as Miss Wells, for instance, was not. Miss Knight sang all his favorites, drifting from one into the other, and his irritation melted away.

He wondered if she had already answered his letter, and he felt a moment's panic at having written. Her letter might be coy or stupid. People were generally disappointing at closer view; he should have left her image untouched.

JUST THE same, he went to his mailbox with eagerness the next morning. The mailman hadn't come yet, but there was another folded piece of paper—another of Miss Wells's rude, would-be Latin messages.

"You have been weighed in the balance and found wanting," it proclaimed.

He tore up the paper, stuffed the pieces into Miss Wells's box, and stalked angrily upstairs. As he opened his classroom door, his gaze went involuntarily toward the blackboard, which was crowded with incorrect Latin: "The wounded man delights in wounding others."

He snatched up the eraser, and his vicious, scrubbing strokes sent up little eddies of chalk-whitened air so that his suit was dusty with it, and the aroma of the words clung to him all day.

The day was finally over, and there really was a letter in his box. But it was his own letter to Miss Knight, returned to him unopened and marked, "Unknown at this address."

Mr. Barstow was annoyed at himself this time. He must have mailed it to her in care of the wrong station—he'd check it with the newspaper he'd left upstairs in his classroom.

Just before he opened his door, he saw through its window that Miss Wells was inside. He opened the door very softly. She was scowling with absorption as she wrote on the board: "Homines, dum docent, discunt."

"What is that supposed to mean?" he asked quietly.

She answered absently, "Those who teach are also supposed to learn." Then she whirled guiltily to face him.

"You've used the wrong tense of the verb again."

"It's quite a while," she mumbled defensively, "since I took Latin."

"Under the circumstances, I think you do quite well. —It's possible, you know, that I could find a few apt quotations to write under your name. I might start with 'A woman only teaches when there is something wrong with—' He hesitated. He had forgotten how very blunty sexy the quotation was. He amended it. "With her personal life."

She flushed a little but answered

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steadily. "Oh, I think Nietzsche suffered from a severe case of sour grapes where women were concerned. They didn't like him, so he decided they must be stupid." Then she smiled with indulgent scorn. "It was kind of you, Mr. Barstow, to censor the quotation."

Mr. Barstow was taken aback. He hadn't expected her to know the author of the derogatory remark, nor its substance. To cover his embarrassment, he took the eraser and cleared the board.

"Miss Plinck," he said accusingly, "was absent again today. I presume she is home bathing her wounds in tears?"

"I presume so."

"If she misses any more classes, she won't be able to graduate."

"That seems, unfortunately, to be true," Miss Wells agreed.

Mr. Barstow said grudgingly, "Well, if you will tell the young lady to come to class tomorrow, I shall write her a note to Mr. Fletcher, explaining that I have reason to believe the love missives were not meant for her."

"I'll tell Betty about your very generous offer," Miss Wells said, "but I don't think she'll come."

"Why not?" he asked sharply.

"She should know you might be able to figure out the reasons for yourself. She's scared to death of you—feels she's going to flunk anyway, no matter what she does—and dreads returning to a class in which she's been so embarrassed."

"What should I have done?" Mr. Barstow demanded. "Thanked her for giving her attention to Mr. Faber's notes?"

"Of course not. But you could have spoken to her alone—after class."

Mr. Barstow hated to speak to students alone. The personal contact was more of a punishment to him than to them, which obviously wasn't fair.

"I had no idea," he said stiffly, "that she was a frail creature who would bruise so easily."

"Well, now you know she is," Miss Wells said flatly, and walked out of the room.

COMPLETELY disgruntled, Mr. Barstow fished his morning newspaper from the wastebasket. The television section wasn't very helpful about Miss Knight, however. Her name wasn't listed at KNOH, nor was it programmed at any other station. Evidently Miss Knight wasn't going to sing tonight.

But she did. She came on at the same time, same station, looking softly pretty as always. Someone, apparently, had erred in returning his letter to him.

After Miss Knight finished singing, Mr. Barstow addressed another envelope to her, put his letter in it, and walked to the mailbox. It was odd, but just as he was about to slip the letter into the clanking metal jaw of the box, Mr. Barstow remembered the name of the song, so there was no need to mail the letter. He remembered everything about the song, and the memories, sweet and painful, came rushing into his mind out of the darkness.

The seventh grade. The weekly music hour. Fat Mrs. Williams, the music teacher (how he'd hated her!), dividing the class into three sections for harmony. Little Caroline Anderson (how he'd adored her!) in the seat next to his, her clear, high voice penetrating into the very marrow of his throbbing bones. And the scorching agony of the moment when Mrs. Williams had said in her fat

voice, "Thomas, if you could tear your eyes away from Caroline for one moment, you might be able to observe my signals and not start too soon. Do you think you could make that effort for the sake of class harmony?"

And she'd waited inexorably until he'd answered, "Yes, Mrs. Williams." Under the stress of emotion, his voice had cracked shamefully. The class had laughed. Even Caroline had laughed!

Mr. Barstow found he hated Mrs. Williams quite as much now, in retrospect, as he had almost thirty years before. The staid woman, embarrassing him like that. She could at least have waited until after—

Mr. Barstow stopped dead in the center of the sidewalk. Then he walked slowly toward home and a sleepless night. What could have happened to him over the years that permitted him to act as callously as Mrs. Williams?

THE NEXT day his last class was again without Miss Plinck. Her unoccupied desk was a reproach to him; he tried not to look at it, but his eyes kept returning like the tongue to an aching tooth.

He dismissed class five minutes early—which completely stunned them, he noticed with wry humor. Before the final bell rang, he was waiting outside Miss Wells's classroom. Some of her students took quite a while to clear out; they hung around her desk and talked and giggled. Finally they were gone, and he marched in.

"Miss Plinck was not at school again today," he said without preamble.

She said dryly, "I take roll call, too." "I think I had better put a stop to this nonsense. If you will give me the Fletcher boy's phone number, I will call and try to explain."

Miss Wells was very busy gathering typed pages together. "Harry can't come to the phone. His leg's in a cast."

"Oh," said Mr. Barstow. "Well, I suppose I could write him a note."

"Yes, I suppose you could."

"I think I'll go over there right now," he said suddenly.

She looked up then, and rose. "It isn't far," she assured him. "I'll walk with you."

The Fletcher house was big and old, a comfortable monstrosity of a house, sagging a little under its burden of cupolas and gables, but held up and cheered by green ivy and purple bougainvilleas.

"Those are my windows up there," said Miss Wells, pointing to the second-floor corner. "I have a nice big bedroom I use for a living room, and a sun porch I've made over into a bedroom. The Fletchers let me use the kitchen when I choose."

"It must not give you much privacy," Mr. Barstow remarked.

"All I need," Miss Wells answered, leading the way up the wide wooden steps. "I don't think I put quite such a premium on being alone as you do. I would be quite lonely without friends."

"There's a Latin proverb—one you must have overlooked—which says 'Only the lonely are free.'"

She turned and looked thoughtfully at him. "Free to do what?"

"Why, free to do as you want."

She shrugged. "I'm free to do as I want, and I don't want to be lonely. She opened the screen door and led the way down a hallway toward Harry's bedroom.

"Mrs. Fletcher's out," Miss Wells ex-

plained, "but she'll be very grateful to you." She pushed open a door and stood back for him to pass through.

Mr. Barstow hesitated, wishing he hadn't come, but just then Miss Wells did an amazing thing. She smiled up at him, gray-blue eyes very friendly and approving, her hand gently patted his cheek, twice, lightly, and her encouraging voice said, "That's my good boy!"

Dazzled and warmed, as though by bright summer sunlight, Mr. Barstow walked into Harry's room. He never knew just exactly what he said, but it was obviously very much the right thing, because the boy's listless apathy dissolved into one large grin and a torrent of thanks, and when Mr. Barstow left the room, Miss Wells had already called Betty and told her it was safe to come over.

"I thought," said Miss Wells somewhat smugly, "that if I kept nagging you, you'd do what you wanted to do all along."

Mr. Barstow shook his head and made an effort to regain his dignity. "That had absolutely nothing to do with it. I should hope that I'm a conscientious-enough teacher—" and then, because he disliked the stuffy sound of his voice, he stopped and said honestly, "It was something I saw on television."

She looked very interested. "Have you a set?"

He nodded.

"How wonderful," she said. "I've been thinking of getting one. Do you use yours much?"

"Not very," he lied casually. "Mostly too busy—seldom home long enough."

"I wonder," she asked hesitantly, "if I could come up and see it—just for a half hour Thursday evening. A friend of mine's going to be in a play, and I'd like to see him. Would you mind very much?"

He did mind very much. He was smitten with a strange panic at the thought of her being there, in his own apartment, where he was always safely alone.

She saw his hesitation and laughed. "I won't bite you."

He stiffened and answered with formality. "I was only wondering if I could change the appointment I had for Thursday, and I think I can, so of course I don't mind your coming."

"Thank you," she said innocently. "You're very kind."

"What time is the program you would like to see, Miss Wells?"

"Nine-thirty," she said. "And thanks again."

ON THURSDAY night, she arrived an hour before he had expected her.

"Hello," she said gaily, coming in and looking around with frank curiosity.

"Nice," she approved.

She carried an enormous cellophane bag of popcorn, a bag of peanuts, a box of caramels, and out of a brown paper bag, she took two bottles of beer and two packs of cigarettes. "I've brought things to chew, to smoke, and to drink!"

He started to protest against her gifts, but then the ridiculous assortment made them both laugh. They settled down on the sofa across from the television set—Miss Wells at one end, Mr. Barstow at the other, with their provisions for the evening forming a kind of bundling bond between them. Really, Mr. Barstow thought about three hours later, Really, this is turning out to be quite a pleasant evening!

It was rather nice to have someone laugh at his comments when the performances of the commercials were bad, and Miss Wells had, he thought, an unusually pleasant laugh. He looked at her now and then, in the dimness, and smiled in amusement. She looked like an eager kid at a movie. She had kicked her shoes off and pulled her legs up under her; she chewed popcorn steadily and absently, her eyes intent on the screen, her short hair pushed back from her—yes, her quite pretty face.

Then it was almost twelve. Almost time for Miss Knight. Mr. Barstow uneasily wished that Miss Wells would go. He somehow didn't like the idea of listening to Miss Knight with another woman in the room, and he stirred restlessly.

Miss Wells said, "Well—it's getting late." She yawned a little, slid her feet into her shoes, stood up, smoothed her skirt, stooped to pick up a handful of spilled popcorn, and then walked over and turned on the goose-necked lamp on the table where the typewriter held a half-finished page of manuscript.

Interested, Miss Wells leaned over to read the sheet of paper that was in the typewriter.

Mr. Barstow was shocked. "What," he asked indignantly, "if that were a very private letter?"

"I could see it's a manuscript," said Miss Wells, and she went on reading. "Is it a story, or history? Seems to be about Rome."

"It's a novel," Mr. Barstow answered, reaching to take the pages from her; but she had picked up the sheet and was backing away. "About Rome in Cicero's time."

"Please—" she begged, "please let me read just a little. I'm really terribly curious."

She sank down on the straight chair behind the card table and began to read, while Mr. Barstow went back to Miss Knight. There seemed to be a little tube trouble in the television set. Miss Knight's image was not as bright and distinct as it should have been, nor was her voice. Mr. Barstow fiddled with the knobs, feeling cross at Miss Wells for having spoiled his favorite hour. Then Miss Wells laughed out loud and said with enthusiasm, "Oh, I love this paragraph—listen to this—"

No author can resist having his work read aloud to him. Mr. Barstow could not resist. He turned the television set off, feeling as guilty as a happily married man who looks at another woman, and he listened while Miss Wells read the paragraph aloud.

She was right, Mr. Barstow thought, and quite discriminating, because it was a very amusing paragraph.

"This is really wonderful," she said admiringly, "and I think your students ought to ride you out of town on a rail, all tarred and feathered."

He was startled. "Why?" "Because this shows what a wonderful teacher you could really be. You've made a dead time seem very alive and funny. You could have given your classes bits of this to sugar-coat the bitter rules of grammar and Caesar's darned old bridges."

Mr. Barstow was hurt and furious. Throw his years of research to a bunch of indifferent children, like pearls before swine? No! He took the pages from her, looked at his watch and said, "Well—"

She stood up quickly and smiled, "Yes, sir. It's time for you to put the cat out."

He walked home with her, although he didn't want to and although she protested that she was used to finding her way home alone. He walked very rapidly, hoping he could get back to Miss Knight before her hour was over.

On the Fletcher porch steps Miss Wells said, "If I improve my manners, may I come again some other night? Maybe Sunday?"

"Of course," said Mr. Barstow politely but distantly. "Some other time."

But, he promised himself as he hurried home, there would be no other time. Miss Wells had a way of suddenly landing much too close.

Miss Knight hadn't gone by the time he returned, breathless from running up the stairs. There was definitely something wrong with the set—her face blurred, her voice was inaudible at times. He would have to call the television repair shop tomorrow.

He would also have to ignore Miss Wells quite pointedly so she wouldn't invite herself over again.

HOW DIFFICULT to let Miss Wells know she was being ignored, because he barely saw her. He began to suffer from a premonition that she might drop in Sunday evening without warning. Grimly he prepared for invasion.

He housecleaned, washed one window, bought whisky and gin and beer, popcorn, of course, and got a haircut. He had to have one soon, anyway.

"Have a good time?" the barber asked hospitably as he settled Mr. Barstow in the chair, ballooning the enormous white bib around him. He was a new barber.

"Good time?" Mr. Barstow echoed blankly.

"On your vacation," the barber said.

Mr. Barstow realized that the barber thought he must have been far away from the conventional needs for neatly trimmed hair.

"Oh," said Mr. Barstow, and tried to catch a look at himself in the mirror. Was it really that bad? "Yes," he said, "very good time."

"Lotsa hair," the barber congratulated him. "Thick like a bearskin. How you want it? Short?"

"Quite short," agreed Mr. Barstow.

QUITE is an elastic word. Mr. Barstow emerged with a crew cut. After his first astonished gasp at his naked look, he didn't mind too much. It ought to be months and months now before he'd need another haircut.

He stopped at the television shop, and the repairman promised to come over and take a look as soon as he could—he couldn't promise definitely. That evening, watching Miss Knight, Mr. Barstow thought the vision and sound were a little clearer. But then, halfway through, the channel went completely off the air.

Mr. Barstow got a lot of work done on his story Sunday, and he was irritated at having to stop because Miss Wells would shortly be arriving.

But Miss Wells didn't come.

Just exactly like a woman, Mr. Barstow thought peevishly. She makes an appointment, puts you to a lot of trouble, and then doesn't even keep it! She could at least have called, he thought resentfully.

Forget it, he admonished himself sternly, forget it and all women. Except Miss Knight.

But Miss Knight didn't come either!

She tried to, but all that arrived on his screen was a flickering pattern with no sound at all. Mr. Barstow twisted one of the knobs with such violence that it broke. Then he cursed quite shockingly, considering his profession, and went to bed.

The puzzled, curious looks of his students next morning reminded him of his new haircut.

"Your bright little eyes," he said sardonically, "look as though they'd never seen a crew cut before, in spite of the fact that half my virile young pupils wear one themselves. It isn't exactly a new style, you know. The Roman soldiers used to wear it for convenience. And then, way before Caesar's time, there was a bald emperor who ordered all the men's heads to be shaved so his own wouldn't be noticed in the crowd—" He didn't quite know why he had started telling this incident from his book, but having started, he warmed to it and told it well.

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"And that was all right, except one of the emperor's guards didn't hear very well. He came back after a while, saluted, and said, 'Yes, sir, mission accomplished, sir. Where shall we bury the bodies, sir?'"

"Bodies?" the emperor asked. "What bodies?"

"Of the heads, sir, which you ordered me to cut off, sir."

"Idiot!" said the emperor. "I told you to have their hair cut off!"

"Sorry, sir," said the guard. "Misunderstood you, sir, but I'll correct that right away. I'll see to it, sir, that the hair is cut before they're buried, sir."

There was a second of amazed silence, and then suddenly the room was filled with shouting laughter, spontaneous, not feebly dutiful laughter, but strong and warm. Mr. Barstow felt caught up and held within it; he was shaken by it, too, and he felt that he and his students, the room itself, could never be the same.

"Oh, well," he said sheepishly, as the laughter continued. "It wasn't that funny, and I'm not sure it was a hundred-percent true."

There was more laughter, and having gone without food of this kind for a long time, it went to Mr. Barstow's crew cut. He said recklessly, "I know a true one that's funnier. Happened in Rome about one-twenty a.c. It was in July—"

HE STOPPED, agghast at what he was doing, certain they wouldn't appreciate these bits of knowledge and humor he had searched for and valued. He started to reach for his Latin book, but the expectant stillness of the room halted him. He looked around and saw them, young and eagerly waiting, anxious to hear what had happened in Rome on a July day in one-twenty a.c.

And since he knew, and he was a teacher, it was his duty and his pleasure to tell them. He saw that clearly now.

"It was a very hot day," he started, "so hot the men in the Senate—the city hall—had taken off their togas and were sitting around in their—well, I guess we'd call them diapers—"

There was laughter, quickly checked because they didn't want to miss what he was saying. He went on to the end of the amazing story, after which they asked questions and made comments that startled Mr. Barstow with their intelligence. Shamed him, too, because he'd fallen into the easy habit of considering them ignorant children.

Then he concluded in a mock travelogue voice, "As the sun sets on the ancient city of Remulus and Remus, let us say farewell, Vale, Bali Ha'i, and return to classroom two-o-seven and the top of page forty-four."

A good-natured groan answered him. He had to smile.

"The regret is mutual, I assure you. I have hated Latin grammar for twenty years," he said, amazed at his own vehement statement and wondering how soon it would get to the school board. "But there it is—a requirement for both of us. So why don't we see how painlessly we can get through it together? I'll tell you what," he offered impulsively. "I'll devote the last ten minutes of class to stories like that, if we get through our regular work in time!"

THAT DAY in April, contrary to calendar statistics, was surely the shortest day in Mr. Barstow's school year.

Classes came in sullenly and went out laughing. Mr. Barstow felt dazed with success and drunk with power. He also felt he had to see Miss Wells.

He slammed the classroom door behind him and walked down the hall to leave her room. She was just coming out.

He looked at her sternly.

"Where were you last night?"

Miss Wells looked startled. "Last night? Nowhere. I mean, home. Why?"

"You had led me to expect that you were coming over to look at television."

She smiled ruefully. "You led me to expect you might not let me in."

Her frankness embarrassed him and he retreated to the formal, "I'm sorry if I seemed inhospitable." Then he stumbled forward into an oblique invitation. "There's an unusually good program tonight if you'd like to see it—"

Her gray-blue eyes looked directly into his, but she didn't answer right away. "Do you think I should?" she finally asked, as though she were questioning herself as well as him.

He misunderstood and reassured her awkwardly: "I don't think anybody will know—I mean, I don't think people would think anything about your coming, and—desperately striving for a lighter touch—"if you're worried, we can leave the door open."

"Oh, it's not that," she said. "Everyone knows you're above reproach, like Caesar's wife."

He didn't like that; it implied an insult to his masculinity and he scowled. She met his frown as though she didn't mind having provoked him.

"I was just wondering," she went on, "if you were only being polite or if you really wanted me to come." She waited for an honest answer.

"Yes," said Mr. Barstow. "Yes, I do want you."

She looked at him measurably. She didn't smile, but her eyes deepened with pleasure. "Then I'll be there," she promised. "At eight."

He was ready and waiting for her at seven. When the bell rang, he hurried to the door, intending to surprise her by saying, "Hello, Barbara!" But on the door-sill stood the television repairman, Mr. Uh. (At least, that's what Mr. Barstow, not knowing his name, always called him.)

"Hello, Mac," said Mr. Uh. (Everyone was Mac to Mr. Uh.) "Got here like I promised."

"Fine," said Mr. Barstow, who had forgotten about him. "Come on in."

Mr. Uh came in, found the television set and turned it on. "How's it working?"

"Well, not too well," complained Mr. Barstow. "Most stations come in fine, but in the late evening the picture fades."

"That so?" Mr. Uh commented, pushed the machine out from the wall, and squatted down to peer into its complicated bowels. "Shouldn't do that." He tested a few metal things with some other metal things, nodding to himself now and then. "Seems okay. What station can't you get?"

"Mostly KNOH. There's a nightly program I used to get perfectly—comes on from twelve to one—and I can't seem to tune it in right anymore."

"That so?" Mr. Uh murmured soothingly as he changed the channel to KNOH. "Shouldn't have any trouble with that one—?" Then he looked up. "What time's that program, Mac?"

"From twelve to one," Mr. Barstow repeated.

Mr. Uh laughed. "Who you kidding?" he asked indulgently. "KNOH goes off the air at twelve."

"No," said Mr. Barstow with assurance, "it doesn't. I've watched it every night for a couple of months."

Mr. Uh shook his head. "Not KNOH or any other station stays on after twelve, Mac." He rose, smiling, and pushed the set back against the wall.

"I certainly didn't imagine it," Mr. Barstow said in annoyance. "There's a program from twelve to one, and I've watched it regularly every night until a week or so ago when it began to fade."

Mr. Uh closed his bag of metal implements with a decisive click and straightened up. "You've sure got an unusual set. Everyone else's set goes to bed at midnight."

MR. BARSTOW detested the smile on Mr. Uh's face. "Then what have I been looking at every night?" he demanded.

"I don't know, Mac, I really don't know. You much of a drinking man?"

"I am not," said Mr. Barstow.

"What's the name of this program? I never seen one in the papers for after twelve."

"I don't know the name of the program. It isn't scheduled in the papers. It's just a—singer," he said with a curious reluctance to describe Miss Knight to the incredulous Mr. Uh.

"Well, Mac," said Mr. Uh as he opened the door, "it's possible you got some kind of an overlap—something you're picking up from an out-of-town station. We don't know as much about how this TV stuff works yet."

"I know what I saw."

"Funny things happen in radio, too," Mr. Uh said reassuringly. "Had a woman claimed she picked up Sinatra on her toaster."

"She was obviously out of her mind," said Mr. Barstow. "—which I am not!"

"Oh, I don't think she was off her rocker. I got a good look at her husband, a real grouch if I ever saw one. Well, he snarled at her at breakfast, so instead of listening to him, she tuned herself in to Sinatra on her toaster."

"Maybe it was there, maybe she just heard it—Anyways, it was real to her, like one of those things a thirsty guy sees in the desert."

"A mirage," elucidated Mr. Barstow. "But I am not a thirsty guy in a desert."

"Never said you were, Mac. Most likely all you got is an overlap from San Diego. Or Salt Lake City, even. Anyways, you try it tonight and see how it works."

BUT THAT night at twelve, Mr. Barstow was walking Barbara Wells home, and taking his time about it. In the dimness of the Fletcher front porch, he kissed her good night in a way that raised him above reproach and made her more cooperative than Caesar's wife was supposed to have been.

Then she did something she'd done once before, only this time there was deeper meaning in her voice. She patted his cheek with her hand and said, "That's my boy!" And Thomas Frederick Barstow knew, in great relief and happiness, that that was just exactly what he was.

He didn't hurry home to see if Miss Knight was on the television set. It didn't matter. He didn't need Miss Knight anymore. He had Barbara.

THE END

Things You Should Know About the Man You Marry (Continued from page 65)

your own childhood. Pretty soon he'll be telling you about his, and liking it, too. You won't have to pry to learn what subjects he liked at school, what he used to do for fun, what his father did for a living, where and how the family lived. Keep the conversation going. Unless he's got something to hide, you'll learn a lot.

Nothing takes the place of the old-fashioned trip "to meet his folks." Persuade him to take you if the visit is geographically possible, even if it isn't exactly your idea of fun. When you get there, forget you're on the spot and do a little looking around yourself. You'll want to know his father to get a preview of what he may be like later on in life. You'll want to know his mother to find out what he looks for in a woman.

While you're there, try to have a quiet talk with his mother. You'll find her a prime source of information on family history. You can lead up to it naturally by telling her a little about your own family. Another good gambit is to ask to see a baby picture of your fiancé, preferably when he isn't around to be embarrassed. She'll be delighted to tell you exactly what kind of little boy he was. If you just shut up, you'll soon get the inside dope on Aunt Cynthia, grandfather's gold mine, and Dad's rheumatism. You'll find everything she has to say useful, and she'll love you for your interest.

What kind of provider will he be? Does he work? What does he do there? How long has he worked in the same place? What previous jobs has he held? How much money does he make? Does he have debts? Does he have a bank account? Is anyone dependent on him for support?

A young woman once burst into the office of a private detective to report that her husband was missing. "Where does he work?" the detective asked.

"Oh, I wouldn't know that," she gasped, with genuine surprise. "Why, we've only been married three days!"

When you're in love, the workaday world may seem dull, but once you are married, your husband's business will be your business, too, and you can't begin too early to take an interest in it. Watch the newspapers and magazines for items that might bear on his work, and call them to his attention. Most men like to explain things to women, especially matters on which they feel particularly competent.

Get him to tell you about his work. Does he enjoy it? Does he like his boss?

Does he think he's getting a square deal? If not, what does he propose to do about it? Work situations differ in the amount of social life that revolves around them. Wherever possible, try to meet the men with whom he works. Don't turn up your nose at an invitation to a party at his office. There's sure to be shop talk. Even if you don't understand it, you'll quickly sense how he stands there. And pay attention to the wives of men in his office. Does the work commit them to any special way of living? Do they complain that they are left alone because their husbands have to travel? Do they like the boss?

If your man doesn't want you to bother your pretty head about his work, try to find out why. One girl wondered why her fiancé asked her not to call him at his office. When an emergency forced her to call him, she was told he had never been employed by that company. Another girl was mystified because a young man of whom she was growing very fond spent a lot of money but never seemed to work. Without telling her about it, her father had him shadowed. He turned out to be headwaiter in a night club. He had feared her disapproval of his job. Under her tactful probing, he finally confessed, and she could tell him it made no difference to her.

Most important of all, get your fiancé to tell you about his ambitions and dreams for the future. Does he have a clear-cut idea of what he wants to do? Does he know where he wants to be five years from now? Does he see you in that picture? His present income, his savings, his debts, and his obligations should figure in these plans.

Has he ever been married before? If he has children, who is caring for them? If he's divorced, who got the divorce? Where? When? On what grounds? What was the settlement regarding alimony, support, and custody of children?

A devout Catholic girl, whom we can call Mrs. Mary Winder, answered the doorbell one day and found herself face to face with a woman who announced herself as Mrs. Winder. The visitor said she wanted to see her former husband, Howard Winder, about their Mexican divorce. The girl was about to slam the door in her face when Howard Winder intervened.

"That's right, Mary," he said. "I was divorced, and I didn't dare tell you because I knew you wouldn't marry me." Shocked almost out of her mind, the

girl brushed past the visitor and fled her own house. When her lawyer applied for an annulment of the marriage on the ground of fraud, he learned that it would be unnecessary. The first Mrs. Winder had come back to report that the Mexican divorce had been ruled invalid.

If you're marrying a divorced man, do it with your eyes open. You can't expect—and probably don't want—the straight story of the split-up of his former marriage, but you can learn a great deal about him as a potential husband by listening to his version of the tragedy. At the very least, he owes you a factual account of the resulting burden you will be sharing with him.

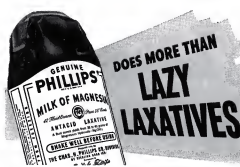
What is his religion? How strongly does he feel about it? Almost everybody is more religious than he appears to be. Even if neither of you is a church member, you should discuss religion together. If you were brought up in different faiths, you should have a clear understanding about birth control and the rearing of your children. You should also find out how his family feels about your religious differences.

How much education does he have? Does he wish he had more? A young man who married a well-educated girl was always vague about his own schooling. During courtship, he had implied that he was a graduate of a large state university. One day after their marriage, he confessed that he regretted not having finished college. "If you feel that way about it, Jim," she said, "why not go back and finish? We can live on my salary for a while."

"Well, you see, it would take a long time," he stammered. "The truth is that I never went to college at all. I was on WPA those years and didn't want to tell you." His wife claims that his lack of education didn't matter to her, but his lying did.

Has he any physical defects or chronic diseases? If his parents are dead, what did they die of? Has he or members of his family ever been in a mental or penal institution? Was he rejected in the draft? Discharged from the armed forces for medical reasons? Physical and mental disabilities are marriage problems that take two to solve. They can be nightmares to a wife who doesn't know about them.

A young woman was attracted to a witty, brilliant, and sensitive man. As the day of their wedding approached,



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he became extremely erratic, and began to drink heavily. At the last minute, he begged her to reconsider "for her own good" but gave no reasons. Feeling that he was having ordinary bridegroom jitters, she assured him that everything would be all right once they were married. She was wrong. Three months after the wedding, he had to be sent to a hospital to save him from repeated attempts at suicide. Authorities there told her his depression had nothing to do with her but was part of a disease that alternately sent him up in the clouds and down in the dumps. She had met him during an "up" phase, and he had neglected to tell her that he had spent the previous depressive phase in a sanitarium.

If a man has been rejected in the draft, he should be willing to tell you as much as he knows about the reasons. Another safeguard is the blood test required for marriage licenses under most state laws. It sometimes shows up venereal infections that are a surprise to the bridegroom. More extensive physical examinations might reveal other conditions that could, if unattended, alter the entire course of a marriage. For that reason, most authorities recommend that both bride and groom have a thorough medical examination and exchange the reports. If either one has incipient tuberculosis, diabetes, or even a weak heart, both should know it and plan accordingly.

You may not think of it that way, but your future husband is also the potential father of your children. If you or he have incompatible Rh factors, you may have to limit your family. A doctor can spot any anatomical difficulties you may have

with childbirth, but unfortunately he can't predict whether you are likely to be one of the few women who are sterile. However, there is a simple way in which a physician can test your fiancé (if his medical history suggests the need for it) to determine whether he is a victim of azoospermia. In azoospermia, the sexual relationship is normal, but the man's system is incapable of manufacturing sperm.

Beware the man who "doesn't like girls." It simply isn't normal for a well-developed male to do without some feminine companionship. A very few men are permanently attracted to members of their own sex. A normal man, however, no matter how sweet, considerate, and conventional he may be, will have an unmistakable urge to touch, kiss, and fondle a girl he wants to marry.

Where does he want to live? Does he mind if you work after marriage? What does he do with his spare time? Does he have hobbies and recreations you do not share? Is he careful with money? What are his friends like? Does he drink?

One woman sued for divorce because her husband was more interested in playing handball than in making a fourth at bridge. Another, because her husband insisted on living in a suburb that didn't have a movie house. Tastes and living habits aren't minor matters. They determine what you do with your life, and you ought to make sure beforehand that your tastes are compatible.

Basic research on the subject of your fiancé includes paying close attention to what he talks about when you're off

the subject of yourselves. You should know what food he likes, what furniture; how he feels about buying versus renting the place you'll live in; how soon he wants to have children; and whether he's willing to do some of the housework if you are going to keep your job.

Madison Square Garden could easily be filled with women who wish they'd known how stingy their husbands were before they married. It could be filled just as easily with women who are trying to live with men who treat money as if it were so much green paper. You can't tell how a man is going to turn out under the pressure of home responsibilities, but you can tell during courtship whether he feels the same way about money as you do.

Maybe he's the careful type. Does he count his change? Remember prices of things he's bought? Write down his expenditures in a notebook? Does he budget his money and stick to the budget? Has he ever been caught without enough cash to pay a restaurant check, and how did he feel about it? Did he borrow money from you? Does he run up charge accounts? Does he gamble? Has he given you a present you felt was too expensive? Does he overtip? Pawnbrokers say that a man who shoves a sheaf of dollar bills into his pocket is not as good a risk as a man who straightens them out and slips them carefully into a billfold.

These suggestions are only a beginning, but they are enough to give you the general idea. For your own sake, stop falling over your feet to agree with that young man, and try to see him as he looks to the rest of the world. At least in short glimpses. THE END

Who Made the Money on Coffee? (Continued from page 57)

and that Haiti's crop was normal that year.

Those were the stories the American housewife missed. The story that the consumption of coffee in America was rising was just as false. Actually, Americans drank no more and perhaps even slightly less coffee in 1949 than they had consumed the previous year. Although coffee consumption went down twenty-four per cent just before the outbreak of the Korean war, the Pan-American Coffee Bureau issued a "survey" purporting to prove that there had been a great rise in coffee drinking!

All this, of course, was to justify the increase in the price of coffee.

COFFEE is one of the few commodities under the control of interests outside the United States. The National Federation of Coffee Growers of Colombia is a hundred-million-dollar combine that buys and sells all the coffee produced in that country, and even operates the mills there. Its directors, acting through the headman, Manuel Mejía who is known, for good reason, as "Mr. Coffee"—can hold coffee off the market or release it for sale according to the condition of the market. Brazil controls the amount of coffee that can go out of its country.

The real trading in the coffee market, however, takes place on the New York Coffee and Sugar Exchange. Half the purchase contracts are held by foreign interests, and thirty per cent of that half is controlled by one Brazilian broker.

In the early spring of 1949, the price of coffee on the exchange was twenty-one cents a pound. By September, in line with the general inflation, the price had gone up to twenty-eight cents a pound. There was no shortage of coffee, despite the planted stores, but in September the price went up another three cents, and then, in October, it went "through the roof," to use a speculators' term. The price reached forty-six cents that month, and fifty-two cents the following month.

These rigged increases, to which the roasters, wholesalers, and retailers added increases all along the line, raised the price housewives paid for a leading chain-store brand from forty-two cents to fifty-nine cents between September and December, 1949. The retail price of a nationally advertised brand jumped, during the same period, from fifty-three cents to eighty cents. The rise continued unabated in 1950. By last October, the chain-store coffee sold at seventy-nine cents a pound, and in September, housewives were paying ninety cents for a nationally advertised brand.

Although the Central and South American coffee growers didn't get any of the loot mulcted from the United States housewife in 1949 (most of it went to the speculators), in 1950 a bag of coffee brought the growers twice as much. In Brazil, a deficit of 48 million dollars was changed by 1950 into a surplus of more than 250 million. In addition to Brazil's all-time high in dollar earnings, the country has also obtained loans of 126 million from the American Export-

Import Bank and the World Bank. Colombia, too, thanks to the generosity of the American housewife, has increased its gold and foreign exchange from 68 to 130 million dollars.

All this prosperity, naturally, makes the South Americans very fond of us.

THE MANIPULATIONS that raised the price of coffee and kept it so high as to make it a major item on the budget of the American housewife were easy for the South American speculators because the United States antitrust and antimonopoly laws do not apply to them. And the State Department—which forced the Senate's Gillette Committee, investigating the sudden and unexplained rise in coffee prices, to take the teeth out of its report—did not help the housewife.

The action of the State Department, which had the effect of concealing the identity of the speculators responsible for the price rise, has led to rumors that there may be some Washington politicians who are splitting some of the millions snatched from the American housewife's purse. It has happened before: several years ago, investigation revealed that a member of the White House staff, a State Department official, and at least one senator were in on the ride when the price of grains shot up.

Nobody likes a "good neighbor" better than the American housewife, but six or seven hundred million dollars a year added to her household budget seems to be too high a price for keeping her neighbors' love and affection. THE END

The Long Green (Continued from page 30)

become a nuisance; you antagonize people and pretty soon nobody wants you around."

Almost all the civil-service people went to the L. and G. Café. But when Sergeant Hulick went in asking for Clyde Johnson, the proprietor said he had never heard the name.

"You're right, it's funny," the proprietor said. "In my estimation, we get them all in here. Maybe he brings a shoe box to work. Maybe he goes home to eat. If you call Personnel, they'll give you his address."

The address Personnel gave Hulick took him to one of the oldest parts of town. For a while he was sure he or the switchboard girl had balled something up: it didn't seem likely any civil-service employee would live down there. But when the door was opened, his first look at Clyde Johnson explained the L. and G. Café, and it explained the run-down neighborhood. Johnson, a young man about thirty years old, was colored.

His wife and two small children were with him in the front room. The four stared silently at Hulick as he showed his detective identification card and mentioned his name. The kids didn't move. Johnson and his wife didn't say a word. They all just stood waiting, nervous and a little breathless. It was a nice, clean home—potted plants on the window sills, a good, homey feeling in the place. Hulick grinned uncomfortably, feeling somehow guilty, and said there was nothing to worry about. All he wanted to know was exactly what Clyde had in mind when he had talked to Mrs. Ferris.

"Ah talked to Miz Ferris?" Johnson asked. "Dey done tole you dat?"

Hulick stared at him, puzzled. "You know what I mean, Clyde. When you were at the house this morning. When you told her you knew Ferris didn't go up to Mr. Stacey to kill him. Why did he go up to Mr. Stacey? What did he want to see him about?"

"No sah, no sah," the colored man said, wincing and getting that zany high-ball they often have in their voices when they are excited. "Didn't say nuttin' to Miz Ferris—just condolences. What dey mean talkin lak dat? What foh dey tell you dat? Ah wuzn't even dere when duh shootin' happened."

It was peculiar and unsatisfactory and irritating. The man was obviously frightened, and he was just as obviously holding something back, but what it was, Hulick couldn't imagine. "Look here, Clyde. If you've got any information,

it's your duty to tell me. It's your responsibility as a citizen—do you understand that?"

"Doan know nuttin'," Johnson said. "Ah's messenger boy, just messenger boy. What ah know? Wuzn't even dere when it happen."

Hulick saw he was getting nowhere. His hand was resting on the back of a chair, and he suddenly slammed it on its legs, knocking it against a table. He went to the door without looking back, and left. But when he reached the street, he kept seeing the scared faces of Johnson's wife and children. He remembered the tidy home, the potted plants on the window sills—and he felt ashamed.

WHEN HE got back to headquarters, the phone was ringing. Hulick couldn't place the voice, but the man talked as though they understood each other.

"About that conversation," the man said.

"What conversation?"

"You know—just a while ago. Listen. I've been talking to my wife—"

"Just a minute," Hulick said. "Who is this? Who's calling?"

"Who's calling?" the voice said. "Oh, this is Johnson. Clyde Johnson."

"You're not Johnson—" Hulick began, but he stopped short. The diction was clear now, the zany highball gone, and Hulick realized it was just their way of keeping out of trouble. They acted dumb, talked darky, and pretended they knew nothing. Hulick couldn't blame Johnson. After all, he was colored and afraid, and he had a lot to protect—those kids, the nice home. Hulick was eager and excited. He knew now he really had something here, and he was anxious to find out what it was.

"You won't get into any trouble. Don't be afraid. Just tell us what you know."

"What I know—" Johnson was unhappy and uncertain. His conscience was worrying him, but he still didn't want to expose himself. "Listen, I'm not so sure it's even worth telling—"

"Tell it, tell it," Hulick said, growing impatient and testy. "I give you my word of honor you won't get hurt. Is that good enough for you—my personal guarantee? Where are you? Come on up."

"No," Johnson said. "I get through at five o'clock. Suppose I meet you at the Warren Hotel around that time?"

"Agreed."

Around four-thirty, Hulick went back to the squad room. Keely told him Johnson wasn't going to meet him.

"Johnson's in Roebling Street City Jail," he said. "Burglary charge."

The news jolted Hulick. He grabbed the make-sheet. All the precincts called in their arrests as they made them, and Keely worked up a comprehensive picture every hour. They had found stolen goods stashed away in Johnson's locker at City Hall. It was merchandise taken from a wholesale drug-supply house not ten days ago. The tip had come in over the phone at one of the substations. Yubetts and Cornero had made the pinch. They were clean boys, but Hulick was convinced the arrest was strictly a rigged-up job.

"Johnson was framed?" Hulick said. "Take it easy," Keely said. "He says no."

"What?"

"That's right," Keely said. "Johnson says he did the trick. He's pleading guilty."

Hulick couldn't understand it at all. But when he got down to the Roebling Street Jail and saw Johnson, it all became clear enough. Hulick realized that whatever it was Johnson knew, the colored man would never tell. He wanted no help or interference.

"No sah, bohass, no frame!" he said, and his eyes on Hulick were fierce and bitter and blazing. The colored man sucked up his breath from his guts and lashed out at the detective. "Ah stole—yassuh, bohass, ah robbed! Ah got trouble enough—now stay away!"

ALTHOUGH the assassination took place in August, it all really started one day months earlier. The way it happened, Clyde Johnson was on hand all through that bright spring afternoon. If you were colored, they didn't seem to care what they let you see or hear. It was as if you weren't there or couldn't understand, or as if it didn't matter if you did. Johnson had just finished an errand. He'd parked the car in the City Hall court and was walking up the ramp into the building. Adolph Ferris, out there sneaking a smoke, told Johnson Mrs. Stacey wanted him and the car up at the house.

Frank Stacey's wife had no right to use city personnel or vehicles, but she was a businesslike, forceful woman who saved a buck wherever she could. She often used Ferris when she had some typing or other clerical work to be done. In the long run, this free city help cost her plenty, because her husband always paid off with ten or twenty dollars in an envelope.

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"You got to drive her to the lawyer's by two o'clock," Ferris said, "but first stop at the hotel. Pick up the list of telephone calls from Homer, the guy at the desk."

They all knew about the telephone calls. It happened every month. Frank Stacey had his office, or whatever you wanted to call it, at the Warren, the class hotel in town. He spent a lot of time there chatting with friends over long-distance. Stacey never charged these hotel calls to his home, but Mrs. Stacey claimed he did. She forgot he was always on the phone in the bar at his home, too, and when the big bills came in, she claimed the charges were being duplicated. Almost every month a hot, terribly involved fight went on between her, the hotel, and the phone company.

The main streets were limp and quiet in the sunshine. When there was nothing to do, Stacey spent this time of day in his suite, sleeping or half-sleeping while a barber, a manicurist, and a shoeshine guy fussed over him. While Stacey was upstairs getting the works, his bodyguard, Rudy Rucker, and the other hangers-on generally sprawled around the lobby. But Johnson didn't see the mob when he entered the hotel that afternoon.

"Mr. Stacey is out," Homer, the deskman, said. "If you got anything for him, you'll find him at Kvasnicka's."

Johnson couldn't understand it. Anthony Kvasnicka was a lawyer. Stacey never went near his lawyer's office. That was strictly his wife's department. She bought and sold, held real estate on margin, hunted hot corner locations, developed income property, traded gas stations, and Johnson drove her to Kvasnicka's on business three and four times a month. Johnson wondered why Frank Stacey was meeting his wife there this afternoon, but naturally he wouldn't ask Homer.

"Just the phone statement," Johnson said.

"Oh," Homer said, sly and sour. He pulled out an envelope. It contained a statement listing each long-distance call in detail, giving the place, the day of the month, the hour of day. Homer said the envelope over the desk and yawned. It wasn't his headache. The hotel manager handled Mrs. Stacey.

MRS. STACEY was in the bar when Johnson reached her house, pressuring Stan Weller and a butcher. Weller had a home-appliance store. Frank Stacey entertained all the time, but it was his wife who did the work of ordering and arranging with retail people. She never spared herself where her husband was concerned, and she did everything she could to make his big parties go like clockwork. But she was careful with money; she had bought a deep freezer because she figured it would be more economical in the end. As a come-on for his customers, Weller offered some deal for the first supply of meat that went into the freezer. Naturally, his deal was for a lot of the cheaper cuts—but not with Mrs. Stacey. She wanted shoulders of lamb, chops, roasts, steaks. Weller was losing money on the sale. She had him and the butcher at her house to make sure the freezer was packed right. The butcher raised his eyes to Weller, protesting. "Okay, Max, okay," Weller murmured, helpless and miserable. "We'll straighten it out between

us later. Cram it full, load it, anything!"

She took the statement from Johnson, called the telephone-company business office, and promptly started wrestling with them. "Here it is," she said. "A call to Denver on the eighth on the hotel bill and the same call, same place, same date on the home bill . . ."

Weller, beaten and disgusted, was staring at her back, his lips moving. He knew she was using the bar phone because she was afraid he or the butcher might cop a free drink if she left them alone. "What do you mean, Mr. Stacey called Denver twice on the same day?" she was demanding.

Johnson had often heard Frank Stacey call a pal three or four times the same day, but unlike Weller, Johnson couldn't blame Mrs. Stacey or feel contempt for her: Her husband could be careless and dapper; Mrs. Stacey did the worrying. When she first met Stacey, he worked for a national soft-drink company, covering a decent, well-paying territory. The money was good and he liked the life, but she made him quit. Her family was in politics, and she made him go into the party. She fought and scratched, used her family connections, and didn't stop until she had him on top.

Johnson couldn't blame her. She was still a handsome woman, even though she was fifteen pounds overweight and bought cheap, badly fitting dresses at the downtown department store. Every time you saw her, her elbows were out flying, her face was shining with perspiration. She had to neglect herself. She couldn't help it. Johnson knew you weren't what you were—you were what your great-grandfather had been. In Mrs. Stacey's bone and blood were generations of people who had lived in shanties, who had bought bread by the half-loaf or quarter-loaf, who from day to day were scared of sickness, scared of the cold, scared of almost everything that might happen in life. No matter how much Mrs. Stacey had in her bank account or safe-deposit box, she would always be afraid of starving to death the next morning.

By the time the freezer people left and she got through with the phone company, it was about three o'clock. Her husband was waiting at the lawyer's and she was already an hour late, but that wasn't Johnson's business. There were generations behind Johnson, too, and he kept his mouth shut even when she said they were going to stop at the tailor's on their way to Kvasnicka's office. She went upstairs and came down with three of Mr. Stacey's new suits. She wasn't satisfied with the linings.

Rubian, the tailor, was a cagey article. He didn't argue. He granted the linings were thin but said that was exactly how Mr. Stacey wanted them—lightweight. This stopped Mrs. Stacey. While she paused, undecided, Rubian deftly moved in to distract her. He brought out four special bolts that had just come in from England. They would be snapped up overnight, Rubian said, and he was anxious for Mr. Stacey to have first look. It was really choice stuff. Mrs. Stacey forgot the linings and told Rubian to send the bolts down to the hotel right away.

Johnson was caught off guard and spoke up. He thought she had known all along Mr. Stacey was at the lawyer's. "He's not at the hotel," Johnson said. "He's at Mr. Kvasnicka's office." The

minute he opened his mouth, he realized it was a mistake, and he was right, because she immediately snapped at him.

"Why didn't you say something?" she said. She looked at her wrist watch. "Letting me keep him waiting over an hour—" She told Rubian they would take the bolts with them. To Johnson, she said, "Take the bolts, Clyde. Hurry up, for heaven's sake."

Johnson held the suits high with one hand and picked up the bolts with the other, sliding them under his arm.

WHEN they reached the lawyer's building, Johnson, carrying the bolts, followed Mrs. Stacey into Kvasnicka's offices. In the outer room, three junior lawyers, nervous and jittery, were horsing around with a blonde who sat on a bench. They were all so busy nobody noticed Mrs. Stacey or Johnson. The girl was a weekend blonde, or that was what she looked like. She was young and extremely pretty. She handled the traffic easily, smiling all the time. The men kept their voices down as they kidded. They were daring and yet afraid, and they kept glancing at Kvasnicka's private office.

"Ever feel like running over to New York?" one of the lawyers was saying. "Have some fun—shows, night clubs!" The blonde half closed her eyes. "Sure would like to," she said. "Sure wish I could sometime." "Well, why not?" the lawyer asked, and he and the other two hung, waiting. The blonde lazily rolled her eyes in the direction of the private office. "Poppa wouldn't like," she said, and they all laughed unsteadily, uncertainly. Then they noticed Mrs. Stacey, and they all froze. Mrs. Stacey swept into Kvasnicka's private office, and Johnson followed her, carrying the bolts.

"For heaven's sake, Tony," she said to Kvasnicka as she bustled in. "You and your tramps."

Kvasnicka said nothing. He had an unlighted cigar in his hand; he put it in his mouth, took it out, put it in again. His eyes were bright and sharp as he watched Mrs. Stacey and waited.

Nobody paid any attention to Johnson. He stayed at the door, in the background. "Hello, Agnes," Mr. Stacey said.

"—Bringing them right down to the office," she said, but her husband cut her short.

"All right, all right," he said. He was slender, quick and well-groomed, his black hair neatly brushed down. He had a certain banquet style to him—that old New York City politician-and-whisky elegance. "You're an hour and a half late, do you know that? I've got to be out of here in five minutes. The appointment was for two o'clock, and I have a train to catch. Agnes, the reason I told Tony to ask you down here, the long and short is I want a divorce."

It was straight out, brisk, almost matter of fact. Of course, Mrs. Stacey was an hour and a half late, and he was in a hurry. She blinked her eyes at the shock. She pulled her chin in and started to shake.

"Tony has the settlement all worked out," Stacey said. "You'll be completely satisfied. All I want is the house, if that's agreeable to you."

"The house?" she repeated. "The settlement? What are you talking about?"

Stacey wet his lips with his tongue, annoyed. "Agnes," he said, "we're going to be divorced, that's all."

"Of all the ridiculous things!" she gasped. "Why? What do you want a divorce for?"

"The real estate, the income property—it's all yours, all of it."

"Francis, I asked you what for?" Mrs. Stacey demanded, getting her breath back. "Twenty-one years married and suddenly divorce. What for?"

"Because I want it," Stacey said. "You wouldn't understand. Because I'm in love."

"In love? In love? Are you kidding—at your age? Who with?" And then it hit her—that the blonde outside wasn't for Kvasnicka. "Do you mean her?" Mrs. Stacey demanded. "Poppa?"

"Poppa?" Stacey asked.

"Now, Agnes," Kvasnicka said, taking the cigar out of his mouth.

"You fool!" she said to Stacey. "You stupid old fool!"

"Agnes, for the love of Mike," Kvasnicka said.

"You shut up!" she said and turned back to her husband. "Don't you realize when it comes to women you don't know enough to wipe your nose?"

Stacey waved his hand in the air, through with it. "Work it out, Tony," he said. "Anything she wants—the house, too." He walked out.

"Ridiculous!" Mrs. Stacey said, still trembling. "This whole thing is absolutely ridiculous!"

"You may as well take it in a collected, civilized way," Kvasnicka said. He threw the cigar into the wastepaper basket. He never smokes them, just toyed with them—doctor's orders. "Nothing to be gained, acting like that, Agnes."

She didn't hear him. "Twenty-one years married," she said slowly. "Twenty-one years!"

"Well, you know how it happens," Kvasnicka said. "A man gets along in years. Suddenly he sees some juicy young thing and, you know, he—"

"You make me sick!" she said, grinding the words out through her teeth. "You and him and all the rest of those lousy bums down at that damn hotel!"

Kvasnicka got to his feet. "I had nothing to do with it," he said. He picked up a newspaper and started for the door. As he was leaving, he noticed Johnson. "Oh, hello, Clyde," he said. "I'm sorry, Agnes," he said over his shoulder to her. "You understand, of course, that I had nothing to do with it personally." He went into his private washroom.

"Unfair!" Mrs. Stacey said, talking to Johnson but not really seeing him, not caring. Her hair had come down, and her face was red and damp with perspiration. She kept rubbing her nose with

the back of her finger as the frightening flood of words came pouring out. "The phone bills, entertaining his friends—All of those years, the bankbooks, the worrying. You wouldn't believe the things I did for him. What about me?" she demanded. "What did I get out of it?"

And then she stopped because it came to her, and Johnson saw it, too. It was precisely the years of struggle—the years of fighting for him, the devoted days and weeks of gouging and kicking—that had made him sick of her. That was the piercing part, the bitter ache.

"Unfair!" she cried. "Unfair! Did I do it for myself? Did I enjoy it? How do you think I felt? Didn't I know all about those rotten little tramps he had, the rotten little tramps?"

For a moment, Johnson thought she would break down completely, but she checked herself.

"What am I standing here talking to you for?" she said, disgusted with herself, becoming furious and savage now. "Messenger boy, messenger boy, black as the ace of spades..." She turned suddenly and started for the door. "Come on!" she said. "I can't stand here talking. I'll show him I'm not nothing. Drive back to the house, his precious damn house."

SHE WAS a woman of action; she was accustomed to fighting for what was her own. But wild as she was in the rage that possessed her, she was completely methodical in everything she did. At the house, she was out of the car while it was still rolling. She pumped up the steps and banged the door open. Johnson took the three suits out of the car. He held them high in the air by the hooks of the hangers and followed her into the house.

"You wait right here, understand?" she said. She ran up the stairs. Six or seven minutes later she came down with two suitcases. Johnson went forward to take them from her, but she dropped them on the floor and said, "Just one minute, wait; I'm not through!"

Johnson had hung the three suits on the back of a door. Mrs. Stacey yanked the suits down, carried them into the bar, and threw them on the floor. Then she reached over to the sink and turned on both faucets full force. There was a huge glass bowl on the counter. She knocked it off, smashing the glass and sending pretzels and crackers all over the place. The wall behind the bar was lined with dozens of bottles. She swept the shelves clean. The bottles hit the counter, bounced off, and crashed one after the other on the floor. The sink

flooded and the floor became a slippery mess, littered with pretzels, broken bottles, and the three brand-new suits. Mrs. Stacey went to the deep freezer. She pulled the plug out and opened all the lids. She didn't care about the shoulders of lamb now, the roasts and steaks. She knocked over the lamps, stamped the shades in, and overturned the tables. She saw the phone. She picked it up and carried it on its long cord all the way to the small bathroom off the bar. She opened the bathroom door and threw the phone into the toilet bowl.

"All right," she said to Johnson. "I'm ready. Let him have his house."

"Where to, Mrs. Stacey?" he asked.

"Where to?" she said. "What do you think—where to? Union Station! I'm going upstate right this minute. I'm going to have a little talk with Senator Mat-trall tonight!"

She hurried out to the car, her hat smashed on top of her head, comical and fierce with the great hatred that burned inside of her. Johnson knew exactly what it meant for Mrs. Stacey to go up to the capital and talk to Senator Mat-trall. He knew how much damage she could do her husband. All the way to the railroad station he could hear her weeping in the back seat. She wept quietly, sobbing her heart out, until they pulled up at the station. After he had handed the suitcases to a redcap, she suddenly reached out and grabbed Clyde by the arm.

"Wait, don't go," she said and started fumbling in her purse. "I was going to have something, a tip." Devastated as she was, it was still in her to count the money. She gave him some money and walked away. The bills were in a crumpled ball, but by turning them in his hand, Johnson could see that they came to forty dollars—a forty-dollar tip. It was the first tip he had ever known Mrs. Stacey to give anyone.

COMING back from New York, Kvasnicka sat up front with Rudy Rucker, who was doing the driving. Kvasnicka sat up front because he got bounced around on the back seat and the doctors always cautioned him to take it easy. He had a heart condition.

"Good old Lucepantz," Rudy said, shooting the breeze. "I take my hat off to her." He referred to the blonde, Connie Smith, the future Mrs. Francis J. Stacey. Rudy meant no disrespect. He was an ex-pug, an impatient and goodhearted, and he had a simple, honest admiration for anyone he saw getting up in the world. "One year ago, a manicurist working in the hotel," Rudy said. "Today—jackpot."

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If and when, Kvasnicka muttered to himself, gloomy and distracted. Kvasnicka kept it to himself because he was busy enough trying to figure out what Agnes Stacey was up to, and besides, what was the sense of talking to Rudy? Rudy was Stacey's bodyguard, but the real reason Stacey had him in that menagerie at the hotel was for laughs.

Rudy kept rattling on. What impressed Rudy most was the settlement Stacey was making on his wife. Settlement, Kvasnicka groaned to himself, in misery—what settlement? "He's big," Rudy went on, proud and loyal. "He don't have to do it. Would any court in the land force him? He's giving her every cent he's got."

"But she don't want it; she won't take it," Kvasnicka said, almost howling. That was the whole trouble—Stacey was offering her the moon, but she wouldn't play ball. Kvasnicka controlled himself.

"Not a peep, Rudy," he said, "because if it got out in the papers the stink would be very embarrassing to Mr. Stacey—so don't blab it out all over."

Rudy took it into his head to get offended. He worshipped Frank Stacey, and everyone knew it. "Would I betray a confidence?" Rudy asked. "Would I even discuss it with my wife?"

"Okay," Kvasnicka said. "Just watch the road." They drove along in silence for a few minutes. "Rudy," the lawyer finally said, "when we get back into town, drop me off at the Mondorf."

The Mondorf was the apartment-house where Connie Smith was fixed up. Kvasnicka figured he might as well go up and talk to her. What harm was there in trying?

She stood frosty and sure, high off the ground on those French heels. The skirt of her dress was snug over her hips so that every time she took a step she let you know she had a pair of thighs. Those kids knew how to handle themselves. They knew everything. Where do they pick it up? Kvasnicka asked himself. The movies? The fashion magazines? Or do they get it with their mother's milk? Sitting there on the upholstered couch, taking in the sight of the girl in that tight dress, Kvasnicka thought of all the steaks of a lifetime, all the brandies, all the cigars, and all the wonderful, smiling, juicy young girls, and he wanted to curse and cry because it was all behind him. Nothing now but doctor's offices, electrocardiograms, naps, diets, junk. "You're a walking testimonial to the women's wear trades," he said aloud to the girl. "Frocks, foundations, hosiery, and all the accessories."

"Don't pull my dress off," she said, glancing at him over her cigarette.

Yeah, yeah, Kvasnicka thought, me with one hole in the grave. You flatter me, sweetheart; those days are gone forever. "No use talking to you, I suppose," he said.

"I don't know what you mean."

"Your boyfriend's walking into an express train going a hundred miles an hour. I just left her place in New York—the wife."

"Yes?" she said.

"She's monkeying around with Mat-trail up there at the capital—and this at a time when Frank's all involved in the Samson business."

She didn't bat an eyelash. Bland and innocent, she took him on, with that terrible, baby-faced self-confidence they

had. "I don't know anything about the Samson matter," she said.

"Connie, for the love of Mike," Kvasnicka said. "Get it into your head. She won't give him a divorce."

"What do you want me to do?" she asked.

"It just won't be," Kvasnicka said. "The minute you and Frank try to get married, she'll pull those senators down on his head like a ton of bricks."

"Well, I don't understand," she said. "Do you want me to pack a bag and take a train in the middle of the night?"

"Yes!" Kvasnicka said. "Why not? You could step out of the picture, couldn't you?"

"Is that why you're here?" she asked.

"Did you come up here to tell me that?"

"Connie, it's the only way—" he began.

"You ought to get your head examined," she said. "You're crazy."

He lay back on the couch, helpless and bitter. No use. He had only made a fool of himself. "Don't get fresh," Kvasnicka said. "Remember, you—I know you from the year one."

He didn't frighten her. "What are you going to do?" she asked. "Try to make trouble? Tell him what you know about me?"

"Maybe I will," he said, but he was bluffing, and she knew he was bluffing.

"Go ahead," she said. "Tell him anything you feel like. He won't believe it."

She spoke with the confidence of a millionaire. She was right. One sunny smile out of her and Stacey would believe black was white. "Your people still live in Betuchen?" he asked.

"You had a hat and coat, didn't you?" she said.

"The soda jerk in the corner drug-store," Kvasnicka said, "some sloppy guy that drives a hack and needs a shave—they'll see your picture in the papers, and they'll scratch their heads. They'll wonder—memories. But that was a long time ago. You were just a kid then. You didn't know your way around."

"Have you got a car waiting downstairs," she said, "or shall I buzz the doorman to get you a cab?"

"She's not dead yet over there in New York, just wait and see. Buzz the doorman for a cab, will you," he said. "Polite, in the bargain."

He picked up his hat and coat and opened the door. It had been a forlorn hope from the start. Those kids had will power. They were soft, baby-faced; and they were like iron.

At the hotel suite, Stacey had the place crowded with his stooges, and the lunatic show was going full blast. The radio was screaming the ball game at Yankee Stadium, but nobody was listening. Stacey was horsing around with Rudy Rucker, as usual having a great time at the ex-pug's expense, and all the stooges stood by knocking themselves out laughing at the boss's gags. Fine, Kvasnicka said to himself, taking it all in, sour and glum—a fine exhibition at a time like this.

Stacey had his coat off. The lamp was fixed in place at the couch and he was getting ready for his daily sun-ray treatment. Come hell or high water, Stacey had to have his year-round tan. Kvasnicka and Stacey were exactly the same age, but to look at them together, you would think Kvasnicka was the father. Stacey took a world of care of himself—the sun lamp every day, workouts at the

gym. He even had some woman, an Austrian or a German, who cut his hair. Stacey was touchy about it, and nobody knew the woman's name or where he visited her, but he went religiously every Friday afternoon.

Stacey caught sight of the lawyer and cleared the room.

"That Rudy," Stacey said when he came back, still chuckling. He spoke fondly. The door closed, and they were alone. Stacey turned the ball game off and faced Kvasnicka. "Well?" he asked.

"Well," Kvasnicka said. He wouldn't unbend. "She's got quite a layout over there in New York—Central Park South. She's got a man, a butler."

"What did she say? How did it go?" Stacey asked.

"I didn't see her," Kvasnicka said, dry, short. "All I saw was the apartment and the butler. She never came down from that place in Vermont."

"But you had an appointment!" Stacey said.

"So she broke it. I told you that woman isn't going to sit in the same room with me to talk. Her mind is made up."

Kvasnicka kept dead-pan and unexcited on purpose—to needle Stacey. If Stacey insisted on fooling around and acting as though there were nothing to worry about, why should Kvasnicka get himself all worked up? For a moment, the needling seemed to work. Stacey looked stumped, worried. Then he brushed the whole thing out of his head. He adjusted the angle of the sun lamp, loosened his tie, and unbuttoned his shirt.

"She's still burning, that's all," Stacey said, smooth and dapper again, business as usual. "She'll get over it."

"Famous last words," Kvasnicka said.

Stacey laughed. "Don't cry," he said. He had a trick of jutting out his jaw when he spoke, and it gave him a certain kind of smartness, a certain way. "I know Agnes. A dollar is a dollar. Can she resist all that dough? She'll come around."

"Wishes aren't facts," Kvasnicka said, tightlipped, stiff, prim. Stacey happened to turn around just then. He saw the lawyer and broke out laughing again, this time really letting go, his shoulders shaking. Kvasnicka was so comical, sitting there in his hat and coat, dignified and puffed out, refusing to get excited, working so hard at it. "Have a good time," Kvasnicka said, beginning to boil, breaking. "You're laughing yourself right into a prison cell, believe me. You're all wrapped up in the Samson deal, and I tell you she saw Mat-trail."

"Don't cry, Tony, don't get sore," Stacey said, still laughing. "You told me about Mat-trail six weeks ago, and what happened? Nothing."

"How do we know what they decided on when they put their heads together? Who knows what she told him?" Kvasnicka was shouting. He hadn't wanted to give Stacey the satisfaction, but he couldn't help himself. "What do you need this whole baloney with the divorce for anyway?" he cried, going altogether out of control now. "What the hell is it, life or death? For what? Who is she? A kid half your age! Some smart little—"

Kvasnicka stopped. All the anger washed out of him. Stacey stared at him, wondering. Then he looked down at his own chest, following the direction of Kvasnicka's gaze. The hair on Stacey's chest was white, dead white. Now Kvas-

nicka knew why Stacey had been so touchy about the Austrian woman or whoever she was. She not only cut his hair, she dyed it. And Stacey had wanted to keep it a secret.

Stacey didn't know what to do or say either. They were both trapped. That stylish quickness Stacey always carried with him dropped away, and he looked like just another skinny old man, with bony shoulders and a thin neck. The two of them stood still, looking each other in the eye, and it was an ugly moment, dirty and naked.

Stacey giggled—a horrible giggle—in some lunatic, broken-down attempt to make a joke of it. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Look funny, huh—white hair on the chest, black on top?" And then all at once his voice hardened. He went mean, crazy fierce. "So what?" he said, the bitter anger crying out of him. "Didn't you ever see a man who dyed his hair?"

"Frank, listen," Kvasnicka said, fumbling. A rush of feeling came over him. He wanted to explain, to say that more than anybody else he knew exactly why that blonde girl, so young and alive, was so important to Stacey. Weren't he and Stacey the same age? I understand—listen, don't I—

"You understand what?" Stacey broke in, nasty, refusing to hear any part of it. "Who wants you to understand?"

"Frank, I know what it is, but she's no good! She don't care a damn about you! It's just the dough you—"

"If you've got money, they care for you, don't worry!" Stacey faced him squarely, blazing and reckless, unashamed. "If you're rich enough, they like everything about you—the way you breathe, the way you chew your food. What the hell are you giving me lectures for? What do you think I think she is—a girl going to high school? Get out of here."

Kvasnicka stared at him. Stacey wasn't fooled. He knew she was taking him. "Frank, no—listen—"

"Get out," Stacey said.

Kvasnicka struggled with himself a moment, then abruptly walked out.

Going down in the elevator, Kvasnicka was mad through and through. He was helpless. Let him do what he wants, Kvasnicka thought. Let it all go to smash; I give up. Connie wasn't going to let go. Agnes wouldn't let go. Something had to give, and it wasn't going to be either of those two. And the Samson deal put Stacey right on top of a warehouse full of gunpowder.

The city bought fuel oil for its institu-

tions and public buildings on a five-year contract. Kvasnicka had set up a bunch of dummy corporations, one inside the other like a set of Chinese boxes. Over the years, it had all become so beautifully involved that Kvasnicka himself now couldn't untangle the mess. That was the idea—to keep anyone from knowing who was behind what and where the money went. Boiled down, somebody wrote a five-year contract for fuel oil at one price and then sold the oil to the city at another price, not a lower one. A check for five hundred thousand dollars was made out to the Samson Corporation, and behind Samson, if you could only dig deep enough, was Francis J. Stacey. It was a reasonably foolproof arrangement. The six members of the Board of Estimate were practical people. Nobody wanted to rock the boat. But all Agnes had to do was open up her mouth, and Stacey would get ten years, fifteen years—a life sentence.

Let it go to smash, Kvasnicka thought, striding out of the elevator. He marched across the lobby toward the street door. Homer, the deskman, came running around the counter and stopped him. Kvasnicka's office was on the phone.

Kvasnicka took the call at the desk. It was his secretary, Miss Barham.

"I was reluctant to disturb you. I knew you were in an important meeting with Mr. Stacey, but the message was rather urgent and I thought—"

"All right, all right, miss," Kvasnicka said. She was a nice girl and came from a good family. You couldn't rush her. She got rattled. "What was it?"

The girl finally got it out. Agnes wanted to see him—tomorrow. It developed Agnes hadn't deliberately broken the date. Coming down from Vermont, she had missed her train connection.

Kvasnicka didn't know what to make of it. He still felt uneasy. He went around the corner to the little counter where they kept the house phones, called Stacey, and told him the news.

"You and your damn crying," Stacey said, but he was no longer angry. His voice just sounded tired and thin.

THAT PLACE in Vermont was one of those new beauty-health farms. Agnes had gone up there to reduce. She looked fine now, well groomed, ladylike. They had knocked a lot of weight off her, and she wore a brown suit that must have cost two hundred dollars if it cost a penny. The houseman, wearing a white coat and keeping his head down to show he didn't want to hear anything that was none of his business, had brought in a large silver tray holding a teapot,

cups and saucers, and a dish of cookies.

Kvasnicka didn't know what he needed tea and cookies for, but he sat forward on the edge of his chair and played the etiquette business. He still didn't know what she was up to, and he was willing to take his time, drink tea, anything, as long as he could have a chance to find out. She was spending plenty of money—the apartment and the houseman, the health farm, the clothes. And Agnes didn't spend money without reason.

"What kind of a person is she?" Agnes asked.

"Young," he said. "Jolly."

"I know what she looks like—I saw her," Agnes snapped. "You know what I mean. What is she—a tramp?"

Kvasnicka wriggled on the little, uncomfortable chair. He didn't want to antagonize her or enter into an argument. "Uh, where are you going to start drawing distinctions nowadays?" he said.

The social manners, the tea were forgotten. Agnes was on her feet. She had wanted to handle everything on a well-bred, ladylike level, but it burned and she just couldn't keep it in. "Can't he see what he's doing?" she asked. "What's the matter with him—is he blind?" She broke off. Her whole tone changed. "Tony, listen," she said, coming close. "Maybe we could do something, you and me together."

"Agnes—" he said, but she went right on, driving hard, intense.

"Don't fight with me. Don't take his part just because he sent you. Help me. We've got to stop it, don't you understand?"

"Is this what you called up about?" Kvasnicka asked. "We thought, when we got the message, we—"

"You're his friend," she said. "You're a lawyer. You could help."

"Agnes, for the love of Mike," Kvasnicka said. "You don't realize. What do you think—I wasn't against it, too? What can I do? What can anybody do? That girl knows more in her little pinkie than I know with a whole library of law books. It's hopeless, that's all. You can't stop it." She turned away abruptly, giving up. "When I came here today," Kvasnicka continued, quietly now, restrained, "the impression I had, I thought—"

"I'll sign the papers," she said. "See, your trip wasn't wasted, after all."

"What?" Kvasnicka said, blinking his eyes. It came so fast, he didn't quite understand.

"Let him take her to Europe on their honeymoon," Agnes said harshly. "Go ahead with the divorce proceedings in Mexico or anywhere you like. I'll sign. Are you satisfied?"

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"But just one minute, Agnes, one question," Kvasnicka said, still blinking, still troubled. "That time you went upstate—what about your talk with Matrall?"

"How did you know I saw him?" she asked.

"Would you make difficulties just out of spite? Who would benefit from a thing like that? Agnes, you know what this fellow Matrall is—greedy, anxious. He wants to make a national reputation."

"Who told you I saw him?" Agnes demanded. "Was it the colored boy?"

"What's the difference, Agnes?" Kvasnicka asked.

"You don't have to worry about Matrall," she said.

"But you saw him?" Kvasnicka insisted. "You went up there?"

"Something happens, you get excited. Later you think twice." She turned her back to him. "I went up there, but you can forget it. Any harm Frank comes to, it'll be his own doing, not mine." Kvasnicka gaped, puzzled. He thought that was a peculiar remark to make—"his own doing"—then he realized she had turned her back to him because she didn't want him to see her face. Her voice went low and fearful. She was crying. "You don't change overnight," she said. "When you live with somebody twenty-one years, when you take care of him and worry over every least little thing, you don't get out of the habit so fast. Leave me alone," she said, miserably and heartbroken. "I don't want to do Frank any damage. I'm not going to send him to jail."

Kvasnicka gave her time to cry for a while, then he sighed and got up to leave. "We'll keep in touch," he said. "I'll contact this new lawyer you meet. I'm glad you're seeing it realistic."

She was sincere. He knew she meant every word she said. But in his bones Kvasnicka knew she wasn't through.

HER New York lawyers earned their fee. They wrangled day after day, accounting for every cent Stacey had, digging up securities Kvasnicka had never even heard about. Agnes had wept real tears, but money was money and when it got down to business, she was dead set on grabbing everything that was coming to her, or at least that was what Kvasnicka thought. He thought it was curious how complicated and contradictory human nature could be.

The meetings dragged on. It wasn't until May thirteenth, a Friday, as it happened, that the settlement papers were ready to be signed. May thirteenth was the legal date on which the city oil contract had to be passed on and entered into the official records, but harassed as he was by Agnes's implacable lawyers and an intuitive sense of doom, Kvasnicka didn't make the connection.

He came back from lunch around two o'clock that day and found Agnes and her lawyer waiting in his office.

"Oh, you didn't have to appear personally," he said. "Your attorney and I could have attended to everything."

"It's no bother," she said, cutting out the formal nonsense. She seemed to know exactly what she was doing. She was remarkably steady and determined, and it worried Kvasnicka. They went to work immediately. The whole job took an hour or so.

Agnes signed the settlement documents, and Kvasnicka handed every-

thing over to the New York lawyer. He shoved the stuff into his brief case. Then he rose. He nodded to Agnes, nodded to Kvasnicka, and started walking to the door. It was strange, disturbing. Obviously it had been worked out in advance. Kvasnicka watched the lawyer until he had left and then looked back at Agnes, wondering what was going on. She was sitting there, settled. He started to ask her gingerly if there was anything he could do for her, but just then the phone buzzed and he picked it up. Connie Smith was waiting outside. Not mentioning names, Kvasnicka started to doubletalk, telling Miss Barham to stall Connie, but Agnes broke in.

"Let her come in," Agnes said. "I arranged it. I've got something to say to her."

Connie apparently had no idea it was Agnes who had sent for her, but she didn't flinch when she saw her. She kept cool. Kvasnicka didn't know what was coming. It was an awkward situation.

"This is Mrs. Stacey," he said, feeling foolish and helpless as he went through the ringerole of introducing them to each other. "Agnes, Miss Smith."

"I know. Hello," Agnes said, looking at the girl, bitterly taking in her looks, her figure, her youthfulness.

"How do you do?" Connie replied, but Agnes shut her up fast.

"Never mind," she said.

"Now, Agnes—" Kvasnicka said quickly, but she shut him up, too.

"Don't get nervous," she said to Kvasnicka. "I got nothing against her. She's nothing." She turned to the blonde. "Now listen, you," she began, hard and clear. "What I have to say, I want you to hear in his presence. The reason is if you have any doubts, he'll clear them up."

And then Kvasnicka found out why Agnes had suddenly gone ahead with the settlement, why she had been so hell-bent on clearing Stacey out. Stacey had been willing enough to give her every cent he had because he had been counting, of course, on the half million out of the Samson deal. But that was exactly why she had gone upstate. She had talked, all right. She had told Matrall all about the Samson deal. Stacey couldn't go near the oil contracts now. The way Agnes had it all worked out, she had his money, and she had it fixed so he wouldn't be able to go through with the Samson deal.

"Do you understand?" she said to Connie, slamming the words out. "He's broke, not a penny, nothing. You wanted him—you got him. Live on love."

Kvasnicka was hopping around Agnes, bouncing on his feet. "Agnes, you promised you wouldn't make trouble."

"I did nothing out of spite," she said. "I did it to open his eyes. Let him see how long she sticks around."

"But there's no time!" Kvasnicka said. "It's all done, too late. You know they close the record today, and once it's in the record—"

"Don't tell me something I know more about than you do," she said. "The city record doesn't close until five o'clock. Frank can stop it. Call him. Two minutes on the phone, and he can kill the whole deal. There's time."

She was right. It was just past three. Stacey still had two hours to kill it. Agnes had taken everything into consideration, purposely stalling until the last minute so that Stacey wouldn't have time to work up some dodge.

Agnes picked up her purse and started

pulling at her jacket and skirt, getting ready to leave. She didn't take her eyes off Connie. "Tramp," she said, pulling and tugging. "Rotten little tramp. Don't be downhearted. You'll have better luck next time." She walked out.

Neat, Kvasnicka said to himself. I hand it to her. She had Frank and Connie where she wanted them. Without the money, the kid would soon lose interest. Without the money, without Connie, Stacey wouldn't know what to do with himself. Sooner or later he'd probably find his way back to Agnes. She'd have him back because, in the last analysis, people always went where the pocket-book took them. That was the sordid truth of life.

IT WAS finished, all settled, nothing for Kvasnicka to worry his head over anymore, but he didn't feel glad. More than anything else at this moment he felt sorry for his friend Frank Stacey. White hair on the chest, black on top. He reached for the phone and told Miss Barham to call Frank Stacey at the hotel.

"They never let you get away with a thing," Connie said. She was sitting quietly. There were tears in her eyes, but she smiled and wouldn't let herself cry. She had given Kvasnicka a bad time that day in her place, but right now Kvasnicka didn't have the heart to rub it in.

"It's terrible, isn't it?" she said, still smiling that twisted, ashamed, and yet defiant, smile. "A—a girl going after a rich man."

"Well, it happens," Kvasnicka said, not unkindly.

"Is it true, Tony—what she said?"

"About Samson? Oh, boy!"

"Couldn't he make some kind of a comeback? You know, get on his feet?"

"Not with all the relatives she's got in this town," Kvasnicka said. "Not with her connections."

It was all over. She thought for a while, then she laughed.

She started for the door. She passed the desk and had her hand on the door-knob when suddenly she stopped. For a moment or two, she just stood there with her back to him. Kvasnicka waited, wondering.

"Tony," she said, "listen, Tony—" She turned around and walked back to the desk. The expression on her face was peculiar, strangely tense. "Suppose you didn't call Frank?"

"Come again?" Kvasnicka said.

"Let the deal go through. Don't tell him."

"Listen, sweetheart," Kvasnicka said, "who needs a mental doctor now?"

"He'll get out of it," she said. "They can't do anything to him. You know how the thing's set up—all those dummy corporations—"

"I thought you said you didn't know anything about Samson," Kvasnicka said.

"They couldn't prove a thing."

"Don't talk like a child," Kvasnicka said, beginning to lose patience. "All they need is the money, don't you know that? A hundred dummy corporations wouldn't help. If they find the money in his checking account, in his safe-deposit box, they've got him, he's a goner."

"He'll handle it. He'll find ways. He knows how." Her voice got fierce and savage as she pleaded with him. "I know what you think of me, but I worked. I watched my step. I got my first job when I was only fourteen. I went into beauty contests. I posed for sexy pictures. I

learned plenty, and it's the kind of education you get in the prizefight ring. I don't care what you or anybody else thinks! I've got it in my hand, Tony. You can't take it away from me. Let the deal go through. It's so easy. Just sit tight. That's all you have to do. For two hours, for one hour—just do nothing—"

"What's the matter with you?" Kvasnicka cried, getting to his feet, pushing away from her. The girl outside was taking hours with that call to Frank Stacey. "Miss!" he called.

The door opened, and the girl came scurrying in, timid and scared.

"I told you to get Mr. Stacey, didn't I?" Kvasnicka said.

"But he's not at the hotel," the girl said.

"Then locate him, locate him!"

"I tried," she whimpered. "I left word at his home, at the gym, everywhere. Nobody knows where he is."

"What do you mean—nobody knows?" Kvasnicka said, the hot fear shooting through him. He turned quickly to Connie. "Where did he go—do you know?"

He faltered, stopped. He saw it. Connie didn't know either. It was Friday. Stacey had gone to the Austrian woman for that weekly job on his hair. That was why nobody knew where he was. It was the big secret.

KVASNICKA went breathlessly still. He had to fight to keep from growing panicky. He had to think clearly. He had to find Stacey. Once the contract went into the books, there would be no pulling back. Matrall would have the goods on Stacey. The senator would bring his committee down to City Hall with a brass band. He'd splash Stacey high and wide. Kvasnicka looked at his wrist watch. It was almost three-thirty. He had to act fast. Suddenly it came to Kvasnicka.

"Get his bodyguard, Rudy Rucker!" he said to Miss Barham. Rudy would know. "Stacey takes that clown everywhere."

"But I can't!" the girl said, her voice trembling, forcing the words out.

"You can't what?" Kvasnicka yelled. "Why can't you?"

"Because you said it yourself, Mr. Kvasnicka. He's with Mr. Stacey right this minute, isn't he?" She began to cry. "Mr. Kvasnicka, when you raise your voice at me and holler, I get so nervous I don't—"

"All right. Don't cry. I'm sorry." Kvasnicka started screeching his mind again, trying to think of something else. The girl kept sobbing. The phone rang. "Shut up!" Kvasnicka shouted and rushed to his desk. But it was only a wrong number.

Kvasnicka broke out in a fit but

stopped abruptly and hung up. He had just remembered that Rudy Rucker had a wife, somebody named Cleo. That loud-mouth probably blatted out everything to her, and she would know who the Austrian woman was and where she was. Kvasnicka went through the directory, got Rudy's home number, and dialed it. Rudy's wife answered the phone. Kvasnicka beat the information out of her in less than a minute. The Austrian woman was named Mrs. Schlaff. Kvasnicka got her on the phone and she said yes, Stacey had been there; he was on his way back to his office at the hotel.

"Are you sure?" Kvasnicka asked.

"Oh, positive," the woman said. Kvasnicka banged the phone down on the rest, satisfied, able to breathe easy at last. He looked up at Connie and glared.

"Tough luck," he said. "I sympathize."

"Please," she said, and her eyes begged, too. "Tony, please, please, please."

"Call the elevator starter," Kvasnicka said to Miss Barham. "Tell him to get me a cab."

He opened the closet, took his hat, and went to the door. But when he reached the middle of the outer office, he suddenly stopped short. It was as though he had forgotten something, as though he had to go back. But he didn't stir. He could see Miss Barham wondering, instead of looking scared. He could see Connie still begging with her eyes, and then oddly her eyes stopped begging. Her eyes became suddenly quick, suddenly shot with a dirty, grim exultation, and as the stroke came, Kvasnicka knew that Stacey was done for. Connie now was the only one who could warn him, and she wasn't going to—not with a half-million dollars hanging in the balance.

Everything started to move in clockwise fashion—Connie, Miss Barham, the office railing, the water cooler in the corner. He slumped to the floor. The blonde had won out after all.

RUDY RUCKER had been in the suite with Stacey when the news of the indictment hit, a bolt out of the blue. "It was early, maybe a few minutes after eleven o'clock," Rudy told his wife, as he ate breakfast. "Something got in my eye. 'Okay if I use your private bathroom, Mr. Stacey?' I got something in my eye." "Sure, sure, go ahead," he says. Just then the phone started to ring, and he went to answer it, laughing, singing, feeling good—and boom, by the time I got out of the bathroom, the world was upside down."

Rudy had to talk fast because he was in a rush. Everything was a crazy house now, and he had to get down to the hotel.

"He was flabbergasted. He was reeling. It was the shabbiest kind of a double-cross she gave him, and what was his first reaction? He laughed! 'Well, she always had a temper,' he says, writing it off philosophical like that. 'Remember what she did that time at the house, the shambles she made out of the bar?' Oh, he's big, Cleo. I tell you your heart just had to go out to him."

"Why?" Cleo said, gripping and down at the mouth, like a wife.

"Why? Because he don't lose his sense of humor, that's why." Rudy took a big swallow of coffee, wiped his nose, and went on eating and talking. "In the middle of everything, the door opens and who walks in? Agnes herself, his wife. She comes in like a maniac, wringing her hands and crying. 'Francis, oh, Francis, look what you've done now, you poor, miserable, helpless fool.'"

"CHEW your food," Cleo said. "Stop 'C' worrying about him. Watch your own step. Just watch out you don't get dragged into something yourself."

"I beg your pardon, Agnes," he says, "but did I get that right? I did it? I talked to Matrall?" "Why did you have to go ahead with the oil deal, why, oh, why?" she says, raving and yelling. It's a riddle; he doesn't know what the hell she's hollering about until finally it dawns on him. She never wanted him to go through with the deal in the first place. That's why she spilled to Matrall, so he would be broke, so then the girl would call it a day, see. It was a plot. "I told Tony all about it in time," she says. "I went to his office and told him to tell you what I did."

"Chew!" Cleo said. "You'll choke!"

"Oh, Agnes, for heaven's sake," he says, "Tony had a stroke Friday. He went to the hospital." "Then why didn't she tell you? She was there. She heard it all." "Who?" he asks, and she says, "Her? You know who. Your darling little precious tramp." She meant Connie, Miss Smith. He turned around and walked away. Agnes wasn't telling him anything he didn't know. He knew Connie was there in the office. She was the one who took Kvasnicka to the hospital. "What are you trying to put the blame on her for?" he asks. "What did she know about the Samson thing?" She probably didn't understand a word you said. She didn't get away from the hospital until late at night. He was sick and disgusted. Agnes kept after him, and it went back and forth, back and forth, until finally he said, "Agnes, it's done. What's done is done; what's the use talking? Do me a favor and go. You made enough trouble

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for one day.' You understand," Rudy said to his wife, "that everything I tell you is strictly confidential, not a peep."

"Confidential," Cleo said. "Big shot. Very important person."

Rudy gulped the coffee, got up, and started to buckle on his guns. He always carried two of them, a sidepiece on a belt and a revolver in a shoulder holster.

"All that heavy metal junk," Cleo said, "and such a hot day coming up, too. You'll roast. Where are you going—to a war?"

"When I left him last night," Rudy said, "he still didn't know which way to turn. It was pitiful. Downstairs the lobby was swarming with reporters racing around. And Kvasnicka had to pick a weekend like this to get a heart attack. On top of everything else, his tooth—Mr. Stacey has a bum tooth—was killing him."

"What do you want from me?" Cleo asked. "Let him pull it out."

"What?" Rudy asked, and stopped because he didn't know what she meant.

"The tooth, the tooth!" she said. "It's a perfectly intelligent question. If it's giving him bother, then why don't he get it pulled?"

"Because the dentist is trying to save it," Rudy said, getting a little annoyed with her. "What are you griping about anyway? Don't you want to hear the real, inside facts?"

"No," Cleo said. "I tell you, don't get dragged in. You're all taken up heart and soul with his worries, and in the meantime, you'll get your own head broken."

"Cleo, have a heart," Rudy said. "The man is in terrible trouble."

"Who sent him?" she asked. "Who asked him? Why does he have to be involved with that tramp altogether?"

"There she goes, coming out with the why again," Rudy said. "How should I know why? He's in love."

He slammed the door and left. Rudy knew his wife loved him dearly. She was devoted, and he made allowances; but she treated him as though he had the mentality of a six-year-old child. Rudy hurried to the hotel.

SOMEONE'S trying to cause trouble," Rudy, glaring and indignant, told reporters in the lobby. The car was out front, and he was waiting for Stacey to come down. "Whoever got it in for us, we don't care. We ain't sore at nobody. We want to live and let live. Everything that happens they come running blaming us!" He put a lot of steam into his voice, finishing fine and noble, but the reporters left him flat. Stacey had come out of the elevator. Rudy ran to take his place beside him. Stacey was wonderful. They were indicting him; they were subpoenaing his books and records; he didn't know if he was coming or going—but to look at him you would think he was sitting on top of the world. Rudy's eyes were full of admiration and love as he watched the dapper, smiling man.

"State Senator Mattrell is a promising lad with a fine future," Stacey said to the reporters, jutting out his jaw, bobbing his head as he always did when he spoke. "Let's wish him well."

He was atry and gracious. He showed every sign of confidence. He handled the reporters in his usual way, formal and even official as he kidded with them, never letting them get away with anything in the give and take. Nobody could tell a thing from his manner. A reporter

spoke up and said, if they might ask, where was Mr. Stacey going?

"Certainly you may ask," Stacey said. "I'm going to my dentist."

Everybody laughed. Another reporter asked what Mr. Stacey's plans were, what was he going to do?

"What am I going to do?" Stacey asked, puzzled and innocent. "I just told you, didn't I? I'm going to the dentist. I have an appointment." They all laughed again. Stacey waved his hand. "Always glad to see you boys. Yours for the call, any time."

Rudy cleared the way for him, and they pushed through the crowd to the car. But they didn't go to the dentist. The doctors were finally letting Kvasnicka have visitors, so Stacey picked up Connie at the Mondorf, bought a big basket of fruit, and went up to see him. But when the three of them reached Kvasnicka's private room, Rudy could see they would leave no wiser than when they came.

It was quiet there, no rush or confusion, and there was a heavy feeling of doom. Kvasnicka hardly noticed them. He was far away in some sad, private world of his own, mumbling to himself.

"Wasted," he said. "A whole lifetime wasted. Attorney at law . . . I practiced thirty years. . . . Sometimes they do it to you, sometimes you do it to them. Thirty years, day in, day out—and tell me what difference does it make to me now which side gets the money?"

Stacey laughed. He had gone to Kvasnicka for help; he had been counting on the lawyer, and it was a disappointment to find him like that, but Stacey wouldn't show it. He wasn't the kind.

"Stop crying," he said to Kvasnicka. "You'll live. You'll bury us all."

"I hope so," Kvasnicka said, rasping it out, not kidding. When they got to the point of death, they all became greedy and grasping.

"Now, I don't want you to be thinking about Mattrell," Stacey said. He was out of luck anyway, so he took his loss like a sport. "We didn't come up here for that at all, you know."

"Have no fear," Kvasnicka said, his voice deep and heavy. He rolled his head away, forgot them, and went back to that private world of his. "What people do for money!" he said. "The things they do—chasing, scratching, killing. Even when they're dead they keep it up. There's people scheming daily to chisel the Government out of the tax even after they're dead."

"What are you getting at?" Stacey asked, still smiling but beginning to wonder. "Who are you talking about? Me?"

Kvasnicka didn't answer him. He didn't even look at him. For some reason, he was looking straight at Connie. Connie wasn't particularly bothered. She went up and fixed the covers around Kvasnicka. She was very calm and cool.

"Are you comfortable?" she asked. "Is there anything we can do for you, Tony?"

He said something, but it was so low and rasping they couldn't make it out.

"What?" Stacey asked, bending over him.

"Sweet," Kvasnicka said, getting his voice up, clearing his throat. "I said she's got a sweet disposition." He turned his head away from them, to the other side of the bed. Rudy was standing there, holding the basket of fruit.

"Hello," Kvasnicka said gloomily. "Still making jokes?"

"We're all rooting for you," Rudy said, giving him a big smile, trying to cheer him up. "Come on back, Mr. Kvasnicka; we all need you bad."

"Comedians," Kvasnicka said. "Jokes." He shook his head, then turned to Stacey and said, as though it were some kind of afterthought, "Get Rutherford."

"Rutherford?" Stacey said. "He's a corporation lawyer. He wouldn't take a case like this."

"See him," Kvasnicka said. "When you bring him his retainer, take cash. Good-by," he said, pulling the blanket over his head.

One good thing they had got out of him—the Rutherford suggestion.

THIS was a man with three names—Amos Loomis Rutherford; he also had a big pot. He was a heavy boy with healthy red cheeks. It was Sunday. Rudy had driven Stacey out to Rutherford's summer home at Sands Point, Long Island, and was now helping with the chairs on the terrace.

"I was a contender of championship caliber," Rudy told Rutherford. "My Achilles' heel was I developed bad scar tissue over my eyes and would lose fights on l.k.s. That's a thing the general public don't appreciate. I'd be beating the other fellow, but he's smart, see, and he keeps concentrating on the scar tissue. I start bleeding like a pig, and boom, I lose—l.k.o. They stop it. My misfortune, nothing unethical. I would do the same to him if the positions were reversed."

"Very interesting," Rutherford said. He sat down and got ready for business. He wore shorts and a pink-and-blue seersucker sports shirt with a Buster Brown collar, and he smoked a cigar. Stacey started to speak, but Rutherford cut in.

"Don't tell me, don't tell me," he said. "I examined the records, and that's enough. My method of procedure is to operate on the basis of information given me by a client in good faith and acted upon by me likewise in good faith."

"Whatever that means," Stacey said.

"If the client supplies me with improper information, and it appears so from the testimony, that's his headache, not mine. I personally am in the clear."

"Oh," Stacey said, and swallowed, making a face as though his tooth were acting up again.

Rudy watched anxiously. He didn't want anything to go wrong. Stacey still seemed smooth and easy, but the pressure was on and he was getting jumpy underneath. Rutherford had taken a whole week to study the records, and there still didn't seem to be any way out. Rudy was afraid Stacey might go loose and say something that would antagonize the stout man. Then they wouldn't even have legal counsel.

"I'm not considering the political consequences," Rutherford said, "—whether the defendant will be discredited, disgraced, at cetera. Frankly, brutally, that's foregone. Nothing to be done there. I'm concerned only with the criminal aspects—can they bring a criminal action? Can they get a conviction and prison sentence? And on that point—speaking hypothetically, you know—if it just happened that you and I were chatting about a hypothetical inquiry of this sort, I would say this: I would say the whole crux rests with the sum or sums in question; does the defendant have it? Can they prove it is in his possession?"

Stacey was listening, trying to follow

the high-class doubletalk. All Rutherford was trying to do, all that could be done, was to keep Stacey out of jail. Apparently, in Rutherford's opinion, Mattrall couldn't build a criminal case on the dummy corporations alone. Stacey was covered. There wasn't enough technical evidence to show the courts that he was connected with the companies. Everything hinged on the half million that had changed hands in the oil transaction. Stacey got the point, but he didn't see what good it did or what it could lead to. Rutherford wasn't giving him any solution.

"Say it," Stacey said to the stout man. "Talk."

"Very good," Rutherford said. "Once again. If they can prove possession of the money—conviction, prison. But if," he said, speaking slowly, almost word by word, "if there is no legal proof that the defendant has the money, if they cannot find it, if in fact it does not exist—"

"It exists!" Stacey shouted, blowing up, coming straight out with it. "What am I supposed to do—throw it away?"

"Don't tell me! Don't tell me!" Rutherford screamed. His whole face was puckered up in pain. His eyes were shut tightly, and he was sawing his hands in the air. "If you're going to be like that—"

"All right," Stacey said, getting himself under control again.

"There's ways and ways—just be patient a minute, can't you?"

"All right," Stacey said. "Go ahead."

"Too many people present," Rutherford said. He meant Rudy.

"Oh, don't mind him," Stacey said, but Rudy spoke up quickly. He was the last one to want to make trouble.

"No offense. I'll beat it," he said. Rutherford's boy was on the tennis court below, batting some balls into the net, and Rudy started to take his guns off. "I'll go play tennis with the kid," he said.

They had a clay court. The kid said only sneakers were allowed, so Rudy got out of his shoes, and started to run around in his socks, chasing the ball. It wasn't easy. Rudy had never played the game before, but the kid didn't laugh. He was courteous and gave him pointers. Rudy was just beginning to get the knack of the thing when he looked over his shoulder and saw that they were finished on the terrace.

The atmosphere seemed frigid. Rudy could tell something had happened, but he had no idea what. Rutherford was puffing away at his cigar, looking like a man who had just given an ultimatum, take it or leave it. Stacey had his back turned to the corporation lawyer and was staring at the tennis court, watching

Rudy, it seemed. There was a strange expression on Stacey's face—absent-minded and helpless. Rudy put his shoes on and hurried back. The kid came along with him.

"Don't touch the guns, Roger," Rutherford said to the boy. "Dangerous."

"You certainly got a well-brought-up youngster there, Mr. Rutherford," Rudy said hopefully.

"Please go in," Rutherford said to Roger. "Time for dinner, Wash."

The boy went off, and Rutherford stood up, wiggling his rear to get the shorts straightened out. "Must go indoors; people coming for dinner," he said to Stacey. "Give it thought, will you?"

Stacey called him an ugly name in a tired, quiet voice. Without changing his tone, he added, "I'll give it thought."

Rutherford turned around and walked toward the house without saying another word. He looked impressive and important, even in the shorts.

"Why did you want to talk to him like that?" Rudy asked as Rutherford passed out of sight. "It was tactless."

"Good old Rudy," Stacey said. "Did anything happen? Did he accept the case?"

Stacey smiled at him. "You looked real good hopping around down there in your socks. You ought to take the game up."

"Mr. Stacey," Rudy said, "did he accept the case? Did you find a way out?"

"We found a way out," Stacey said. "Technically, because everything around here is so damn technical. Yes, he took the case, hooray." He started walking toward the car. "I'll tell you all about it on the way home," he said. "Rudy, you're coming to Paris with Miss Smith and me."

"Paris!" Rudy said, caught completely by surprise. It was too good to be true. He tagged after Stacey, wondering why his boss was so downcast. What could be wrong? Rutherford had accepted the case. "Mr. Stacey," Rudy said, "everything is going to be all right. You'll see—I know!" He was overjoyed. He thought of Paris as being one big burlesque house.

Rudy had his best suit dry cleaned and pressed, got his diamond stickpin out of the pawnshop, and bought a new tie. Mattrall was opening the investigation the third week in August, and Rudy didn't want to embarrass his boss in any way. The investigation, when it broke, was a three-ring circus from the start. Everytime Rudy looked up, it seemed somebody was exploding a flashbulb in Stacey's face, and wherever they went, there was constant commotion and uproar—reporters swarming around, newsreel men grinding away, and mobs of

people yelling and cheering and laughing.

They gave Stacey a little anteroom off the council hall for his private use. He went in there two or three times a session to douse his face in cold running water, but he never lost his nerve on the witness stand. He was smooth and smiling, patiently handling the questions, making one joke after another. The crowd was with him. They all knew he wasn't a saint, but they didn't want to hear anything about it. They loved him. "Do I look like a man in the oil business?" Stacey asked on the stand, innocent and surprised. It brought the house down. "That's gratifying. I thought I was criticized for being a playboy. It's good to learn I've been an official of so many important corporations. Thank you indeed, Senator."

FOR the first two days, Mattrall hacked away at the corporations and their interlocking relationships, but with Rutherford sharpshooting from the sidelines, Mattrall soon looked like a man who had both hands stuck on sheets of flypaper. On the third day, Mattrall switched tactics and went after the five hundred grand. He harped on Kvasnicka, saying what a wonderful coincidence it was that this crucial witness just happened to be indisposed and unavailable for questioning at this particular time. The senator kept making insinuations about money stashed away somewhere in a safety vault, in a tin box, in some pitcher on a mantelpiece. "One little pitcher?" Stacey asked. "All that money—five hundred thousand dollars—in a pitcher?" "Innuendo!" Rutherford boomed. "A baseless calumny unfounded in fact! This is an inquisition, nothing but a cold-blooded, systematic attempt to smear a man in public life solely for purposes of political gain and self-aggrandizement." Rudy didn't know what the big words meant, but Rutherford looked great, puffing and roaring through those healthy red cheeks of his.

On the fourth day, Mattrall threw his bombshell. At least, he sincerely hoped it was a bombshell. At the close of the session, he announced to the press that he had subpoenaed Kvasnicka's records, and that he would report his findings the next day. "Good, good!" Rutherford said. He was jubilant. His plan was to give Mattrall plenty of rope, to let the committee build up a case proving that Kvasnicka was stalling and dodging the inquiry. Then, at the proper psychological moment, Rutherford would slam home with solid medical testimony proving that Kvasnicka was legitimately a very sick man.

Just between
us girls—



Sue
Always Takes



TO RELIEVE FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN
CRAMPS • HEADACHE • BLUES

Through it all, in the pandemonium and bedlam, Rudy was in his glory. As he stood guard beside Stacey, he was in the limelight, in the middle of everything. He glared fiercely to the right, he glared to the left, watching out for any threat of danger that might come to his boss, and at all times he acted dignified.

Rudy was having the time of his life until that morning at his house, when the papers were full of the so-called bombshell and Cleo, still worrying about Rudy's position, started nagging at him again.

"Rue de la Paix!" he was saying. He was getting ready to go down to the hotel. "I thought I was on easy street when I was boxing in the clubs, working maybe two, three times a month. I thought I was nuts to give that up for Mr. Stacey. Rue de la Paix! I'm going to Paris!"

He was horsing around harmlessly, nothing on his mind, innocent and happy, deliberately ignoring Cleo because he didn't want to get into another fight. They were at it all the time now. She was positive he would be emmeshed and get murdered or something. She got hot and suspicious the minute she found out Stacey was taking him to Europe, and now, with all the talk about a bombshell, she was uncontrollable. In a way, Rudy didn't blame her. She meant well. He realized she worried about him only because she loved him so much.

"Look at him," she said, griping away. "Look how excited he is, how he gets dressed up. Somebody would think he was going to a wedding."

"Cleo, I got to look neat," Rudy said, reasoning with her, trying to be considerate. "Cleo, have a heart. A man comes home—he's under a nervous tension all day, people aggravating and badgering him and the autograph guys on his head like a mattress—a man wants a smile out of his wife, a cheerful word of encouragement, and you go around crying like I'm dead."

"Why did he suddenly decide to take you to Europe with him and that woman?" she screamed.

Rudy didn't lose his temper. "Is that why you're sore—because I'm going and you're not? Cleo, you got no right to kick. When you had your appendix, didn't I pay for the operation and the hospital bills? We were married only four months, and your family should have paid. Don't worry about the investigation or this bombshell baloney. You don't know a damn thing about it, believe me, so please shut up and relax."

"You know?"

"Yes, that's right. It happens I do." "You know nothing!" she yelled. "Big shot! You're just a stooge, a helpless clown they keep around for jokes and to take advantage—"

"Now, Cleo," Rudy said. He was having a tough time holding himself in. "Now, Cleo—"

"You stand there beside him all dressed up and important—what do you think can happen? Tigers and lions are going to jump out of the forest and bite him? They use you for a dumbbell, that's all, to make a fool of. Every time you open up your mouth, they laugh at you—"

"Let them laugh!" Rudy said, letting go in spite of all his resolutions. He was stung, furious. "You can all laugh your head off. But if you knew what I got in my safe-deposit box, you'd laugh out of the other side of your mouth."

She didn't even know he had a safe-deposit box. He had given Stacey his oath he wouldn't tell Cleo or anybody else, and he had resisted all temptation. But he was goaded; he couldn't help himself. He told Cleo he had the money, in his own name—a half-million dollars.

He thought that would show her how Stacey felt about him, how important he really was, but the effect it had on her was the last thing he expected. She stopped yelling. She turned away, thinking and worrying, and suddenly she started to cry. He was baffled.

"What are you crying about?"

"Oh, Rudy, Rudy," she said. She wasn't nagging at him any longer now. She was miserable. "What they done—don't you see what it all is?"

"What?" he asked, getting cold and frightened. "It's just a technical thing, a way out. It's not my money. I didn't steal it. I'm just holding it for him—"

"Sure, if he wins, if they find nothing out. That's why he needed you so bad in Europe—to handle the money for him. But if they catch him, Rudy, it's yours, all of it. It's in your name, legally, technically. You're the goat. You're the one who'll sit in jail."

He started to argue with her, to tell her she was crazy, when suddenly he remembered that Sunday at Rutherford's summer home. Now he understood the funny expression on Stacey's face when he smiled and said, "Good old Rudy." He remembered all the doubletalk about the money—did it exist? Could they prove it was in Stacey's possession? It was all set for him to take the rap, and it suddenly came back to him how he had hopped around the tennis court that day in his socks, like an imbecile.

And it was then that all the excitement, all the fun, the wonderful feeling of being essential and a somebody, went out of Rudy. Cleo was right. He thought of all the practical jokes the fellows played on him. He thought of what a fool he had made of himself—talking to the reporters, worrying over Stacey, going everywhere with him, seeing people, praying Stacey would find a way out. A door opened, and he saw that he was the fall guy—the sap, the sucker, the goat.

"I knew about it all the time," he said to Cleo. "It's no novelty. What do you think—I ain't got the brains to figure out a simple thing like that by myself?"

He started to eat his breakfast, but he pecked at the stuff, and he wasn't fooling Cleo. He got up and walked out. He went down to the hotel, although he didn't know how he was going to look Stacey in the face or talk to him. Rudy wasn't sore, but the heart had gone out of him.

Another hot day was coming up, a scorcher.

THE FUSS in the papers about Kvasnicka and his records had brought the mobs out. As he turned the corner, Rudy could see the boobs yipping and scurrying all over the broad sidewalk in front of city hall. They were expecting a real holy show today. Today it was Kvasnicka, Rudy thought, and tomorrow or the next day or the next, the committee would be going after him, and then curtains. There was nothing he could do. Rudy hadn't said a word the whole trip downtown. He was feeling very dazed and sickish.

Stacey hadn't said anything either. He sat slumped in his seat. He had sent Connie to New York to do some shop-

ping, to get her out of sight during the investigation, and he was thinking of her. Suddenly Rudy heard him mutter to himself, "No fool like an old fool, all this upset . . ." He had his belly full, and he was worn out.

Rudy eased the car along the curb. Stacey looked pasty and old, his mouth hung open, and you could hear his breathing. But when the car stopped and the reporters came running, he straightened up. Stepping to the curb, he held his head high, stuck his jaw out, that twinkle came back to his eyes, and Rudy could see him putting on the old chipper, stylish act again.

"In the words of—who was it? Mr. Dooley?—our friend the senator is wery, wery suspicious, is he not?" He got his usual laugh from the reporters. He turned to Rudy and said, "Push!" Rudy started shoving, and Stacey went down the path, smiling and waving his hand at the people.

Like most city halls, the building had a long flight of stone steps. But Rudy and Stacey didn't use the steps. There was an entrance at street level, under the arch of the steps, from which a small, self-service elevator went up to the main floor. As they pushed to the elevator entrance, Rudy spotted a man rushing up, fighting his way through the crowd. Rudy immediately tightened up. Out of habit, he reached for his guns, but Stacey saw the man and stopped Rudy.

"That's just Ferris. What can he want? Get rid of him," Stacey said, and then lost interest. "I'll have to lose that tooth," he said. "What's the use of trying to save it? If you're old, you're old, and that's that."

Rudy started to take his hands away from the guns, but then the thought came to him: Suppose it weren't a civil-service employee? Suppose it were some screwball? Suppose Stacey were assassinated? Maitral would have no one to ride. The investigation would be called off. It would be all over! In the same instant, it came searing into Rudy's mind that he had the money! It was his, legally, technically, in every way—five hundred thousand dollars—and who would ever know?

Ferris reached Stacey, squeezing into the elevator with him. Rudy let him pass. Ferris started to talk. He had a message from Mrs. Stacey. "She told Johnson to tell you, but Johnson had to take the pay-roll vouchers to Auditing, so I said I—"

He broke off in horror. The gunshot explosions were deafening in the small elevator cage. "Oh, my God!" he sobbed, gagging and choking as he saw Stacey being shot again and again. Ferris couldn't get out. Rudy was standing in the door, blocking it. "Oh, the blood!" Ferris wept.

And then his whole face winced, and he tried desperately to shrivel into himself as Rudy dropped one gun to the floor and started firing at him point-blank with the other. In the gasping, howling hysteria, Rudy himself didn't know how many times he pulled the trigger. For a moment, as people started rushing and screaming all around him, he didn't even realize he was yelling at the top of his lungs.

"Lunatics! Screwballs! Why don't they keep them locked up?"

He stopped. The corridor was unbelievably jammed. They were tugging and trampling one another, locked in a helpless, heaving mass. In the terrible confusion, Rudy's frenzy left him. He

realized he was safe, that nobody could possibly know what had really happened.

It was night before he got back to the house. At first he thought Cleo wasn't home because the lights weren't turned on. He found her in the kitchen. She was sitting in the dark, all huddled up, waiting for him. She knew.

"You did it," she said. "The both of them. It was you."

He went close to her, knelt on one knee, and excitedly whispered into her ear. "The money—don't you see? It's mine! We're rich! A half-million dollars. We can do anything we want! We'll wait a while; we'll go to the funeral—"

"The money," she said.

"Who's going to know?" Rudy asked. The only one who knew what Ferris was doing there, the only one who could even begin asking questions was Johnson, the colored messenger, and Rudy had already taken care of him.

"They'll get you," she said. She was limp. She didn't stir on the chair.

"How?" he asked. He stood up. He was exasperated with her. Why was she so stubborn? Why couldn't she see how perfect it was? "The investigation was for Stacey. It's over. Everything is all finished. Who's going to go looking for me?"

"It's not the investigation. It's not you. Nobody wants you."

"Then what?" he asked.

"It's the money," she said bitterly. "The half-million dollars. They'll want it. They'll look for it, and they'll find you."

"Shut up!" he said. But his stomach went weak, and fear seeped through him. She was right. Why hadn't he thought of it himself? Of course there would be people chasing after the money—politicians in the know, somebody from Rutherford's office or from Kvasnicka's, Agnes, Connie.

"Shut up," he said. "Shut up, shut up!" He stood in the darkness and looked around him, as though they might be coming at him already, whoever they might be, wherever they might come from.

SERGEANT Hulick sat in the dimness of the bar and watched the deserted street through the window. The sunshine bounced back, white and dazzling, off the pavements, and his eyeballs were beginning to ache, but he kept looking across the street at the entrance of the apartment-hotel. Sergeant Hulick watched the Mondorf because he wanted to know where Connie Smith went, what she did, who came to see her. He was convinced that through her, sooner or

later, would come the answers he had to find.

Hulick knew that crimes weren't solved by making deductions or using psychology or science. There was only information—tips on the phone, anonymous letters, professional stool pigeons, or people who talked because they were double-crossing someone or because they were afraid. Hulick had no information. He didn't even know exactly what he was looking for. His brother officers in the department laughed at him and said there was nothing to find. All he knew was that Johnson was in jail and didn't belong there, and that he, Hulick, was responsible.

Mrs. Stacey was still stunned by the tragedy. She was exhausted, uninterested. The lawyer, Kvasnicka, sat bundled in blankets in the sun, in the back yard of his home. Neither of them was going to talk or do any double-crossing. Hulick's only hope was the girl in the Mondorf. He had to see where she would lead him.

The trouble was she didn't do anything. She went nowhere and nobody came to see her. Hulick had the switchboard operator fixed, but the only place she telephoned was the corner drugstore for coffee and cigarettes. Hulick had checked into her background, had heard the stories, and interrogated her. He knew her about as well as you could ever get to know another person, but he didn't understand why she stayed in town or why she cooped herself up in the apartment. It mystified him.

A man came into the bar. The man's eyes were still blinded by sunlight, but Hulick could see him. It was Keely.

"Here," Hulick said.

"Thad Miller wants to see you. He's boiling," Miller said. Miller was chief of detectives, Hulick's boss. Keely was in no rosy mood himself. He had been in all the spots looking for Hulick.

"Since when you hang out in joints like this?" he began, but then he saw the Mondorf across the street and frowned heavily. He knew Connie Smith lived there. He knew what Hulick was up to, and thought it was fantastic.

"What are you monkeying around with her for? What do you want from her?"

Hulick's lips were dry; he wet them with his tongue. "Whatever it was, she was at the bottom of it," he said. "She'll tip it off."

Keely blew up in a fit of impatience. "Tip off what? It's simple! Stacey took graft—everybody knew it. He got caught. A crazy fanatic came along and killed him. That's all! It's an obsession with you, a bugaboo!"

Hulick ignored the outburst. They all thought he had a screw loose. As far as they were concerned, it was all over except for the funeral. But Hulick remembered Clyde Johnson, his wife, the two kids. He remembered all the white they had in their eyes when they looked up at him, and he wasn't going to stop digging until Johnson was out of the Roebeling Street City Jail.

Hulick waited another ten minutes or so for the doorman to come back from lunch, told him where he could be reached if the girl stepped out, and went back to headquarters with Keely.

MILLER had a wooden plaque on his desk; it said "ACHIEVE." He kept it there, not for the sentiment, but because you had to have some kind of decoration besides the warehouse calendars. The chief was a harassed man with large bags under his eyes. He wanted to treat his men with understanding, but he had a bureau to run, and he was subjected to constant criticism. He couldn't let a man knock around and waste time over nothing.

"You've killed two days—poking here, asking questions—Mrs. Stacey, Kvasnicka, the Smith girl, all your time given to it—and what for? Why? Because some colored boy told you Ferris didn't do it? It didn't happen! Frank Stacey is walking around alive! It was all an optical illusion!"

He swiveled on the chair from side to side, saw the plaque, "ACHIEVE," slammed it face down, kicked the desk and wastepaper basket with his feet as he swiveled.

Hulick didn't answer. The door opened, and he looked up. A uniformed cop let in Rucker, the fellow Stacey used to employ as his bodyguard. Rucker was tremendously scared. "Everybody picks on me," he cried as he came up to the desk, babbling and hopping with excitement. "I'm persecuted because I'm an ex-pug and got a minor police record. What did I do? Never no breaks. Was you ever a juvenile delinquent?"

"Aw, shut up. Don't raise a racket," Miller said. "Nobody's persecuting you. Just tell the sergeant here what happened."

"Tell him what happened? How many times must I go over it? I told the officers once, I told the coroner—"

"Tell him, tell him," Miller said. "Go into it again."

"What's there to tell? Everybody saw it—the way he came rushing up through the mob. It was even in the newsreels."

"Why didn't you stop him, Rudy?" Hulick asked.

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"Because I was dumbfounded!" Rucker said. "See, that was the whole trouble—he caught me off my guard. I recognized him. I knew him. Only Adolph Ferris, I thought to myself. What does he want? He's perfectly harmless, I thought. Believe me, it's a thing that will prey on my mind as long as I live. I'll never forgive—"

"Okay," Miller said. "Go on. So he came rushing up, and then what happened?"

"What happened?" Rucker said. "It smelled like a Coney Island shooting gallery, that's what happened. Then I saw the blood. He was soaking with it. I went wild. I started shooting. I grabbed the gun from his hand. I socked him in the face with my bare fist. To tell you the honest truth, to this minute I still don't know what I did. I—"

"Okay, enough," Miller said and turned to Hulick. "Well?" he demanded. "You want to ask him some questions?"

"No," Hulick said.

"Go ahead. Ask him. Satisfy yourself on every little point." He paused, giving Hulick time. "What?" he said, going back to Rucker.

The bodyguard had been saying something, and now he repeated it—if they were all through with him, could he leave?

"Blow," Miller said, dismissing him.

"No," Rucker said. What he meant was, could he leave town? Go far away. California.

"Go to Alaska!" Miller said. "Who the hell is stopping you?" He broke off. The door was ajar, and a woman was standing there, watching anxiously. "Who's that—your wife?"

"Oh, yeah," Rudy said. "She follows me everywhere I go. She's nervous and worries. See, it's on her account I decided it would be a good idea to go to L.A. after the funeral. She had a world of respect for him, and it hit her hard. Everything here reminds her."

"I see," Miller said, changing his tone. "Well, tell her not to worry. Thanks very much for your trouble. It was a great help."

He got rid of the bodyguard and came back to Hulick. He could see at once it had been of no use. That stubborn Dutchman wasn't going to give up. "If I only knew what you want," Miller said. "If I could only make it out. . . ." Then he swiveled back to his desk. His mind was made up. He didn't look at Hulick as he spoke. "Okay, I warned you. I told you to quit. You didn't, and you won't. Go back to the squad room."

RUCKER was still hanging around the corridor when Hulick came out. He went right up to the detective and latched on.

"What's up?" Rucker asked in a breathless, confidential whisper. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," Hulick said.

"Tell me," he insisted. "Because if there's anything I can do, I'll postpone my trip. I'll help."

"Nothing for you to postpone your trip for," Hulick said and ducked into the squad room.

Keely had the news. Miller must have phoned the moment Hulick left the office. "You're suspended," Keely told him. "Insubordination and willful neglect of duty. You asked for it."

Hulick shrugged. It didn't seem to matter. He couldn't worry about detec-

tive chiefs and departmental regulations. While he was unbuckling his gunbelt, the phone rang, and it was the call he had been waiting for. It was the Mondorf doorman. Connie was going out at last.

"Lexington and Brill Streets," Hulick repeated.

That was what he had heard her tell the hackie, the doorman said. Police headquarters was closer to Lexington and Brill than the Mondorf was, and Hulick figured he could get there before she arrived. Keely was looking on, sour and disapproving, but Hulick didn't mind him. He handed over his gun and badge and ran down the steps.

THE ADDRESS had meant nothing to him, but when he saw the mortuary he realized she was going to see Stacey. It stumped him. She was supposed to be hard and calculating, everything for the buck. She wasn't one to bother with sentiment.

A cab drew up, and she stepped out. She saw him. She knew who he was and was aware that he had been keeping track of her, but if it disturbed her to see him, she gave no sign of it. She met his eyes squarely, then turned and walked into the building. Hulick followed.

One of the employees, a young man in a cutaway, came inward briskly. He started to say the public wasn't allowed until four o'clock, but his voice trailed away as he recognized her. He was inexperienced, and he fumbled for a second before he took her elbow and led her toward the reception room. When Hulick reached the reception room, it looked as though some horrible scene was about to take place in that solemn, draped room. Mrs. Stacey was sitting there, with her relatives grouped around her, bristling, pursing their lips, and glaring at Connie. But it was Mrs. Stacey who spoke up.

"Leave her alone. Let her stay," Mrs. Stacey said. There was a great indifference, an impressive heavy weariness in her manner. The relatives moved back a bit, at a loss. Connie stood still.

"Sit down," Mrs. Stacey said, almost kindly. She had a summer cold, and her hair was coming loose. Somebody brought a chair. "If you want to go to the funeral, too, it's all right, go."

"No," Connie said. "What good would that do him? It would only give people something to talk about. That's why I came now."

Mrs. Stacey nodded her head. "That's sensible," she said.

Hulick looked on unbelievably. This woman had no animosity toward Connie. There was understanding between them, a common bond, and they sat like relatives or old friends.

"How are you?" Mrs. Stacey asked. She spoke with the exhausted, distant irrelevance people have at a time of death.

"How am I?" the girl repeated. "I sit up there in the apartment, and I think. I don't go out. I don't know what to do with myself. . . ." Her voice fell away. They sat in silence.

"I don't blame you," Mrs. Stacey said finally. "It was your fault—what you did—but I don't deny myself. It was my fault, too. I don't know whose fault it was. Live and learn." She stood up. "Well, go in; see him. I have to go back to the house."

Connie rose, too, and Mrs. Stacey took

a moment to look at her, studying her face. It was as though she were really seeing the girl for the first time, Hulick thought.

"Blue eyes," Mrs. Stacey said in a tired, absent way. "What they call a blue-eyed blonde—"

She started past, but Connie reached out, delaying her. She tucked the older woman's hair in, fixing a pin or two in place. It was amazing.

"Thank you," Mrs. Stacey said. "Good-by."

She walked out. The relatives followed, still bristling.

Hulick quietly followed the girl into the chapel. He took a position off to one side so he could get a clear view of her face as she stood alone with Frank Stacey. Hulick had heard the stories. But that was clean sorrow on her face—sorrow and remorse and pain. Watching her now, Hulick thought of the small town she had come from, one of those towns strewn with auto graveyards. He thought of the jobs she had had as a young girl, working as a waitress in cheap places where the customers and the help were always ready to sneak a feel. He thought of the blind or pick-up dates a girl like that must have gone out on. . . .

AT FIVE o'clock, the funeral procession started—a big affair in the old-time style with limousine, loads of flowers, and a brass band. It was scheduled to catch the people coming out of the factory and plants. Hulick had meant to see the procession, but instead, at five o'clock, he found himself in the elevator of the Mondorf.

The door of her apartment was standing open. Hulick walked in. The building superintendent was in there talking to her, with one of the elevator boys standing beside him. The super was courteous enough, but his manner was unpleasantly overconfident. You could see he was ready to get tough and insulting the moment it became necessary. He knew she couldn't hit back.

"Nothing personal, it's just the other tenants in the building. The notoriety. They're embarrassed."

The girl didn't speak, but neither did she flinch. She stood up to the super and looked at him with a mixture of helplessness and defiance and contempt. The silent treatment unsteadied him. She was barefoot and wore shorts and a blouse to beat the oppressive heat. The elevator boy was grinning sleepily, taking it all in. His eyes moved slowly over her body, never going above her shoulders. The super noticed him and angrily twisted him around, shoving him toward the door.

"Jump!" he said, and then turned back to Connie. "At your convenience, of course, but I must have the apartment by the first of the month."

He started walking to the hall, jabbing the elevator boy in front of him. The first of the month was less than a week away. Hulick heard the door close.

"I guess I had that coming," she said. She didn't look at Hulick. She was withdrawn and distracted, thinking to herself, and suddenly she surprised him by laughing. It was a short, odd laugh, reckless and disorganized. She was really amused. "Did you see the look on that kid's face?" she asked, and her expression changed abruptly. "I've gone up and down on the elevator with him a

thousand times, and he never dared to look at me sideways before. Well, I guess I have that coming, too." She faced Hulick. "What are you hanging around for? What do you want now?"

"What difference does it make to you, my being here?" he asked mildly. "You could use the company. What do you do here all the time anyway—make counterfeit money?"

Again, surprisingly, she laughed—though short, disorganized, irrational laugh.

"What did Mrs. Stacey mean," Hulick asked, "when she said it was her fault, too, what she did? What did she do?"

The girl took a moment, thinking it over, and apparently decided she might as well tell him. "She was the one who told the senator all about the Samson oil deal."

"On account of you? Out of revenge? Is that why she said it was your fault?"

"No," Connie said. "It wasn't like that." And then she told him how it had happened. She didn't spare herself. She didn't care, and she held nothing back. "I knew about it in advance. I could have stopped him, but I deliberately let him go ahead—the indictment, everything. I knew it. I wanted him to have the money, you see. A nice business," she added.

Hulick had no more questions to ask. He just watched her and listened. She sat down on the couch, putting her bare legs under her. The Venetian blinds were down, and the sun, still hot, burned bright at their edges. The air was heavy, torpid. You could almost put out your hand and take hold of it, Hulick thought.

"I did wonderful things," she said, remembering, half-talking to herself. "Nice, beautiful things. I was in New York when it happened. I knew what he was going through at the investigation—the chances, the worry—and I knew what I had done. 'Go ahead; shop; buy everything in sight,' I said to myself. 'That's what you did it for, so go in and get yours.' I bought stuff by the dozens—lace slips, nightgowns, panties, brasieres, stockings. Then the little credit manager came trotting up. The news had just reached him. He was full of consideration for my feelings, but what was really killing him was the order and how good my credit was with Frank dead. I could see him wigwagging behind my back to the salesgirls, canceling everything. That's how I learned the news," she said. "Well, those fellows have their trouble, too—customers always trying to beat bills."

The funeral procession was in progress, and the sad, slow melodies of the

brass band came swelling out from the distance. She listened in silence as the procession came closer and the music grew richer, majestic.

"He used to turn on the radio," she said; "he used to take a nap with the thing blaring away. It was the only way he could sleep. Did you ever notice how he held his head up, pecking with his jaw when he spoke? He did it to hide the sag under his chin. I never let on to him that I knew. I was really fond of him. You don't believe that, do you?"

"I believe you," Hulick said. She stood up and looked at him, hurt but still self-possessed. She thought he was riding her.

"No, I really mean it," he said. "I've been a cop long enough to know that a person can be dreadful and decent at the same time. I've seen it in murderers, in con men and thieves."

"I suppose I have that coming to me, too," she said. "Con men, thieves—" Her voice trembled. All at once, she couldn't go on putting up a front. She had nothing left. "Don't talk to me like that," she said in a low voice. "Cut it out. Don't be—"

She stopped. She was helpless, all her retreats used up, her defenses gone. She wanted someone to take her in his arms, to hold and comfort her.

Watching her, Hulick knew that whatever she had done in the past, whatever she had been, she was a different person now. It seemed inconceivable to him that she had anything to do with Clyde Johnson, with Ferris, or what he, Hulick, was looking for, assuming there was something to look for. Watching her, he wondered what he was doing, hunting for facts that didn't exist. Connie wasn't going to lead him anywhere because there was nowhere to go. Miller and Keely and the rest of them were right. He was being ridiculous. Ferris had shot Frank Stacey, and that was all there was to it. Suddenly Hulick was tired of courtrooms and morgues, hospitals and police stations and jails. He was tired of the bad lighting in their corridors, of the thick greasy coats of yellow paint on their walls, of the hopelessly wretched and implausible melodramas that happened in those places every day.

"Please," she said.

As he stepped forward to take her shoulders in his hands, for a fleeting, idiotic moment, it bothered him that his shirt wasn't as fresh as it might have been.

HE DIDN'T have enough cash to take her out to dinner. He grinned foolishly, laughing at himself, and told

her to stay right there. He'd be back in a half hour. He went out and hustled down to headquarters. Keely was putting in extra hours on duty these evenings, rolling up accumulated leave for his vacation, and Hulick figured he could hit the old-timer for a loan.

As he approached the building, it seemed to him he was being watched or followed. He turned sharply, but it was only Rucker, the bodyguard. Rucker said in his breathless, worried way that he was leaving for the Coast that night and he just wanted to make sure there wasn't something he could do before he left. Hulick smiled. He felt light and good, the weight off him at last.

"What are you doing—shadowing me?" he began. Then the thought struck him. He'd take a trip, too. They'd go driving around the country for a few days. They'd get away from the heat, from the streets and the asphalt, from her memories, from everything.

"Forget it," he called to the bodyguard. "I'm going out of town myself. There's nothing to be done." He left Rucker flat, went into the building, and found Keely.

He kept it to himself that he was taking Connie Smith with him. He just asked Keely for a hundred bucks and the use of his car. Keely kicked but came around. "I guess you're good for the money, and the car's insured, so okay," he said, grumbling as usual. He was really glad to see Hulick finally finished with the Johnson business. All Keely had at the moment was a ten-dollar bill, but he said he'd be home around ten o'clock and the car and the rest of the money would be waiting there. Hulick took the ten spot and hurried off.

It was all set. Her whole face lit up when he told her the news. She chattered away, almost childish in her excitement and happiness.

"I'll never come back here again," she said. "All the things that happened, the thing I did—it's over. Let them have it—the bright boys, the wise guys. Let them all keep running. Let them go looking for the money—"

"What money?" he asked, and then it happened. He had been busy with the suitcases, getting them out of the closet, and as he turned, he could see it filtering into her mind, seizing her, changing her, changing everything. She was intense, possessed, transformed. She came close to him and pleaded. "The money from the oil deal—it's still here! Somebody has it!"

He stood still. She had meant every word, every tear. She had been altogether sincere with Mrs. Stacey in the

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chapel, and with him. He believed that. She was lovely; she could be sweet and good. But she could not help herself.

"It's a lot of money, isn't it?" he asked gently.

"A half-million dollars! More than you or I could ever hope to have!" The words came fast in an eager rush. She was all wrapped up in her passion. "It's here!" she said. "He put it in somebody else's name. He gave it to somebody to hold for him—so they wouldn't find it on him, so they couldn't convict."

"Whose name?" Hulick asked quietly. "That's all he told me. He never said. I don't know who's got it but—"

"But we could get it—is that it?" "Yes," she said. "Yes, yes. You and I, the two of us together."

"The two of us..." He smiled ruefully. He knew now the real reason she had stayed in the apartment. She had had her mind set on the money all along. And he also knew why she had let him hang around, why she had needed him so badly. He had been right the first time—when he thought he'd get his answers if he only kept an eye on her long enough. But he hadn't expected this.

"That's what you were after from the start," he said. "That's what you wanted, didn't you? The two of us—because I was a cop, because you couldn't swing it alone?"

"No," she said, alarmed, starting to protest, to reassure him, but she stopped. She saw she didn't have him with her. "Why not?" she cried, her voice getting harsh and fierce. "Why shouldn't I have the money? Somebody's going to spend it. Why shouldn't it be us?"

Five hundred grand, Hulick thought. She wanted the money and she let Frank Stacey go ahead with the deal, investigation or no investigation. Stacey wanted the money. He had to cover himself, and so he found somebody to hang it on. The fall guy—whatever he was—was human, too, and couldn't resist the temptation. He had the money, and he made sure he could keep it. It went on and on.

"All we have to do is reach out, and we'll have it," she was saying. She was desperate as she saw it all slipping away from her. She was crying and begging at the same time. "Just this once!" she said.

He shook his head. He patted her shoulder, understanding her bitter disappointment, genuine in his sympathy. "I could use the money," he said. "But it wouldn't work." He started for the door.

"Wait!" she called out, weeping, not knowing what to do. "Don't go!"

He didn't stop. He had a job to do.

HE CHECKED the address in a corner-candy-store phone book, picked up a cab, and told the driver to stop on it. He knew the one person who could help him now. He had to find the man who had the money, the man who had had so much to gain by Stacey's death, and Rudy Rucker was the only one who could possibly know who that man was. And an hour ago, Rucker had said he was leaving on his trip. As the taxi sped through the dark, Hulick's only worry was that he'd be too late.

They came to the street, and Hulick looked out the window, searching for the number. Then he told the driver to stop. He was in time. Rucker was out there on the sidewalk, walking with his wife to the car.

"Hey, Rucker, wait a minute, will

you?" he called out. He took time to pay the hackie, and let the cab drive off.

"You've got to help me. Listen. Stacey gave the money to somebody to hold—the half-million dollars. I have to know who it was."

Rucker stared at him, oddly listless, languid. "Why?" he asked, speaking slowly, almost tonelessly. "What do you want him for? What did he do?"

"Plenty," Hulick said. "I don't know what or how he did it, but I'm going to find out. Think. You said you wanted to help me. You went everywhere with Stacey. You know all the people he saw. Who could it be?"

The bodyguard just stared at Hulick. "Think! Try to remember! It would have to be somebody he trusted, somebody who wouldn't double-cross him. A half-million bucks! It was risky. The fellow might have had to go to jail. It would be somebody he depended on, somebody he thought would do anything for him—"

He broke off. It came to him, blistering him. He was a fool! The man he had been describing was Rudy Rucker himself! Rucker had the money. Rucker, not Ferris, had killed Stacey. Rucker had shot them both. It all fitted in. The bodyguard

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

OH, MY ACHING VOID!

George Starbuck Galbraith

The fact that I can't take it
with me
Is something I do not mind.

What grieves me is this:
It appears that I'll miss
The chance to leave any behind!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

had been right there, the only man on the spot to work it. And as Hulick saw the raw, ugly truth at last, he also saw what he had walked into. Now Rucker had to kill him, too. Hulick looked down. The bodyguard had a gun in his hand.

"Why did you have to find out?" Rucker asked, and his voice was sick with regret.

A woman screamed. It was Rucker's wife. She rushed at him, making a grab for the gun. Hulick went into action, but the bodyguard recovered too quickly. The gun went off, blasting everything out of Hulick's consciousness. Actually the bullet had only grazed the side of his skull, but he went down as though he had been poleaxed.

He gasped for breath. He was numb, dazed. His mouth hung open, filthy with street dirt and his own saliva. He had no control over himself. Suddenly, senselessly, he was swept by a bitter wave of revulsion at his own weakness, at the human body's eternal, ignominious helplessness and stupidity.

There was no cover he could crawl to. He had no gun. Dimly, through yards of cotton, he could hear people yelling and shrieking. Dimly, far off, agonizingly too far off, he heard the sirens of police cars. Bullets kept smacking into the pavement around him, sending chips flying into his face. He wondered why he wasn't being hit. Then he glimpsed

Rucker and his wife, struggling together. Curiously, illogically, he noted how savagely she fought, what surprising strength and power a woman could have.

The bullets stopped. Now Hulick saw clearly what was happening. Rucker had stopped firing to shake off his wife. He grabbed her tightly by her upper arms and shoved her some distance down the sidewalk. He turned. He was free, unhampered. And then he paused. The sirens were closer and hotter. He realized he didn't have a chance. His face twisted in anguish. He looked down at the gun in his hand and convulsively threw it from him into the gutter.

"What was I going to do?" he implored Hulick. "I didn't want to kill anybody! I didn't mean it! I was trapped. I was on the spot. What could I do?"

The first of the patrol cars tore up and slammed to a stop. The cops came hurtling out.

IT TOOK an hour to scare up a magistrate and get the court order. Clyde Johnson would be home with his family that night. Hulick started to walk out of the squad room, but at the last minute there was a delay. It was the money. They had found it in Rucker's car, in a manila envelope, the brown paper scuffed and wrinkled from handling. It would not die easily. The banks were closed, and the uniformed cop who was relieving Keely at the desk put up a complaint. He didn't see why he should take the responsibility.

"Lock it in the desk drawer!" Keely snapped, cranky as ever. "What are you afraid of? Is it radioactive?"

"Worse! Worse!" the cop said, baleful and indignant. He opened the desk drawer, angrily plopped the envelope in, locked the drawer, and sat down on top of the desk, on guard. Hulick went outside.

He walked along the streets. He thought of the manila envelope in the desk and the long reach that small package had. He thought of Frank Stacey, of the brittle jaunty elegance that once had lived in his body. He thought of Kvasnicka, his ferocious greediness now only for life. He thought of Mrs. Stacey, of Rucker and Rucker's wife. Most of all, he thought of Connie.

He looked up. He was standing outside the bar, the one across the street from the Mortort, and he wondered what he was doing there. He decided he was thirsty. But when the bartender came up, Hulick didn't order. He wasn't thirsty. He hadn't come there for a drink. He knew what she was. He knew all the things she had done. It made no sense, but he didn't care. He crossed the sidewalk. But as he stepped into the street, he came to a halt.

There was a cab at the entrance and the doorman was loading it with suitcases. She came out, arrogant and beautiful, carrying her mink coat over her arm, holding her head high. She got into the cab.

Hulick snorted, and laughed dryly. He should have known. The money was gone, and there was nothing to keep her any longer. She certainly would have no further use for him. He forgot to step back to the curb, and simply stood there, watching the cab as it pulled away. It picked up speed, went down the street, and in a moment or two, it was out of sight. She was on the wing again.

THE END

This Trinidad ham is a bad actor

1 "‘Hit a boar fast or he’ll hit you,’ I’d been warned just before we cornered one of Trinidad’s little terrors,” writes a friend of Canadian Club. “He’d been sighted on my host’s West Indian plantation and we’d gone crashing through the brush after him. Suddenly he turned to charge. One of us had to stop him...



2 “‘It takes heavy shot to drop a boar,’ my host had told me when we were loading. ‘If we just wound him, climb a tree fast! He licks like a battering ram, and his tusks slash like machetes.’ Did I aim carefully!



3 “‘I got him! The others had held their fire, but I was mighty glad they’d covered for me in case I’d missed. I took a closer look at this jungle jack-the-ripper, and knew I’d never want to tangle with those tusks. We headed home with fresh hams for a barbecue.



4 “‘Call your shot,’ invited my host at the Trinidad Country Club. I replied, ‘Make mine the best in the house.’ The waiter brought Canadian Club.

5 “‘That password’s used the world over,’ I said. ‘As manager of a Pan-American Guest House, I know how often travelers call for Canadian Club.’”
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—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening—in cocktails before dinner, tall ones after. That’s what make Canadian Club the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

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